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Hearst's International

MAR 8 1929

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Cosmopolitan

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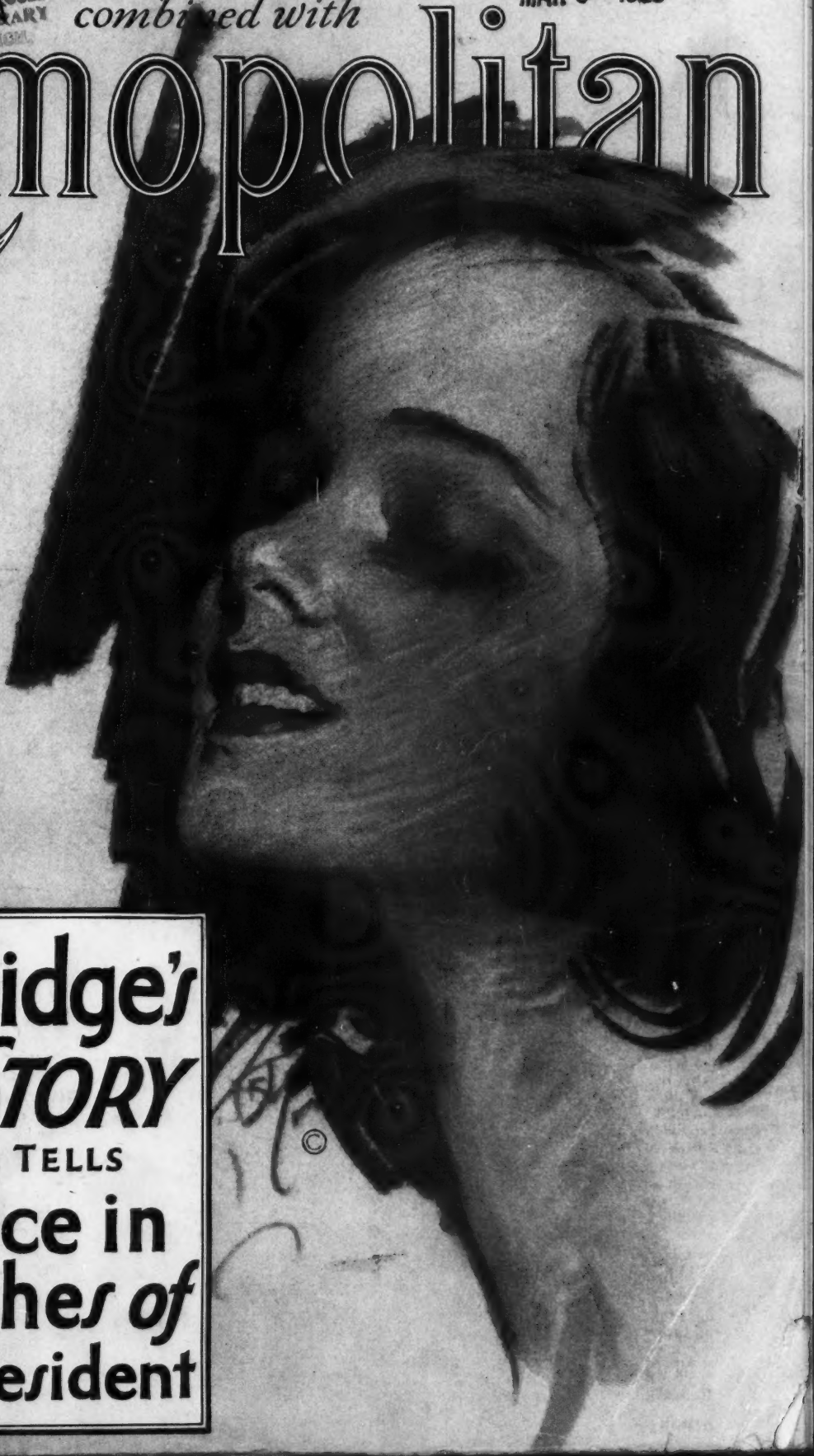

Mr. Coolidge's OWN STORY

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VOL. LXXXVI NO. 4

Contents of Hearst's International combined with Cosmopolitan for April, 1929

7 Features

MR. COOLIDGE'S OWN STORY 24

Playing the Market
by **May Allison Quirk** 42
Illustration by Oscar Frederick Howard

—but, Doctor, How About Us?
by **Chester T. Crowell** 56
Drawings by Tony Sarg

For Husbands Only
by **Beverley Nichols** 62

12 Short Stories

Sergeant of Chasseurs
by **Sir Philip Gibbs** 34
Illustrations by Dean Cornwell

All in the Day's Work
by **Richard Connell** 40
Illustrations by J. Henry

A Real Good Girl
by **Nina Wilcox Putnam** 44
Illustrations by Rose O'Neill

Clouds
by
Amelia Earhart 86

Child of Mother India
by
Katherine Mayo 92
Illustrations by Wilfred Jones

Clinging Vine? Ha!
by
O. O. McIntyre 95
Illustration by R. V. Culter

NEXT MONTH

Mr. Coolidge tells

WHY *he did* not "choose to run"

WHY *he does* not believe in a third term

AND

WHAT *he did to* prevent *his* nomination *in Kansas City*

The Poor Sport
by **Rita Weiman** 48
Illustrations by George Howe

Song of the Silver Coast—*by*
Holworthy Hall 58
Illustrations by W. E. Heitland

Mr. and Mrs. Dainin Request—*by*
Montague Glass 64
Illustrations by David Robinson

Straight Flush
by **W. S. Maugham** 68
Illustrations by Herbert M. Stoops

4 Serials

Five and Ten *by* **Fannie Hurst** 28
Illustrations by F. R. Gruger

Red Likker *by* **Irvin S. Cobb** 52
Illustrations by W. Smithson Broadhead

Flagrant Years
by **Samuel Hopkins Adams** 70
Illustrations by R. F. Schabelitz

This Madness *by* **Theodore Dreiser** 81
Illustrations by Marshall Frantz

Strictly Business *by* **Wallace Smith** 74
Illustrations by William Prince

Westward, How! *by* **Guy Gilpatric** 78
Illustration by Gluyas Williams

Red Heads *by* **Royal Brown** 88
Illustrations by Charles D. Mitchell

His Last Night on Earth
by **Robert Hichens** 96
Illustrations by Sydney Seymour-Lucas

The Big Winner
by **E. Phillips Oppenheim** 100
Illustration by Henry Raleigh

Cover Design *by* **Harrison Fisher**

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APRIL, 1929

Hearst's International combined with Cosmopolitan

RAY LONG
Editor

A Fine Human Document by a *Very Human* Being

NOW and then a President of the United States has written something which became historical as a human document rather than as a state paper. For instance, Washington's farewell address, Lincoln's letter to a mother. These were the thoughts of great men written in a manner so human that none could fail to feel the heart behind them.

On the next page of Cosmopolitan Calvin Coolidge begins his account of what his years in the White House meant to him. I believe he has written a human document as fine as those by Washington and Lincoln.

I put especial emphasis on that word "human." You, of course, have heard that Calvin Coolidge was a sphinx. That he had ice-water in his veins. That he never smiled.

Bosh! Calvin Coolidge enjoys a joke as much as you do. He can tell as entertaining a story as you can. He's no hail-fellow-well-met—thank heaven—but he's a very human being.

THERE never was a man who took himself less seriously; but there never was a man who took his position more seriously. I don't think it ever occurred to Calvin Coolidge to consider himself a great man, but he considers the office of President of the United States the greatest office in the world.

Those who thought they were smart in calling him a sphinx seemed to resent the reserve of their President. That never worried him. He believed the words of the President are important; that they should be chosen carefully and used sparingly. But Calvin Coolidge the man—that's a different matter.

Let me illustrate. Mr. Coolidge invited me to luncheon at the White House. A Cabinet officer, a business man, a friend of Mrs. Coolidge, and one or two others were guests. We were ushered in with impressive formality. The conversation at luncheon was formal.

After luncheon the President and I went up to the library. For an hour we chatted about things which interested us as men and which had nothing to do with politics, statecraft, or journalism.

We talked about how a man could best handle his job and Mr. Coolidge said something which might be taken to heart by any executive.

I HAD commented on how well he was looking. "I am feeling well," said he, "and the reason is that I am taking care of myself. That doesn't mean taking any particular exercise but using my energy in the manner which will make it most effective.

"Whenever a problem comes before me the first thing I say to myself is, 'Isn't there someone who can do that as well as I can?' and you would be surprised how often I find someone else can do it better. That saves me for the problems which only I can decide."

We talked about fishing and shooting, the sort of boots that do not slip on wet rocks, the sort of breeches that barbed wire does not tear, the sort of dispositions that make good camp companions.

And then we went downstairs where the President was to receive callers on official business. Gone was the fisherman. Gone the story-teller. His callers met the President of the United States. I had chatted with Calvin Coolidge.

AS I walked down the path from the White House I said to myself, "I am proud to be a citizen of a country which not only produces a man like that but which has sense enough to put him where he can do for his country what that man has done for this country."

That is the man whose story we have the honor to publish, and in our pages he will talk to you as to a friend.

I may exceed my province as a prophet when I say that I believe these words by Mr. Coolidge will become historical, but I am within my province as an editor when I say that his is the most warmly human document it ever has been my good fortune to publish.

RAY LONG

By CALVIN

To Ray Long
With Regards
Calvin Coolidge

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COOLIDGE

On Entering *and* Leaving *the* Presidency

IT IS a very old saying that you never can tell what you can do until you try. The more I see of life the more I am convinced of the wisdom of that observation.

Surprisingly few men are lacking in capacity, but they fail because they are lacking in application. Either they never learn how to work, or, having learned, they are too indolent to apply themselves with the seriousness and the attention that is necessary to solve important problems.

Any reward that is worth having only comes to the industrious. The success which is made in any walk of life is measured almost exactly by the amount of hard work that is put into it.

It has undoubtedly been the lot of every native boy of the United States to be told that he will some day be President. Nearly every young man who happens to be elected a member of his State legislature is pointed to by his friends and his local newspaper as on the way to the White House.

My own experience in this respect did not differ from that of others. But I never took such suggestions seriously, as I was convinced in my own mind that I was not qualified to fill the exalted office of President.

I had not changed this opinion after the November elections of 1919, when I was chosen Governor of Massachusetts for a second term by a majority which had only been exceeded in 1896.

When I began to be seriously mentioned by some of my friends at that time as the Republican candidate for President, it became apparent that there were many others who shared the same opinion as to my fitness which I had so long entertained.

But the coming national convention, acting in accordance with an unchangeable determination, took my destiny into its own hands and nominated me for Vice-President.

Had I been chosen for the first place, I could have accepted it only with a great deal of trepidation, but when the events of August, 1923, bestowed upon me the Presidential office, I felt at once that power had been given to me to administer it. This was not any feeling of exclusiveness. While I felt qualified to serve, I was also well aware that there were many others who were better qualified. It would be my province to get the benefit of their opinions and advice. It is a great advantage to a President, and a major source of safety to the country, for him to know that he is not a great man. When a man begins to feel that he is the only one who can lead in this republic, he is guilty of treason to the spirit of our institutions.

After President Harding was seriously stricken, although I noticed that some of the newspapers at once sent representatives to be near me at the home of my father in Plymouth, Vermont, the official reports which I received from his bedside soon became so reassuring that I believed all danger past.

On the night of August 2, 1923, I was awakened by my father coming up the stairs calling my name. I noticed that his voice trembled. As the only times I had ever observed that before were when death had visited our family, I knew that something of the gravest nature had occurred.

His emotion was partly due to the knowledge that a man whom he had met and liked was gone, partly to the feeling that must possess all of our citizens when the life of their President is taken from them.

But he must have been moved also by the thought of the many sacrifices he had made to place me where I was, the twenty-five-mile drives in storms and in zero weather over our mountain roads to carry me to the academy and all the tenderness and care he had lavished upon me in the thirty-eight years since the death of my mother in the hope that I might sometime rise to a position of importance, which he now saw realized.

He had been the first to address me as President of the United States. It was the culmination of the lifelong desire of a father for the success of his son.

He placed in my hands an official report and told me that President Harding had just passed away. My wife and I at once dressed.

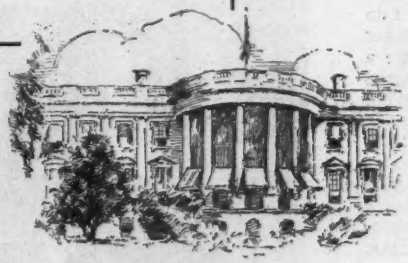
Before leaving the room I knelt down and, with the same prayer with which I have since approached the altar of the church, asked God to bless the American people and give me power to serve them.

My first thought was to express my sympathy for those who had been bereaved and after that was done to attempt to reassure the country with the knowledge that I proposed no sweeping displacement of the men then in office and that there were to be no violent changes in the administration of affairs. As soon as I had dispatched a telegram to Mrs. Harding, I therefore issued a short public statement declaratory of that purpose.

Meantime, I had been examining the Constitution to determine what might be necessary for qualifying by taking the oath of

IN THIS, the first part of Mr. Coolidge's account of his years as President, he tells you the human reasons why he did not choose to run in 1928. They are reasons which will touch the heart of every American; reasons which will make you understand when he says, "It costs a lot to be President."

Next month, in Part Two, he tells you why his years as Chief Executive make him believe that eight years is as long as any man should occupy the Presidency. This belief is not based on the reasons which politicians give; it is based on the experience of a man of great common sense. And he explains it so that every man, woman and child in this country will understand.



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Calvin Coolidge, Jr.

¶ *"When he went the power and the glory of the Presidency went with him."*

office. It is not clear that any additional oath is required beyond what is taken by the Vice-President when he is sworn into office. It is the same form as that taken by the President.

Having found this form in the Constitution I had it set up on the typewriter and the oath was administered by my father in his capacity as a notary public, an office he had held for a great many years.

The oath was taken in what we always called the sitting room by the light of the kerosene lamp, which was the most modern form of lighting that had then reached the neighborhood. The Bible which had belonged to my mother lay on the table at my hand. It was not officially used, as it is not the practise in Vermont or Massachusetts to use a Bible in connection with the administration of an oath.

Besides my father and myself, there were present my wife, Senator Dale, who happened to be stopping a few miles away, my stenographer, and my chauffeur.

The picture of this scene has been painted with historical accuracy by an artist named Keller, who went to Plymouth for that purpose. Although the likenesses are not good, everything in relation to the painting is correct.

Where succession to the highest office in the land is by inheritance or appointment, no doubt there have been kings who have participated in the induction of their sons into their office, but in republics where the succession comes by an election I do not know of any other case in history where a father has administered to his son the qualifying oath of office which made him the chief magistrate of a nation. It seemed a simple and natural thing to do at the time, but I can now realize something of the dramatic force of the event.

This room was one which was already filled with sacred memories for me. In it my sister and my stepmother passed their last hours. It was associated with my boyhood recollections of my own mother, who sat and reclined there during her long invalid years, though she passed away in an adjoining room where my father was to follow her within three years from this eventful night.

When I started for Washington that morning I turned aside from the main road to make a short devotional visit to the grave of my mother. It had been a comfort to me during my boyhood when I was troubled to be near her last resting place, even in the dead of night. Some way, that morning, she seemed very near to me.

A telegram was sent to my pastor, Dr. Jason Noble Pierce, to meet me on my arrival at Washington that evening, which he did.

I found the Cabinet mostly scattered. Some members had been with the late President and some were in Europe. The Secretary of State, Mr. Hughes, and myself, at once began the preparation of plans for the funeral.

I issued the usual proclamation.

The Washington services were held in the rotunda of the Capitol, followed by a simple service and interment at Marion, Ohio, which I attended with the Cabinet and a large number of officers of the Government.

The nation was grief-stricken. Especially noticeable was the deep sympathy everyone felt for Mrs. Harding. Through all this distressing period her bearing won universal commendation. Her attitude of sympathy and affection towards Mrs. Coolidge and myself was an especial consolation to us.

The first Sunday after reaching Washington we attended services, as we were accustomed to do, at the First Congregational Church. Although I had been rather constant in my attendance, I had never joined the church.

WHILE there had been religious services, there was no organized church society near my boyhood home. Among other things, I had some fear as to my ability to set that example which I always felt ought to denote the life of a church member. I am inclined to think now that this was a counsel of darkness.

This first service happened to come on communion day. Our pastor, Dr. Pierce, occupied the pulpit, and, as he can under the practise of the Congregational Church, and always does, because of his own very tolerant attitude, he invited all those who believed in the Christian faith, whether church members or not, to join in partaking of the communion.

For the first time I accepted this invitation, which I later learned he had observed, and in a few days without any intimation to me that it was to be done, considering this to be a sufficient public profession of my faith, the church voted me into its membership.

This declaration of their belief in me was a great satisfaction.

Had I been approached in the usual way to join the church after I became President, I should have feared that such action might appear to be a pose, and should have hesitated to accept. From what might have been a misguided conception I was thus saved by some influence which I had not anticipated.

But if I had not voluntarily gone to church and partaken of communion, this blessing would not have come to me.

Fate bestows its rewards on those who put themselves in the proper attitude to receive them.

During my service in Washington I had seen a

P. & A.

¶ *You will note that Mr. Coolidge takes a copy of Cosmopolitan with him for his reading-matter.*

Colonel John Coolidge

"I do not know of any other case in history where a father has administered to his son the qualifying oath of office which made him the chief magistrate of a nation."

Drawings by Thomas Fogarty

large amount of Government business. Peace had been made with the Central Powers, the tariff revised, the budget system adopted, taxation reduced, large payments made on the national debt, the Veterans' Bureau organized, important farm legislation passed, public expenditures greatly decreased, the differences with Colombia of twenty years' standing composed, and the Washington Conference had reached an epoch-making agreement for the practical limitation of naval armaments.

IT WOULD be difficult to find two years of peacetime history in all the record of our republic that were marked with more important and far-reaching accomplishments. From my position as President of the Senate, and in my attendance upon the sessions of the Cabinet, I thus came into possession of a very wide knowledge of the details of the Government.

In spite of the remarkable record which had already been made, much remained to be done. While anything that relates to the functions of the Government is of enormous interest to me, its economic relations have always had a peculiar fascination for me.

Though these are necessarily predicated on order and peace, yet our people are so thoroughly law-abiding and our foreign relations are so happy that the problem of Government action which is to carry its benefits into the homes of all the people becomes almost entirely confined to the realm of economics.

My personal experience with business had been such as comes to a country lawyer.

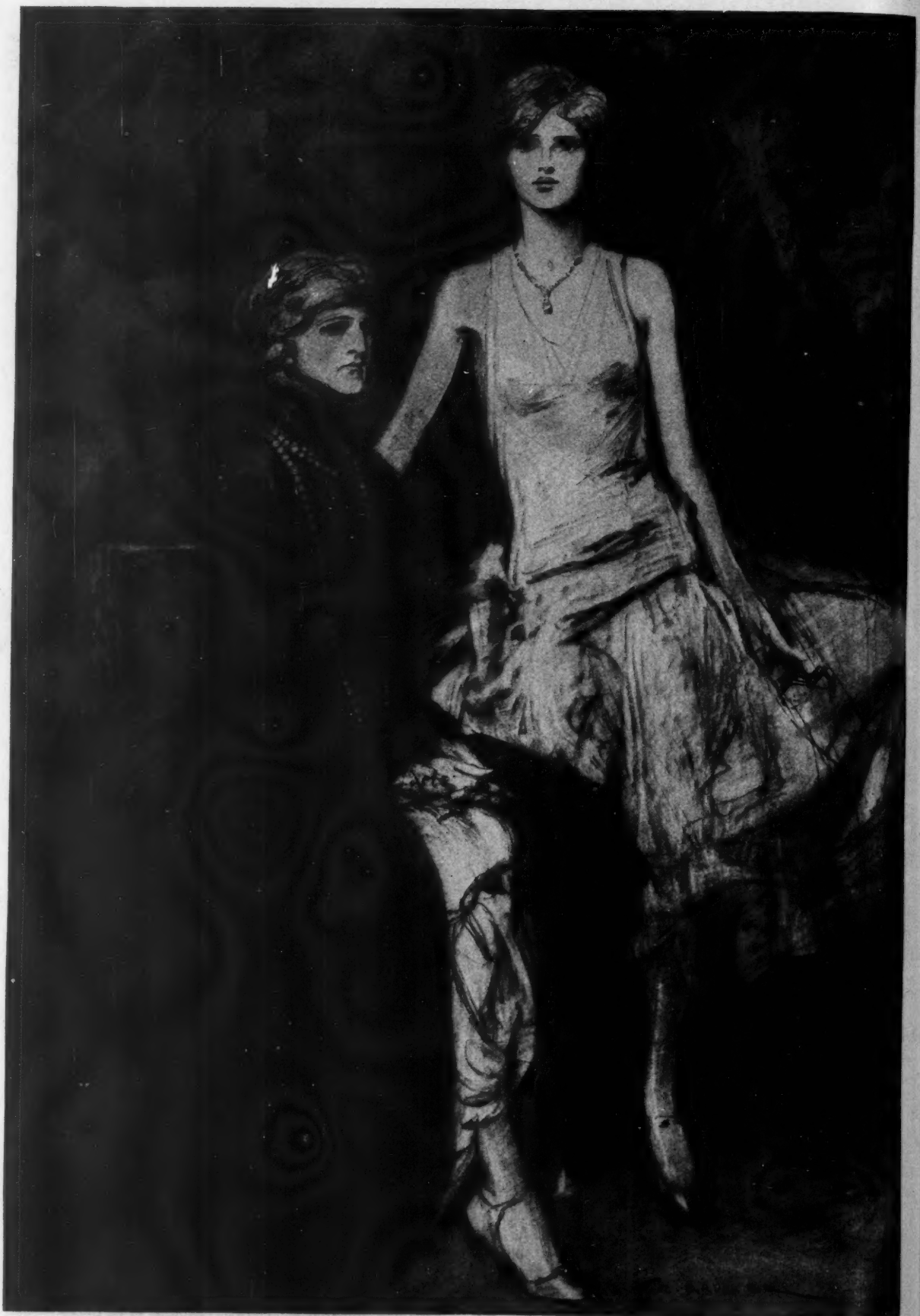
My official experience with Government business had been of a wide range. As Mayor, I had charge of the financial affairs of the City of Northampton. As Lieutenant-Governor, I was Chairman of the Committee on Finance of the Governor's Council, which had to authorize every cent of the expenditures of the Commonwealth before they could be made. As Governor, I was chargeable with responsibility both for appropriations and for expenditures.

My fundamental idea of both private and public business came first from my father. He had the strong New England trait of great repugnance at seeing anything wasted. He was a generous and charitable man, but he regarded waste as a moral wrong.

Wealth comes from industry and from the hard experience of human toil. To dissipate it in waste and extravagance is disloyalty to humanity. This is by no means a doctrine of parsimony. Both men and nations should live in accordance with their means and devote their substance not only to productive industry, but to the creation of the various forms of beauty and the pursuit of culture which give adornments to the art of life.

When I became President it was perfectly apparent that the key by which the way could be opened to national progress was constructive economy. Only by the use of that policy could the high rates of taxation, which were retarding our development and prosperity, be diminished, and the enormous burden of our public debt be reduced.

Without impairing the efficient operation of all the functions of the Government, I have steadily and without ceasing pressed on in that direction. This policy has encouraged enterprise, made possible the highest rate of wages which (*Continued on page 204*)



Illustrations by
F. R. Gruger

Beginning—

Five *and* Ten

A Novel *Which* Studies *the* Secrets *of* Four Persons *of* Great Wealth

By JANNIE HURST

IN THE long reaches of what had become Rarick chronic insomnia John G. mouth- found himself mentally as these: ing to himself phrases such very rich man. "I am a rich man. I am a

It was his Me, John G., rich!"

way of striving to grind into his overtaxed realizations the fact that as he lay there, wheels of industry, turning, by now, of their own momentum, were pouring more and more gold into Rarick coffers.

Even in a land where such annals of achievement as text-books and success magazines were crowded with the names of those who had vaulted from petty beginnings into high places, there was something about the rapid phantasmagoria from obscurity to success that never failed to tax Rarick's credulities.

Now Jenny Rarick, lying there beside him in the elaborate marquetry bed—the first piece of signed furniture, by the way, which they had acquired—had less imagination to startle with the fecundity of events. She had a capacity to take for granted much of the phenomena of the world in which she lived.

A sunset was something to admire, but not to wonder about. She had once remarked to a poet of no small repute that she regretted she had never found time to become a writer.

Yet it was obviously a nervous woman lying there asleep beside Rarick. The face, always too angular for beauty, was constantly ridden across with expressions, as if while the body slept, the mind kept open shop.

With Rarick, the difference lay in his not being able to sleep at all. As a boy, back on his step-aunt's farm twenty miles out of Keokuk, he had known the torments of insomnia. His room then had been an unfurnished attic with a window set in a slanting ceiling. Stars had gleamed into his insomnia through that window.

Stars gleamed into his insomnia now. They were gilt, hand-wrought ones done against a ceiling of billow, cherub and streamer.

Whimsically Rarick lay on the marquetry bed ruminating on the diversity of causes which had contributed to the years of his insomnia. Everything from a sick calf, the haunting lilt of "The Ancient Mariner," a harsh word from his step-aunt's farmer husband or fear of losing his clerkship in a hardware store, to one million dish-pans, a site for the fourteenth store, Avery's croup, a seven-hundred-and-fifty-thousand-dollar bank loan or a rare obsidian mirror which he coveted for his Aztec collection, was fodder to his sleeplessness.

No subject was too casual to tempt his insomnia. He built empires and warehouses by night. He dreamed into flooding darkness, with open eyes, of achieving his nine-hundred-and-sixty-first store, of possessing the Württemberg Bible, of tin tacks, of beholding in his own conservatories the opening of a passion-flower.

Across his relentless insomnia there stalked contemplations of new sites for new Five-and-Tens. Insolent sites within shadow of Hellenic marble libraries and along boulevarded frontage.

His way of sleeping over a matter was to lie sleepless over it. A chain of six hundred and forty-two stores had virtually crocheted itself out of these hours of enforced contemplations. Problems of population of a given town, types and habits of the people, main industries, bank deposits and clearings, number of different industries, proportion of workers to clerks and of women employees to men, prevailing local rental conditions, all had been pondered to their minutiæ from the flat of his back.

The problems of Jenny, now, or of his small son Avery or his daughter Jennifer, were another matter. They made him restless and unable to concentrate. Jenny's nervous dissatisfactions with the gratifications of today in order that she might yearn for those of tomorrow seemed to increase in just such proportion as her creature cares decreased.

How dissatisfiedly she slept, two perpendicular lines flashing in and out between her eyes. Her strong hooked nose flashed slightly, too, at the nostrils, and in the pale light from a transom, triangular planes of her cheeks, far too thin, rippled now and then. There was something of a frail pale Dante about the sleeping face of Jenny. A face that walked in a hell.

What was it she wanted? Strange angular woman whom he called wife, lying there sharing his bed, what was there that would ease her hunger, slake her thirst, gratify her indomitable appetites? Appetites for what? Heaven knew! Love? Bah! She was as empty as a meal sack of it, for him, yet she was not the woman to seek it elsewhere. Up to now, hers had been the easy morality of the frigid.

Rarick owned in his already considerable collection of precious stones of religious uses, a small steatite cup said to have been found in a Japanese grave of the iron age. There was a pinhead hole through the bottom of the precious thing. It seemed to Rarick that Jenny's cup of happiness must be something like that. The contents ran out of the wrong end when she tilted it to her thirsty lips.

WHAT did she want? She had her children, as much as one seemed to have one's children nowadays.

What did she want? She had the security which goes with a fifteen-year-old marriage that has borne the fruit of offspring and material success. Indeed, a material success that taxed the credulities. As to the underlying gratifications of the passions, romance, oneness of purpose, sympathy, companionship, love—well, what proportion of human beings *could* hope to sustain those?

Rarick once had. But the young clerk who had come to St. Louis from Keokuk and had married, rather considerably above his station, a Miss Jenny Avery, had cast off many a dead skin since then. It seemed to him terribly certain that Jenny had. Where was that somewhat caustic but intellectual-faced girl of those eager wooing days who had sat opposite him in a canoe that cut through the Meramec River with the lean swiftness of their dreams? Where was that girl, a high-school graduate, from whom he could learn; who had talked to him of life in terms of the grave simple beautiful things which had somehow

started to elude them just when they seemed to be in a position to make some of those early yearnings come true?

Their marriage had routinized so quickly. Perhaps because of the circumstance that it had been Jenny's total capital of twenty-five hundred dollars which had embarked him on the enterprise of the Nick Nack Store on Olive Street.

Immediately after that, her face had taken on some of the pinch and strain from which it was never to recover. Jenny's money had started him. Had that had something to do with the immediate reversal of their prenuptial relationship of idealization of life and love? Undoubtedly. Jenny had begun to fear terribly for her investment. Naturally. The money represented the careful total of the tiny estate that had been held in trust for her in the five years between the death of her parents and her coming of age. And the first few years of the investment had been unbelievably precarious. Rarick never held it against her judgment that she had resisted his determination to try to reestablish the almost defunct business which her money had launched, on the new basis of the five-and-ten-cent knick-knack.

As a matter of fact, it had been a maneuver of desperation rather than of logic; neither he nor Jenny had even remotely anticipated the enormous consequences of that move.

And now . . . perhaps he had been the one to change. The desire for passionate love with the Jenny Avery who had dreamed with him of walking trips through the Pyrenees was by now nothing more than a sense of frustration lying back in the dim reaches of his mind.

That walking trip through the Pyrenees! She had been so bright! A high-school girl educated by rote rather than by the desultory reading of such books as his elder sister Hildegarde in Keokuk had sometimes sent him by mail. Jenny had known at once of the Pyrenees in Spain and their highest peak, Pic de Néthou. She had leaned so sympathetically into the yearnings of his untutored mind and spirit, and now . . . something of that same frustration must be what kept her face flickering so in her sleep.

Well? Then what? How many times, leaning on his elbow, gazing at her through the pale darkness, had that question of his dropped down into the cistern of a silence from which there was no answer.

Presently the gilt stars among the foliated stars, the festoons and the adumbrated cherubs on the ceiling would begin to fade, and dawn, a pale horse, would ride through the Corinthian archway that enclosed the exclusive residential Westmoreland Place, where the Raricks occupied the most pretentious house of all the pretentious row.

It was about this time that John Rarick was due to drop off into a brief but resuscitative sleep.

It was about this time also that Jenny, an early waker against her will, was due to open her eyes almost with a click, and at once start to a sitting posture, as if she had been called. Called she had been, by the pressure of her thoughts.

Ficke house! Cretonne covers for the sedan. Box for the San Carlo Opera. The jeweler's about the twenty-ninth pearl for Jennifer's necklace. Wednesday Club. Pour tea at St. Louis Water-colorists' Exhibit. Toy electric motor-boat for Avery. Meeting advisory board Garrison Avenue Home for Wayward Girls. Bridge tea St. Louis Club. Garden swing. Avery must be forced, if necessary, to attend dancing-school. Avery's riding lesson. John G. must telegraph bid on the Ficke house.

All this on the instant of awakening. Jenny's mind might have been a memorandum-book, the leaves turning.

Oh, yes, and remind John G. to indicate which plants in the

¶ *"I just hate you sometimes," said Jennifer. "You will eat dinner at home tonight, even*

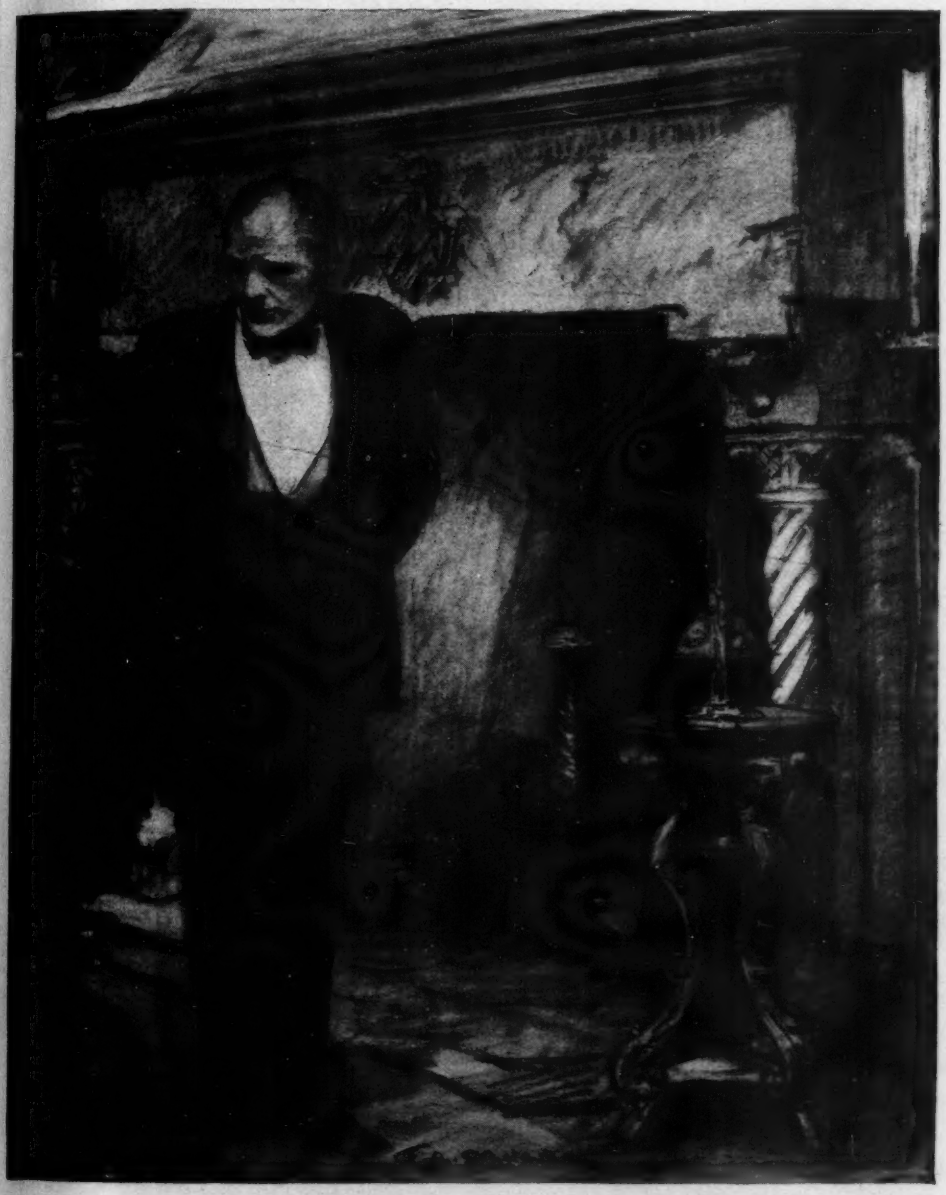
conservatory were to be sent to the chrysanthemum show, and then, the Ficke house. FICKE HOUSE.

How he slept. Across the mound of the sheets which sprayed lace, and sometimes made him flick as if at a fly, she too had to lean sideways on an elbow, in order to find his face which slept in the position of staring upright through closed eyes.

A little man. In the beginning, his shortness of stature had been merely something to regret and then adjust oneself to, with the immemorial processes of a woman compromising between the Lothario of her dreams and the stocky reality of her husband.

Subsequently, she had come almost to hate him for that shortness. A stunted man. Curious that to Jenny he had always given the effect of a hunchback, from the day he had first been brought to see her by a poor relation who boarded in the same house with him in Locust Street. Not so much because his head, on a short neck, was so deeply set into the valley of high shoulders, but rather because, even in the days when he had wooed and fascinated her, the little hardware clerk from Keokuk had somehow had the face of a hunchback. A bony, upthrust, rather hurt face. Short sinews of rear neck kept it thrust upward.

Rarick's face was always cocked to a world slightly taller than he. It was already upturned to his fourteen-year-old daughter Jennifer. Fervently Jenny found herself hoping, as her son's slight frame and threat of short stature began to prove worrisome, that some day it would be necessary for Rarick to look up to his son.



A fit of trembling went through her father at the words. if your temper does turn you into a barmaid, Jennifer."

All this talk that men of brief stature had ruled the world—poppycock! What about Alexander the Great, Charlemagne, Bismarck, Lincoln? But Rarick, Jenny felt certain, had steeped himself in the sugared legend of the magnificence of the small.

His collection of Napoleonana already included a desk from Versailles, an inkstand flanked by onyx horses, an enameled snuff-box worn down by the Corsican's own thumb. The entire north end of his library, fourteen shelves of it behind copper grating, either pertained or appertained to the small emperor.

How much of his success, Jenny asked herself, was due to luck or power? Without the incalculable boon of her patrimony of twenty-five hundred dollars, might he not still be clerking in the Schwebbe hardware store from which he had taken a day off for his marriage to her?

What foresight had Rarick ever manifested in his business moves? Precious little. Already the industrial world credited him with vision, acumen and imagination, but was it not rather that every move he had made had been a lucky gesture in the dark? The result of an imminent need to jump this way or that, and Rarick had happened to jump right. How well she could recall the move that had precipitated the change in the policy of the Nick Nack Store to the five-and-ten-cent idea. It had been merely a clutch at a straw, to avoid going under.

The chain-store idea, originating long before his time, had never really entered Rarick's head as a scheme of wide scope, insistent as his biographers were to credit him with a canny and pioneer eye that anticipated the dawn of quantitative buying.

It had all just happened. Of this much she felt powerfully certain. Rarick had not foreseen his magnificent business maneuvers. They were born out of circumstance and stress. She did not want the world to know what she knew, but she wanted Rarick to know that she knew!

Without the initial patrimony that had been scrimped for her by deceased parents, where would Rarick be now? She was so fairly sure that she knew. Clerking at Schwebbe's, or possibly

¶ JOHN G. RARICK

following up an old dream of his to buy a Missouri farm, and acquire a sufficient formal education to divide his time between working it and teaching in some rural school.

It had taken courage to hand over that sum to a young clerk with lofty ideals, who was constantly chafing under penny-wise business methods of the old German firm that employed him. And in the very first year of their marriage, moreover, when she was already carrying Jennifer and the fear of childbirth was upon her! He had rowed her on the Meramec those days, on Sundays and holidays, and they had talked, not of big business, but of a dream which was to be deferred only by this rather unanticipated coming of the child—that walking trip through the Pyrenees.

The trip through the Pyrenees had come true, twice over, in fact, in an expensive car. But what was the use pretending? A wife peering into the sleeping face of her husband as he lay beside her need play no rôle before her own soul.

In Jenny's mind Rarick had not even succeeded in being educated to greatness. He was like a man who at forty-odd still spends most of his time reliving his college days. He had not gone on in spirit. The handsome house that contained him, enclosed him as loosely as a gigantic pod holds an ordinary-sized pea. He rattled about in his setting.

And talk about penny-wise! He was still dreaming dreams of the stature of that walking trip through the Pyrenees and the Missouri farm.

The pea had not grown with its pod. Jenny had, mark you that.

Breeding will tell. Her maternal grandfather had been a Piexotto and had settled in St. Louis as early as Pierre Laclède. You could not come of that colonizing stock and not know how to meet success with the same indomitability with which your forebears had met adversity. Jenny spoke frequently of her colonizing ancestors. One grew to the demands of circumstance. In other words, Jenny Avery was being educated to greatness.

One outgrew being a sophomore about life. One ceased desiring what one had achieved ten times over. In many ways Rarick was like a man who has garages filled with high-powered motor-cars but who, by the force of fondness for old dreams, continues to tour on his velocipede. The comparison was Jenny's. He had had what he wanted ten times, forty times over, but in the forty times had missed the once.

But was it desire behind those closed lids, or just a gnawing frustration? Many a time she had seen the glance of this allegedly great little man, her husband, follow the living, flowing line of a beautiful woman's body, but with much the appraisement with which he was fond of observing, in the glass case of his North American collection, a fine wooden statuette of the virgin of San Domingo.

There was no telling . . .

Little man, you, I think I hate you. He must telegraph bid on the Ficke house. He must! He must! He must! Cretonne covers for sedan. Box for the San Carlo Opera. Pearl for Jennifer's necklace. Wednesday Club. Sealed bid on the Ficke house.

IF ANYONE had told Rarick, on the morning of the day he wired the sealed bid on the Ficke house, that before his sun set on another afternoon he would be owner of two million five hundred thousand dollars' worth of mortar, stone-lace and Italian Renaissance façade, flanked by two famous Grecian urns which guarded a pair of doors—superb copies of the Campanile doors in Florence—he would have listened with that polite third ear of his which enabled him to appear attentive to the discourse of another, while thinking of something entirely removed. A quality, by the way, which was to win and sustain him the reputation of a canny and silent listener.

A maid entered on the seven-thirty chime of a hall clock, drew back curtains and lowered spacious windows that looked out upon the elaborately boulevarded, landscaped and very private precincts of Westmoreland Place.

Rarick lifted back his eyelids from the deep sleep that had capped his insomnia.

C. AVERY

From the depths of her pillow, where for an hour her open eyes had lain upward to the gilt stars, it was as if Jenny had heard the flicker of his lids. It was characteristic of her that she should resume conversation upon his awakening, at precisely the point where they had left off the night before.

"Sooner or later, Rarick, the move is inevitable! Wire your bid today!" The phrase beat against his brain as if it had been there all night, and yet with his conscious mind he had forgotten it.

THAT room in which he slept was always beating with little repetitious phrases that were Jenny's. Do this. Do that. Wire what bid? Of course, that had been her last phrase before dropping off to sleep. Ding. Dong. Here it was again. "Sooner or later the move is inevitable. It is providence that the Ficke house should be on the market now."

"Not necessarily inevitable, Jenny. The roots of our lives are down here."

"Nonsense. The roots of life are where one chooses they should be. You wouldn't have a Guatemala orchid in your conservatory if that were not partially true."

"Well, then, I choose that our roots should be here."

"You choose. You choose. You choose. As usual, that closes the controversy?"

His eyes as he lifted them into quizzical peaks made him look Asiatic in a way she detested. Oh, yes, that closes the controversy, he was saying to himself. Oh, yes. Oh, yes. Rather, it kept it running in great sluices of talk through all-too-brief silences which he craved.

"No, Jenny, but it is scarcely necessary to argue that my greatest interests are here."

"At the moment, yes. But your main office is now practically in the East. You are on trains half your time."

That was true. But the prospect of reiterating, as if it had never been said before, this two-year-old argument between them made him long to close his eyes and sink (*Continued on page 176*)

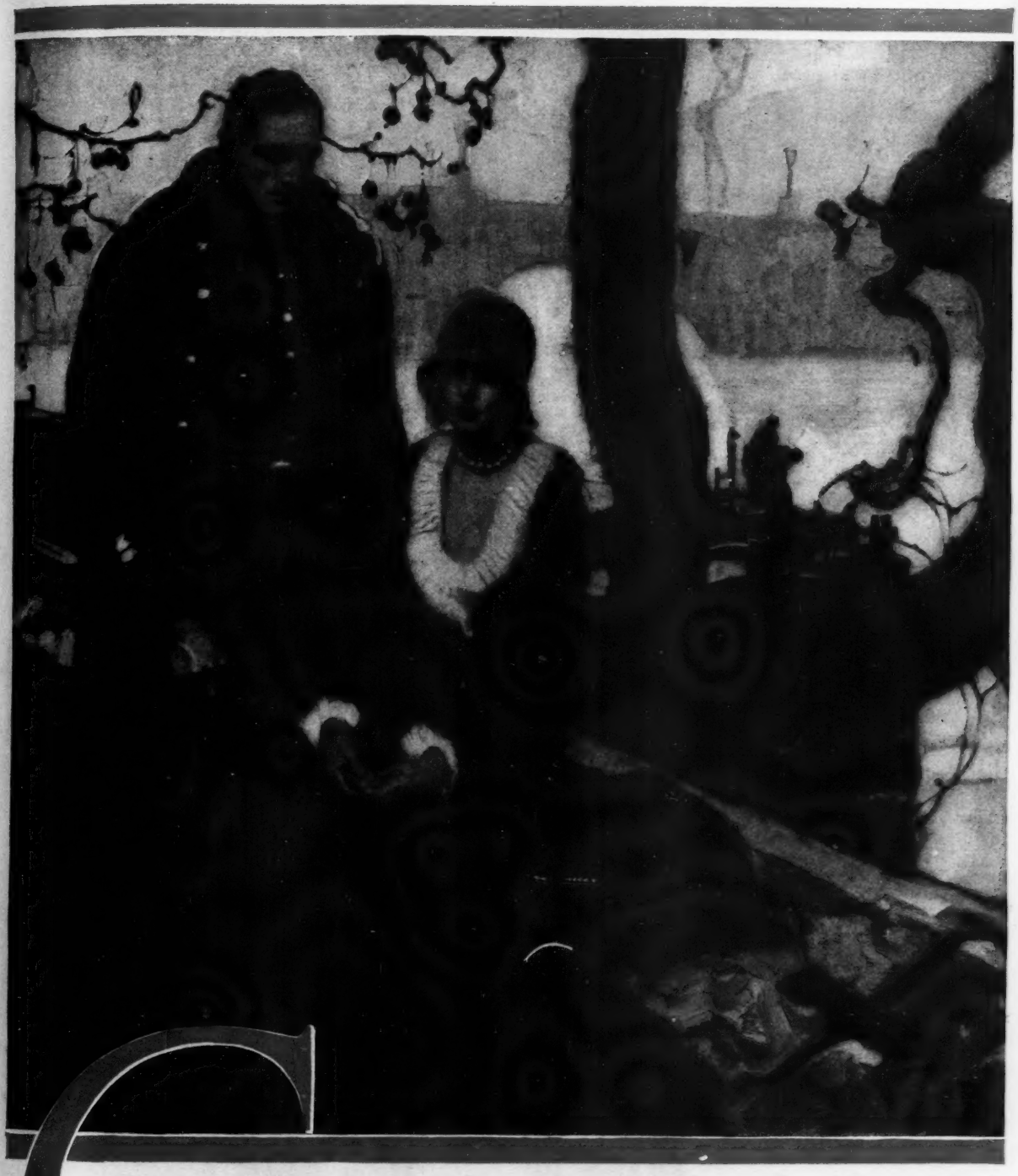
By Sir Philip Gibbs

SERGEANT of

IT WAS towards the second year of the war that Armand Dompierre fell in love with a charming girl who adored him.

As a sergeant of one of the most gallant regiments of France—the Chasseurs—who had been wounded three times, "cited" three times before the army for exceptional valor, decorated with the *croix de guerre* (with palms), and with the *médaille militaire*, he had every right to fall in love with a charming girl, and to be adored. But as a monk, in the religious order of Cistercians, who had made his vows of celibacy and was dedicated to prayer and contemplation (except for the interruption of war), his conscience was distressed by this need and joy of love.

There were thousands of men like that in the French Army—priests or monks, I mean, as well as soldiers. France had exiled her religious orders, but when the war



CHASSEURS

Illustrations by DEAN CORNWELL

came she called them back to the colors—all men of fighting age—and gave them no benefit of clergy. They were drafted into the battalions as private soldiers, and history records their heroism. They seemed to serve in the spirit of martyrdom, as though they held life of no account and offered it freely to God and France. Armand Dompierre went out to meet death many times but did not find it for himself. It dodged him, often only by a hair's breadth. He could not understand it. Death seemed to have a grudge against him and passed him by.

His comrades were killed all about him, in the trenches, in dugouts, in No Man's Land, on night raids, in billets behind the line by long-distance shells, in advanced dressing-stations when they were carried down on stretchers. Except for three trifling wounds, speedily healed, not serious enough to take him out of the

line for more than a month, he passed through unscathed.

Once when his company had attacked and taken a heap of brickwork which was formerly a château, he lay behind a machine gun alone with death. For three days he lay there, the only living man among dead bodies which had once been his comrades, while the enemy guns concentrated upon this forward position and broke the bricks to smaller dust and mutilated those who were already killed.

His comrades. There was François Melun, an apache type from Paris, who liked to talk of all the women he had loved, and who had wept before his sergeant because he never would kiss a woman's lips again, having an intuition that he would be killed in the next attack. He lay on his back, with half his face torn off . . .

And there was Jean Barbier, once a journalist, who recited the poems of Victor Hugo in dugouts which he shared with his sergeant. They had discussed literature and art and religion. Jean Barbier had mocked at God, knowing that his sergeant had been a monk, until one day he had made a kind of apology and said, "Perhaps Monsieur le Bon Dieu gives you the gift of courage as a reward for your simplicity. Say a little prayer for me, sergeant, because I have a terrible inclination to try my luck with a self-inflicted wound. I'm losing my nerve . . . I think I'm going mad."

Now he lay dead with the others—all those men whom their sergeant had had to bully, to encourage, to keep up to the mark. He had listened to their blasphemies, their bawdy songs, their quarrels, their political arguments, their curses on the war. His hair no longer stood on end as it had when he had first become a soldier.

As a young monk dedicated to God, he had been as innocent of life as a small child until this education in the trenches. Now he was hardened to all this verbal abomination. He knew that it meant very little and that these men—draft after draft who came into his company as death took its toll—had qualities of generosity and self-sacrifice and comradeship which were in a way divine. Christ would pity them and forgive their weaknesses.

"O Christ, have mercy!"

The man who had been a monk, and who was now a sergeant of France, lay behind his machine gun, alone with all this death, while heavy shells flung up the earth about him and tore the bodies of those who lay around him. His face was plastered with wet mud. His tongue was swollen between his teeth.

He was wounded in the right leg. He was a little delirious, and at night when the enemy's fire ceased for a while and the moon came up white and shining over the ravaged earth with all its wreckage and, here and there, a dead tree etched blackly against the pale sky, he imagined himself back in his little cell in the monastery on the Mont des Cats across the Belgian frontier, where he had served his novitiate before taking his vows.

It was the sun shining through the narrow window aslant his truckle-bed. The bees were busy in the garden. He would be late for matins.

"Coming, *mon père!*" he called out, thinking the old prior was calling him.

Later in that delirium, which he remembered as a dream, when he was carried back on a stretcher to the dressing-station, he shouted out blasphemies, laughing at God.

"It is absurd!" he shouted. "It is ridiculous, this faith in your divine love. It is because you hate the world that you let this war go on. You mock at us. You laugh at the prayers of men. They are fools who pray to you. Fools!"

He laughed wildly at the folly of men who worshiped the God of Hate.

Perhaps in that delirium of his there surged up all the secret doubts which had perplexed him since he had been a soldier of France. It was so very difficult to reconcile his faith in the goodness of God with all this filthy cruelty of war. It was difficult even to reconcile his own conscience as a Christian and a monk with this slaughter of men. To some of his comrades who had questioned him about things like that he had answered in the words of the old prior, believing in them at first, until those doubts had come, later.

At the outbreak of war the prior had assembled all the community and had spoken to the younger men who were called to the colors. That scene was unforgetable in the mind of Armand Dompierre, standing there with a beating heart and a sense of stupefaction and a secret excitement because he was called back to the world again—the world of war—after four years of prayer and meditation. The prior's stern face—like Julius Cæsar's, as Armand always thought of it—ascetic, strong, deeply lined by inward conflict of the spirit—was lighted by some inner fire of exaltation and passion.

He turned to the younger men — novices, mostly—grouped among the older monks who were exempt from service because of their age.

"My children," he said, "France has need of you. Our dear

Thirty yards—twenty yards from the French line. "O Christ!" Armand thought, "the world has crucified you again."

France, who banished her religious orders at the behest of anti-clerical politicians, now calls back her sons to defend her sacred soil from unprovoked invasion and her civilization —so beautiful, so necessary to the world, so supreme in Europe—from the menace of destruction.

"It is once again, as many times before in history, a struggle between the forces of good and evil. A devouring dragon—the Beast of the Apocalypse—is advancing against Christendom, and the youth of France with knightly courage, inspired by a sacred union which blots out all social feuds, all religious differences, all political dissensions, will fight with the heroism which armed their forefathers through a thousand years of history.

"This is a war for civilization, my brothers. It is a war for the liberty of the soul. It is a war for Christian ideals against the gospel of brute force.

"The youngest among us here are called to be soldiers of France and soldiers of Christ. We old men, who remain, envy you your youth and your service. We shall pray for you always that by your valor you may prove worthy of this Order, so that your comrades will marvel at your faith and heroism. Go with the spirit of martyrs. Be indifferent to death. Be glad to die for Christ's sake. Fight against evil, not only as good soldiers, but as saints.

"By your virtue and your valor France shall be restored to faith. The religious orders which added so much to the glory of France shall return again when this victory has been won. My dear children, you who have so long been sheltered from the brutalities of the world will have to face many temptations, many dreadful ordeals, the coarseness and blasphemy of those who know not God.

"Among those who stand before me there are many who will never come back to this quiet house of prayer. But if you preserve your faith against all temptations and keep your purity of heart, you will gain immortal life and the blessing of God. Your names will be written on the heroic roll-call of France.

"What a glorious chance, my children, my dear, dear novices, my young comrades in Christ! As an old man, devoted to the France who banished me, I envy you . . . *Vive la France!*"

There were a dozen or more of those younger men, and as their prior ended his speech, with a sudden rush of tears from his deep-sunken eyes as he raised his hand to bless them, they echoed his last words with a great shout:

"Vive la France!"

And in trenches and dugouts, in billets behind the line, in foul little *estaminets*, and even along the roads to the front where his comrades questioned him about religion, having found out that he was a "religious," Armand Dompierre—private, corporal, and then sergeant of Chasseurs—answered all arguments about the difficulty of reconciling Christianity with war in the spirit

¶ *There was another crash. "Armand," cried Susanne,*

"I am terrified! I am frightened of death."

and manner and sometimes in the very words of his old prior.

"It is a war for civilization. It is a war for the liberty of the soul. It is a war against Evil . . . Christ chased the money lenders out of the Temple. It is necessary to fight against injustice . . . God does not wish men to be cowards . . . What is life, after all, measured against immortality?"

It was François Melun, who had led the life of an apache in Paris, who scoffed at immortality and all these arguments.

"When we die, we die. *Foutu!* A dead soldier is like a dead donkey. What's the good of glory to him? He'll be out of it when the lucky ones are celebrating victory with good red wine and kissing their girls . . . There's a girl I know in the Rue Montmartre——"

"Fermes ton bec, saligaud!"

Armand told him to shut his beak. He had heard too much about the squalid love-affairs of this slum bird of Paris. Not that he was shocked—he had got over that—but there was a limit to these amorous recollections of the underworld.

"When we die, we die." No! Death was not the end of things. Only the beginning. Otherwise there was no sense in life, no sense at all in all this sacrifice of youth, all this agony of war.

Sergeant Dompierre, who had once been Brother Francis, held on to his faith in the immortality of the soul beyond all doubts, There were moments in the trenches alone as a sentry, staring over the parapet at dawn, as the first faint light crept over the shell-broken earth and revealed the barbed wire and the dead bodies lying across its tangled strands, when the actual world about him seemed unreal, and the only reality was spiritual consciousness.

Once he thought he saw the figure of Christ out there where a broken crucifix stood at an angle above some old gravestones which had been the cemetery of Souchez before that village was blown off the map by high explosives. He had been watching that crucifix, in the darkness before dawn, as it was sharply illumined from time to time by the rockets rising from the German lines and by shell-bursts of the enemy's five-point-nines searching for the French front line.

Strange that these Calvaries were so often untouched! He had seen so many of them like this, standing above the ruins as though immune from shell-fire . . . Then suddenly he saw the figure of Christ, a luminous figure, moving among the dead bodies.

For a moment the eyes of Christ looked into the eyes of Sergeant Dompierre who had once been Brother Francis, with a pity that penetrated his soul. Or was he going mad, like that comrade of his—Paul Levasseur—who had seen his mother beckoning him from the middle of No Man's Land in broad daylight?

Or perhaps that vision of Christ was a momentary hallucination caused by gazing at that Calvary with the crucified figure etched on his eyeballs by the vivid flashes through the darkness. It made him tremble very much, and he could hardly speak when his lieutenant came out of the dugout and questioned him.

"Comment ça va?"

"Tout va bien, mon lieutenant."

He stammered out the words and did not dare tell this little lieutenant what he had seen out there—what he thought he had seen with such blinding vision.

He kept this thing secret in his heart, as he kept so many things secret from his comrades—his interior life, his prayers, his doubts, his agonies of mind, his pity for the enemy—those German peasants who suffered the same miseries—his fear of being afraid, his hatred of killing men after that first attack when he had "seen red" and bayoneted a boy who had his hands up, with terror in his eyes . . . and others whom he tried to forget.

A war for civilization! A war for Christian ideals! No, there was something wrong about that!

At the beginning of the war he had talked too freely, with the simplicity of a novice. Now, as a sergeant, he had learned to keep his mouth shut about religion and other things. Only a few of his comrades who remained alive remembered that he had been a monk. The others—later drafts— (*Continued on page 208*)

By Richard Connell

All in the

YAWNING, Sam Grace slipped out of bed, noted that the morning was a bright one and yawned again. In his blue broadcloth pajamas and worn red leather slippers he shuffled to a corner of the bedroom and picked up two chunky iron dumb-bells. Gripping them tightly, he began his regular morning exercises. Twenty-five times he bent at the waist till the dumb-bells touched the floor at his toes. Twenty-five times he rotated from the waist, clockwise, his arms extended; then twenty-five times, counter-clockwise. Briskly from his shoulders he raised and lowered the dumb-bells till he felt a slight ache in his biceps. He put the dumb-bells back in their corner.

As he went down the hall to the bathroom his nostrils enjoyed the cheerful smell of coffee percolating in the ten-by-twelve kitchen of his apartment. He let tepid water from the shower play on his short wiry body; then, drawing in his breath, switched on the cold water and gasped and snorted as the icy stream cascaded down on him.

Humming, in a not very accurate tenor, "Love's Old Sweet Song," he shaved with meticulous care, twice over. The face that looked back at him from the magnifying shaving-mirror which made him conscious of his pores was a small, neat-featured face, unmarked by years or much expression. He paid a great deal of attention to his hair, which was thick and blue-black, brushing it down and cementing it in place with a sticky substance squeezed from a tube. He dusted his lean, faintly bluish jaws with white talcum powder.

As he returned to his room he heard the breakfast bacon sizzling in its pan. He dressed slowly, taking his clothes from a patent rack which kept the creases in the trousers and preserved the shape of the coat. He put on black silk socks and low dark shoes, the shine of which he restored by rubbing them with yesterday's shirt. Then he put on his suit, which was black with an almost invisible gray-green stripe. It fitted him tightly about the shoulders and hugged his slender waist. It seemed nearly new. He wore a white shirt with a semi-soft collar and a smooth black silk tie, in which he stuck an imitation gray pearl pin. He surveyed himself in the long glass for five seconds, and was satisfied.

Breakfast was waiting for him in the dinette, a recess with benches, off the kitchen. His wife poured his coffee into a large blue cup. He smiled at her, and patted her hand. She was a blonde, with short tousled hair, and pretty, though still somewhat sleepy, and she wore a loose purple negligée over her pink silk nightgown.

"How you feeling, hon?"

"Fine and dandy, Sam. Sleep well?"

"Yep. Always do. Dreamed about taking a trip in an airplane. What does that mean?"

"I'll look it up in the book."

"Don't bother to now." He drank some coffee. "How's the kid today?" he asked.

"Fine and dandy."

"Think he's learning anything in that new school?"

"He ought to—for what it costs."

"There's nothing like a good education," said Sam.

"He says they sing a lot and that he can sing as loud as any boy in the school."

Sam Grace chuckled.

"We'll make a singer out of him, maybe. A tenor. They make plenty of money."

"Speaking of that," said Mrs. Grace, "Tommy is going to need a new coat soon, with the days getting so cold."

"How much will that cost?"

"I saw one yesterday for twenty-nine-fifty."

"Good Lord, May, twenty-nine-fifty for a coat for a six-year-old kid!"

"He's got to look decent, Sam."

"Sure. Of course he has; but when I was a kid you could get a whole outfit for twenty bucks, with a little red express-wagon thrown in."

"Things are different nowadays."

"I'll say they are. But twenty-nine-fifty for a kid's coat! May, we've got to take it easy for a while. Business isn't so good these days."

"Well, you bought a new top-coat this fall."

"I had to, May. A fellow in business has to be well dressed. His customers don't respect him if he isn't. In New York you've got to put up a front. I can't afford to go round looking broke."

"I know that, dear. I wasn't scolding you. I want to see you get along. I guess maybe if I look around I can find a cheaper coat for Tommy."

"Maybe you won't have to," said Sam Grace, busy with his toast. "Maybe things will look up a bit. I was talking to a fellow yesterday—Ed Bonner—and he's got a deal on the fire that I may get in on. I'll be seeing him today."

"Expect to be home for dinner?"

"Yep. Hope so. If I can't make it I'll phone you."

Illustrations by J. Henry

Day's Work

"What would you like for dinner, dear?"

"We haven't had veal cutlet and spaghetti in a long time now. None of these spaghetti joints can fix it the way you can, May."

"All right, Sam. Veal cutlet and spaghet' it is."

"And how about a chocolate pudding for dessert?"

"Sure. A chocolate pudding."

"You doing anything special today, May?"

"Guess I'll go shopping with Kitty Lyons and maybe to a movie. I hear that 'Big City Perils' is a swell film. A talkie."

"Yep. I heard so, too. But listen, hon, don't go to that with Kitty. I want to see it. Wait and go with me."

"But Sam, you're usually so tired after your day's work that you like to sit round and read and listen to the radio."

"Maybe I won't have such a tough day today. You go see something else with Kitty. I want to see that picture. Sounds as if it might be exciting."

"All right, dear. I'd rather go with you, anyhow."

"You're a mighty sweet kid, May."

"You're not so bad yourself."

"I guess I was pretty lucky, picking you."

"I don't know. Sometimes I think you'd have got further if you'd picked somebody who could be of more help to you in your business."

"Don't be silly, hon. You give me all the help I need. We haven't done so badly, considering that I started in at the bottom. This is a mighty nice flat and the air up here in Washington Heights is good for the kid. We'll have an even better place some day, you can bet on that. I'm beginning to get a reputation for delivering the goods, and that counts."

"Do you know what Ed Bonner wants to see you about?"

"Not exactly. The usual thing, I suppose. Ed's a wise egg and a smart business man. He's not interested in anything that doesn't pay real money. He's a good friend of mine, too. Of course I've always handled any work he's given me in A 1 style. That's why he pays me five hundred——"

"You're worth more than that, Sam."

"Sure. Don't I know it? But try to chisel a raise out of a hard-boiled baby like Ed Bonner!"

"It's time you had one, Sam. You speak to him about it today. Promise you will."

"Oh, now, May, you know how I hate a lot of haggling and arguing."

"You're too humble, Sam. Don't be afraid to tackle him. He won't bite you. You've got it coming to you. Stand up to him. Ask him for seven hundred and fifty, anyway."

"That's a lot."

"Well, others get that much, don't they?"

"That's true. More, too. Charlie Ostrom does. But he's got an organization and connections that I haven't got."

"You're as good a man as Charlie Ostrom any day."

"Oh, sure. Of course, he's had more experience, May," said Sam.

"For heaven's sake, Sam, stop being so meek and reasonable! You'll never get anywhere if you don't believe in yourself. Now you say to Ed Bonner, 'See here, Ed Bonner, I'm worth more money and I've got to have it.' Look him right in the eye. Don't back down. He knows your value. He'll come through with a raise; I just bet you he will."

"Mmmmmmm. He may. Gee, wouldn't it be great if he did? Then you could get that fur coat you've been looking big-eyed at every time we walk down Fifth Avenue."

"And we could have Tommy's adenoids out, Sam. He ought to have that done this year."

"Well, I'll do my best, May. When a fellow has a family——"

"That's a good boy. More coffee?"

"No. I'm keeping down to one cup. I'll be running along now."

"Shall I make a date with Kitty and Paul to play bridge tomorrow night?"

"Oke with me."

He rose and kissed her.

"I'm mighty proud of my little honey," he said, close to her ear. "Good-by, dear, and you won't forget about the spaghetti, will you?"

"Of course I won't."

She helped him put on his new top-coat, which was dark blue and smartly cut, and kissed him. She watched him as he stood waiting in the hall for the elevator.

"Take good care of yourself, dear," she called to him. He waved his derby at her, and disappeared into the elevator cage.

At the cigar store on the corner he said "Good morning" to the man behind the counter, who replied that in his opinion it was a fine morning.

Sam Grace seconded the thought. He bought himself a package of chewing-gum, inserted a stick in his mouth and then stepped into the telephone-booth and (*Continued on page 198*)

I *am* One *of* Those Women *who* Have Been

Playing *the* Market

By *May Allison Quirk*

AT THIS writing, I am just recovering from a slight illness. The malady is known as stock-ticker indigestion. Indications are that there will be no serious after-effects from the disease, except a deflated check-book and a somewhat haunted look about the eyes when the conversation heads toward the stock-market.

But I've had a grand experience, my first as a stock speculator, and though mine may have been more severe than the average beginner's, that's because I'm a natural enthusiast in anything I do and my reactions are bound to be stronger.

Prior to the late summer of 1928 I had never bought any stocks, either outright or otherwise. My savings had gone into bonds or real estate, paying conservative returns, and I had been content.

But I found myself on many occasions playing the rôle of wallflower at dinner-parties while stock-market conversations buzzed about my ears. Such terms as "bull," "bear," "selling short" and "brokers' loans" passed back and forth, with most of the women present displaying considerable knowledge of these matters. Huge sums were mentioned with the same casualness as the bidding of a bridge hand. They sounded unreal. I sat dumb but hoped I was looking intelligent. If I succeeded it was the best bit of acting in my entire career.

Apparently, some knowledge of the stock-market added much to one's entertainment value.

I remember one occasion in particular. Friend Husband and I arrived at a dinner-party. All the guests were assembled. Our host greeted us but I found all the girls seated in one corner of the room, apparently clustered around a gentleman of rotund figure and bald as a Greek monk. Failing to recognize any outward charms on his ancient visage, I asked our host about him.

"Oh, that's So-and-So. He's just made a tremendous killing in the market and the girls hope to wheedle a tip out of him."

"I see," said I. "Getting information for their husbands and sweethearts?"

"Not much," answered our host. "All of those girls are playing the market themselves."

This was an eye-opener; it was the beginning of my curiosity about market operations. Later I learned that the elderly gentleman never gave out tips. Although recognized as something of a wizard, he said no one was infallible in the stock-market.

"I wouldn't have it on my conscience if people played my tips with unhappy consequences."

A few days after this incident I gave a shower for a friend of mine who was to be married. There were twenty women at the luncheon and during the time they were at my house, ten or twelve of them excused themselves to phone their brokers.

I was becoming educated to the idea that this stock-market game was for women as well as men, and kept my ears open.

Gradually I learned that the Stock Exchange was known as the big board. There was also the curb market, the difference between them being that, in order to list their stock on the big board, companies must submit a complete financial statement of their operations to the Stock Exchange every three months, whereas a curb stock could keep its finances and all other business matters strictly private.

The familiar words "bull market" I came to know meant a rising market—stocks going up. A "bear market" was just the reverse. Men were also either bulls or bears—the bulls being the optimists who believed in high prices and helped to keep them up, the bears being persons who endeavored to depress the market for their own benefit.

"Selling short," I found, was an operation indulged in mostly by bears and consisted in selling stocks for future delivery at a lower figure than the present market, in expectation of a drop.

I was progressing.

Then one fine day fate took a hand. A very close friend of ours —I shall call him Mr. A—telephoned. He said, "May, have you some money you can play with without fear of heart-failure in case you lose it?"

My reply was, "It's much too hot a day to interest me in any kind of sports."

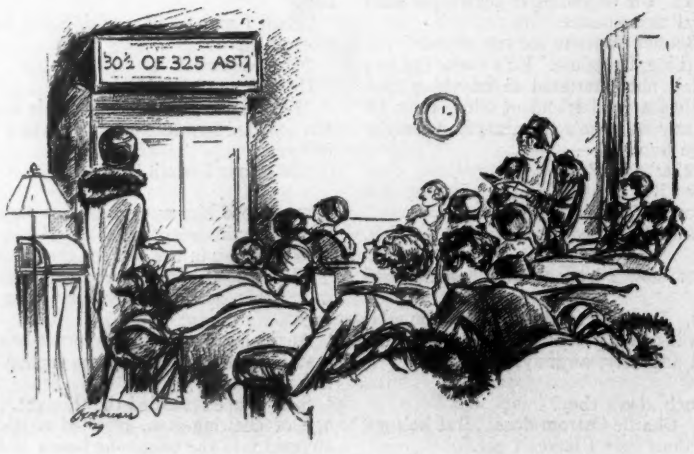
"But this is a hot tip and it's a shame for you not to get in on it. Chrysler is due for a rise. Tell you what I'll do. I'll open a small account for you with my broker"—naming a big brokerage concern downtown. "Send them your check for $8,000 and I'll buy you three hundred shares of Chrysler."

I TELEPHONED Friend Husband. His answer was, "It's your own money. You worked pretty hard before the camera to get it, so go ahead if you like, but remember you're gambling and gamblers sometimes lose."

I sent the check and next day the mails brought me a slip showing I now owned some Chrysler stock. The figure named was $31,800. I nearly fainted. After working over this, multiplying and subtracting, I finally arrived at the conclusion I possessed three hundred shares of Chrysler at $106 a share on about twenty-five-point margin.

"Margin" had been explained to me as meaning a percentage of money paid to your broker on stocks he bought for you. My deposit of $8,000 paid for one-fourth the total amount for the three hundred shares. The balance my broker furnished, charging me interest and holding the stock as security.

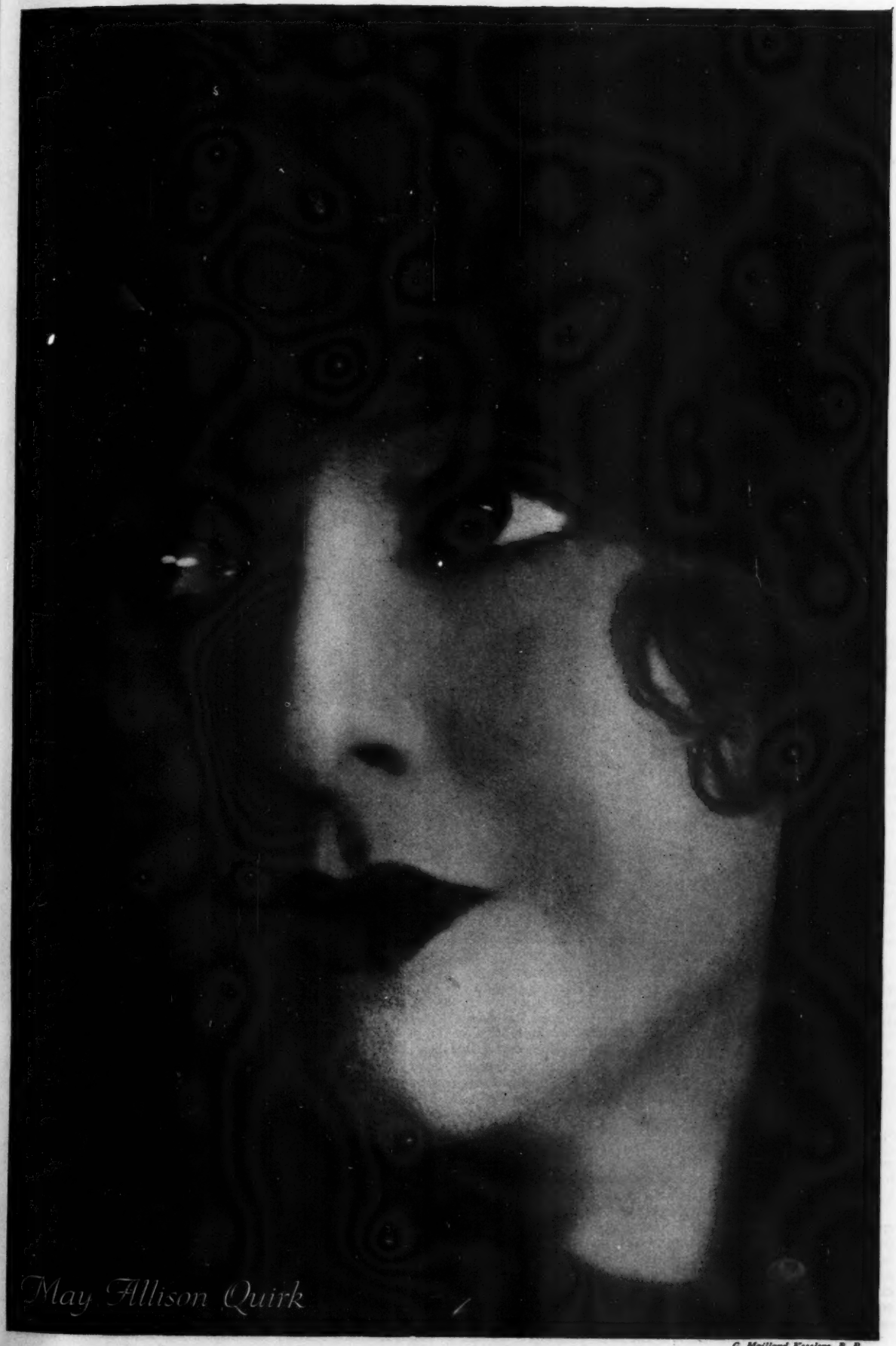
The evening papers had never seemed so late in arriving. I could hardly wait to see how much I had made that day. Not for a moment did I contemplate losing. I hadn't heard much about that.



Friend Husband and I always had a pleasant habit of reading the morning papers together over our breakfast coffee, and if I ran across items of interest to his publishing business I cut them out for him. By and by, I neglected to do this.

The Wall Street Journal became my prayer-book, the financial writers my favorite authors. I also subscribed

(*Continued on page 150*)



May Allison Quirk

G. Maillard Kesslere, B. P.

A Real Good Girl

If you lak-a-me,
Lak I lak-a-you
And we lak-a both the same
I lak-a say,
This very day,
I lak-a-change your name;
'Cause I love-a-you
And love-a-you true
And if you-a love-a me,
One live as two,
Two live as one
Under the bamboo tree-e-e!

THE merry tune which was on everyone's lips stopped rolling from mine as with abrupt horror I realized that it was Sunday. And not only Sunday, but I was at grandma's! Awakened by the sound of the dressing-bell, I had lain for a few lazy moments in the great mahogany bed, basking in the glorious spring sunshine which streamed through the tall windows, and caroling forth the above profane melody which so exactly expressed my feelings about Oswald.

But now, with sudden realization, I sat bolt upright. Gee whillikins! I hoped nobody had heard me! Full of contrition I got up from my bed and began a hasty toilet. I harnessed myself into my neatly folded garments until the top petticoat was fastened by its tape strings, and the corset cover tightly buttoned over my bosoms—real and supplementary. Then I washed in cold water at the china-fitted stand and set myself to the elaborate task of undoing the nubby curl-papers on my forehead, while gazing dreamily at the garden below.

It was a very old garden, this of my grandmother's, with broken box hedges and gnarled wisteria vines. How quiet it was in that neglected tangle! Indeed, now that I was up and thoroughly awake, I could feel that all Stonefield lay hushed in the Sunday lull, the sound of such few vehicles as stirred abroad of necessity failing to penetrate the aristocratic seclusion of the white-pillared house wherein I was making my yearly visit.

Suddenly the quiet was broken by a merry whistle. The "Bamboo Tree"! Nearer it came, and nearer, and my heart leaped with each lilt of the tune, for it was the signal of Oswald's approach! I darted to the window and, screening myself with the curtain, peeked below. Presently my hungry gaze was gladdened by the sight of Oswald as he strolled up to the back entrance, his snowy apron snapping in the breeze, the basket containing two pairs of freshly killed chickens swinging carelessly on one arm. For Oswald, my secretly adored one, was the butcher's boy.

As I gazed worshipfully, I could hear Oswald, all unconscious of my ardent gaze, telling Katie, the housemaid, that it was the pink limit, the way the old lady insisted on fresh-killed chickens every Sunday morning and spoiled his day off like this. He was, it seemed, going to tell the boss to go paddle his own canoe, if Sunday work kept up!

My heart swelled anew at this evidence of his true American spirit of independence, and for the hundredth time I wondered if by chance Oswald would ever become President and meet me at a hop and ask me to marry him! Such a magnificent specimen of manhood surely deserved the best out of life! What did I care for class distinctions? They were really nothing in our glorious country, and anyway, perhaps a relation in England would die and Oswald would come into a title!

Meanwhile he had vanished into the back porch, and I could hear the slam of the ice-box door and that silly Katie's shrill laughter. I waited at my post to see him emerge, however, the now-empty basket hung on his shoulder like a knapsack, his dazzling smile flashing farewell as he strode away with an air of owning the earth. Humble? Not he! And as he went, he again whistled the "Bamboo Tree."

Curiously elated by the romantic coincidence of the song, I ran a Windsor tie through the starched collar of my clean shirt-waist. Money! Oh, darn money, anyhow! If only I were wealthy I could marry whom I liked! Then suddenly I remembered that perhaps the beginnings of a fortune were already in my grasp. For great authors made stacks of dough, and I had recently elected myself to a literary career.

Over three weeks ago, at the very beginning of my visit, I had entered a literary competition called "My Favorite Author." This original subject had been chosen by the broad-minded editor of the Christian Friend; doubtless as a gesture to prove the wide scope of his weekly, and the prize, which was ten dollars, represented not only literary distinction, and a future which might

By *Nina Wilcox Putnam*

Illustrations by
Rose O'Neill

¶ *"I'm afraid you'll have to jump, miss," said Oswald. How on earth could I jump without showing my petticoats and my lower limbs?*

enable me to place Oswald at my side, but a lot of other things dear to my heart, including a new hat.

I planned to get one of openwork straw trimmed with a wreath of natural daisies, poppies and corn-flowers, mixed, provided my piece on Charles Dickens won. I was not without pride in my effort, especially the opening paragraph:

> Charles Dickens holds a unique spot in the hearts of his readers and his countrymen for the purity of his language no less than the whiteness of his spirit, and all who love children must also love Tiny Tim and poor dear little Nell. His was a great mind which will not soon be forgotten.

Although Oswald did not know it, I had written this for US. And when it was done, I carefully sealed the manuscript in a scented pink envelop and entrusted my brain-child to Uncle Ned, my father's youngest brother, who everyone in the family was afraid would turn out to be an artist, and in whom, therefore, I naturally confided. He vowed solemnly to look after the matter of mailing it for me, and thenceforth the fate of my manuscript had formed the whole undercurrent of my life at Stonefield.

I couldn't mention it to the rest of the family for fear of ridicule, in the event of failure, but I could pray for its welfare, and I did. In fact I made a bargain with God that if He would let me win, I would (1) Give up my bad habit of sniffing, (2) Remember to wipe the teacups properly, and (3) Never, never, never again make any false excuse about staying home from church!

This seemed to me eminently fair, and I awaited the outcome with all the assurance which is derived from having made a thoroughly decent proposition. Now the day on which the winner was to be announced was already here and perhaps by this time the Christian Friend was waiting below stairs to prove to a skeptical family that I really was different from the other girls.

But when I came tripping down the broad stairs the only journal in sight was being fought over by my two young cousins, Gussie Mead, in a clean white eyelet-embroidered dress, and Uncle Frank's eldest boy, Willie, in the velvet Fauntleroy suit which he protestingly wore on Sundays.

"Is that the Christian?" I asked as I descended upon them.

"No!" said Gussie violently. "It's my Sunday-school paper."

"'Tain't, neither!" retorted Willie, making a surreptitious pass at her with his buttoned boot. "It's mine, and she won't lemme have it!"

"Lobster!" shouted Gussie.

"Children, children, what language! Be quiet!" I commanded loftily. "Remember, it's Sunday! Have you seen the Christian anywhere?"

But they hadn't. Apparently no one had seen it, and I was almost wild before the breakfast gong was sounded by the housemaid, Katie. I hated Katie, an impudent girl, rather pretty in a blowzy way, who treated me as if I was a child instead of a young lady of seventeen.

The house was not as full as usual just now, and there were only seven of us at the long table in the gloomy dining-room. Grandma, heavy, soft, incredibly pink and white, my Aunt Lily, the unmarried one, the artist, Uncle Ned, those two awful kids and myself. At last grandma's lengthy grace came to an end, and the table sprang into action. The great silver coffee urn hummed merrily. The Lazy Lucy in the center of the board twirled now this way, now that, as we reached for sugar, butter, honey or strawberry preserve. There was food enough for a regiment and we attacked it like soldiers, for at grandma's Sunday was a day of eating and prayer.

Whether it was one waffle too many, hopeless love, or a genuine attack of literary temperament, I can't be sure. But after breakfast I found I could not sit still. Why, oh why had that wretched paper boy forgotten to bring the Christian Friend?

My anxiety was almost unbearable as I wandered about the garden, casting a scornful eye upon Gussie and Willie as they took turns at churning the ice-cream for dinner on the promise that they might lick the dasher afterwards. How little those raw youngsters knew of what was going on in my mind! Fortunately, however, it was soon time for church.

Grandma never took the horses out on Sunday, and so, although the distance to Center Church on the Green was not great, we made an early start, grandma leaning on Uncle Ned's arm and heading the group in a stately manner, her long widow's veil floating decorously in the breeze, her face as pure and calm as the cameo on her breast. Aunt Lily, very stylish in a Scotch plaid taffeta silk, walked with me, while the two children brought up the rear.

The day was of sparkling New England beauty, and for a while I almost forgot to be miserable. Oswald was a member of our congregation and perhaps I would see him in the gallery, although his attendance was not at all regular.

In the center of the Green our church loomed chaste and white, and from every direction little groups as solemn and stately as our own were converging towards it. The air was full of the harsh voices of the bells, and all the world was responding with decorous promptitude. Then just as we were entering the red-carpeted lobby of our destination, I caught sight of my chum and confidante, Edie Easterbrook.

Edie, in extravagant white organdy, had on a new hat: an openwork straw, moreover, trimmed with poppies, daisies and corn-flowers! She was sternly flanked by her mother, who glittered with bottle-green bugles, and her bearded father. But before we were swept to our separate aisles, we managed to exchange a hurried whisper.

"Nina! He just went in!" said Edie.

"No!"

"Cross my heart!"

"Oh, you darling!" I said. "See you this aft!"

"I'll come by about four!"

"I'm dippy about the hat!"

"Yours is sweet, too!"

Then we were torn apart as we followed our respective families to their pews. The organ was rolling magnificently, thundering against the gray walls which had withstood the music of a hundred

¶ *Suddenly the quiet was broken by a merry whistle. Nearer it came, and nearer, and my heart leaped, for it was the signal of Oswald's approach.*

years. Our pew was well in front, a situation which made it practically impossible for me to see anything interesting that went on in the back of the church. But as we passed up the aisle to our places, I got one glimpse of Oswald in the gallery.

How nice he looked in his gray peg-top suit! His handsome profile was sharp against the sunlit window behind him as we passed—like a painted saint, so I thought. My heart leaped at the sight of him, "so near and yet so far!" I did not know Oswald: I had never spoken to him in my life, but in that instant I decided that in addition to his other charms he was *thoroughly good!* Fortunately, perhaps, for my peace of mind, I would not be able to see him again during the service. But he could see me. I must remember that and be charmingly, touchingly devout.

Neither could I see Edie's new hat, and I was simply wild to examine it more closely, especially in view of the fact that a similar one of my own was practically within my grasp.

Of this last fact I made doubly sure during the opening prayer when, instead of listening properly to Mr. Somme's addressing of the Deity, I put in a vigorous plea of my own about winning the competition. I pointed out that I contributed to the missionary society and in a burst of inspiration added that a part of the ten dollars, should the Lord see fit to let me win it, would be contributed to the plate here in this (*Continued on page 106*)

The Poor

To Rush, their peculiar status of intimacy was a burlesque. Hang it all, why should she erect so solid a wall between them?

"MR. AND MRS. RUSSELL H. GRAVES, New York City."

He wrote the name casually enough. In fact, much as any young man, registering for himself and wife at a summer hotel, might have scrawled his signature. Obviously, his own manner was not responsible for the immediate scrutiny and interest of the small group hugging a log-fire at one side of the lobby.

Rather was it the indefinable self-consciousness, like the scent of orange blossoms, which seems to cling to a girl the first time a signature of that sort blots out her name with startling finality.

Not that she watched him sign. She appeared to avoid doing just that. Standing to one side with eyes averted, she looked pale, somewhat cold and a little frightened. The first two impressions could be attributed to an all-day train journey and penetrating icy fog at its conclusion. Toward ten o'clock of this August night, the famed pine woods of Maine as they met the sea were drenched in formidable unfriendliness. In their midst, the little hotel was like some helpless craft adrift in gray nothingness. A ghost night, moaning and lonely.

Small wonder that the girl's eyes reflected something of the darkly etched surroundings. But their frightened look elicited only rumbling chuckles from the men and envious, faintly reminiscent smiles from the women. Honeymoons, however hazardous in reality, in retrospect represent the vale of lost adventure. And the huddled figures round the fire suggested that chairs were pulled close because the day of fires within was fast sinking into limbo.

Except for one elderly couple seated at a table under the reading-lamp. He was round, florid, wore square-toed soft shoes and a red bow tie. She was round, fluttering, dressed in white, and the map of wrinkles on her pink face was like a road guide to contentment. A moment since, they had been playing double solitaire. Now both looked at the girl, then at each other.

"Martin," whispered the little woman quite audibly, "they look like bride and groom, don't they?"

The man, tenderly stroking his long white mustache, gave vent to a warning "Sh!" But the girl had overheard and turned quickly.

"Isn't she pretty?" fluttered the woman in lowered tone.

The man, continuing to stroke his mustache, nodded with gentle emphasis. And two approaching the sunset gazed back at vistas of Elysium.

Russell Graves, otherwise known as "Rush" because of not-too-distant football glory, left the desk and hurried over to the girl.

"Looks as if we'd struck an old folks' home," he remarked *sotto voce*. "One step from the funeral parlor! So sorry—wish I'd known." He gave a swift encompassing smile. Irresistible, larky, apologetic, all at once. Like arms, lifting her from fog and isolation to an island of confidence. "Do you mind?"

"No," she answered, eyes raised slowly to his.

"Sure?" he insisted, troubled by their shadow. "It's not exactly the Garden of Eden."

"I'm all right. Just cold and tired, I guess. You mustn't worry about me."

The lone bell-boy hoisted their bags, led the way to an elevator that groaned laboriously upward. He let them out at the third floor, went down the long empty corridor, unlocked a door and switched on an electric bulb. Twin white enameled beds, a golden-oak bureau and a cane-seated rocker sprang abruptly into view. One small gray felt rug lay between the beds, another before the bureau. Gay though slightly faded birds flitted on the wall-paper. At the single window hung damp white dotted-Swiss curtains.

The boy indicated the bathroom, pocketed his tip, grinned, disappeared. An odd, musty odor, significant of air shut out over a prolonged period, surrounded the two left alone. It was not redolent of orange blossoms.

Rush Graves tried to open the window, which stuck defensively. Finally the moorings yielded. Dank wetness floated through the screen.

The girl pulled off a snug blue felt hat, dropped it on the bureau, stared at the reflection in the glass. She saw a very white face; full lips parted as from breath coming quickly; an impudent, reckless little nose strangely out of harmony with the somber eyes; a wide brow topped by satiny black hair just beginning to assert its femininity after several seasons of boyish cut. She stood studying the face with curious detachment, quite as if it were not her own.

Rush watched her and wondered. She looked awfully done up, he told himself, but those dark circles certainly made her eyes fascinating. You'd hardly know they were—— By Jove, what was the color of her eyes? Blamed if he knew! He went closer.

Sport

By Rita Weiman

Illustrations by George Howe

She gave a nervous, choked laugh, sat down on the edge of one of the beds outside the rays of light.

"It is an awful place. Not a bit the way we pictured it."

"What the devil Neil saw to rave about," resented Rush, "is beyond me. Why, I couldn't even get the outline of a tree driving up from the station."

"And the smell of fish from the river—ugh!" she shuddered.

"It's the low tide, I guess," he explained somewhat lamely. "But maybe tomorrow—— Neil said the golf course is a crackerjack."

"Yes—if only this fog lifts—and the golf's all right."

The eyes whose color he did not know wavered. Vividly came the flash that she was simply making conversation. Talking about the place, the weather, golf—anything to divert his thought from the subject round which it had coiled all day—themselves.

With the realization came astonishment, confusion. Rush went over, sat down beside her. But for what occurred in the next astounding second, he was totally unprepared.

HE SAW her hands go desperately over her face. And between the fingers trickled tears. Quietly at first. Then with shoulders shaking, her young body seemed to collapse.

His arm went round her in helpless alarm. "Lois, what's wrong? What's the matter?"

"I can't go through with it. Don't—don't think me a rotten sport. But I can't go through with it."

He felt her cower away, sat gazing in bewilderment at the bent head.

"I—don't—understand."

"No; of course you don't. I'm a fool—an awful fool!" came in something less than a husky whisper. "And a quitter. I'm old enough to know better, too. But I can't help it. Rush, when we planned this—it all seemed a hundred percent right. A funny little hotel, hidden away; two weeks of sunshine and sea and golf; and back to New York without anybody knowing a thing. I thought of it as a great lark when I got on the train this morning. But from the minute you met me in Portland and chucked the wedding-ring at me and said, 'Better put this on or they might ask us to produce a marriage certificate,' something went wrong. I don't know what. But it seemed cheap and low somehow. Like—like thumbing your nose at your own parents—or—— Oh, I don't know! It's hard to explain. But I can't—I——"

"Wait a minute! Wait!" He sprang up, buckling on the armor of masculine defense. "I didn't force you into this. It was a fifty-fifty proposition. If I recall exactly what happened, I took you to dinner one night——"

"I know," she interrupted. "I'm not blaming you. It's all my fault! And I can't see now why I'm such a fool. I've been telling myself so long that I earn my own living and have a right to do as I please. I *did* want to come with you, Rush, and it's vile of me to renig. But let me go home, won't you?"

She raised a face that looked absurdly like a child's.

Rush Graves continued to stare at it. Then he began to laugh, not without a crisp crackle of bitterness.

"This is a cute situation," he vouchsafed. "Modern young couple depart for a jolly little trip together and on the very threshold of their holiday she loses her taste for him."

"That's not true!"

She was on her feet now, meeting him in the age-old war of sex pride.

"It's the weather, then, perhaps. Sorry I couldn't order a nice bright moon. And this place, I'll admit, doesn't suggest first aid to romance."

"Don't laugh at me! I'm miserable enough."

"Of course, we can clear out tomorrow. I'm the last man in the world to want to hold you to an agreement that's gone sour."

"Rush!"

But as he hurried on, his manner expressed obviously the question thumping through his mind: "Why the devil did I bring this woman in the first place?" What he said in the most polite tone imaginable was:

"The immediate difficulty seems to be—how shall we manage tonight?"

The finality of the words was designed to preclude further attempt at explanation or alibi. All he wanted was to escape one of those hysterical scenes before which the male of the species stands in such helpless terror. In the face of this possibility, visions of emotional flight which his imagination had juggled all day sank as though weighted with lead.

"You think I'm beneath contempt, of course," she remarked, looking away from him, "and I am."

"What I think is of no importance," came abruptly. "What I do in the next few minutes is your only concern. Maybe you'll be good enough to help me out with some suggestion. This is my first experience of the kind. It's illuminating, in a way, but leaves me more or less stumped. You see, to the clerk downstairs we're husband and wife. So I can't do the gallant thing and sleep outside your door, without making a blithering ass of myself. And it seems I've done that with sufficient success already."

He watched the girl quiver under the lash and admitted to brutal satisfaction.

"Could you," she asked at last, then anxiously corrected herself—"couldn't you—please—go down and say that I'm not feeling very well, that you'd like another room?"

"Exactly what an attentive husband would do, I suppose," he observed crisply, and picked up his hat. "I'll send the boy for my things. Make yourself perfectly comfortable. You won't be disturbed. Good night."

Without trusting his fury to take another look at her, he closed the door on furtive romance and went down the stairs to face sardonic reality.

He was twenty-seven, trenchantly alive, and at the moment horribly embarrassed. To Rush, this last was an altogether new sensation. He had a way of meeting the most outrageous situations with utmost suavity.

¶ *"Mr. and Mrs. Russell H. Graves, New York," he wrote casually. The girl avoided watching him.*

At college his serene method of plunging out of one scrape into another, with the complete enjoyment of Captain Kidd seeking new treasure, had become class tradition. And more recently, during four years in business for himself as a real estate agent, occasionally called "realtor," his measure of success had been due more to daring and the charm that wins confidence than to any astute knowledge of property manipulation.

Rush Graves hailed from the South. Which may explain many things. Among them, the fact that women said, "I love you," without waiting for him to express curiosity on that particular point. Hence, tramping down the stairs that wintry summer night, his emotions mingled more than fury and resentment. Paramount, though he did not know it, was the small shrill voice of outraged vanity. No man enjoys the defeat of his chanticleer propensities.

The fire had sunk to embers. Only the old couple at their double solitaire remained in the lobby. The clerk was preparing to give place to the night-watchman. Rush approached the desk.

"Can you put me up in another room?" he asked bruskly. "My wife isn't feeling very well——"

He paused, with a sense that he was unnecessarily apologetic. But the clerk was too sleepy to evince interest in connubial difficulties. He handed Rush a key.

"That's the next room," he said. "I'll be up and open the door between."

Rush started for the stairs. The elderly gentleman rose and came toward him.

"Pardon me, we couldn't help overhearing. My wife wishes to ask whether there is anything she can do."

"Thank you——" Rush began.

"My name is MacIntosh, M. Bristol MacIntosh, of St. Louis. We have no desire to force ourselves upon you," he added, with something approaching a twinkle. "But we were attracted to your lovely wife. It seems a pity that she should be alone under the circumstances, while there's an older woman who might be helpful."

"Thank you," Rush repeated, brain clicking automatically to a familiar sound in the man's name. "She's just worn out. And I thought, if she had the room to herself——"

"Of course, of course"—the twinkle was obvious now in a pair of very blue and knowing eyes—"but should she want anyone, we're in Number Seven. Don't hesitate"—and turning to the round little lady who had joined them—"eh, Martha?"

"No, indeed!" her voice fluttered like her pudgy, loving hands. And her bosom fairly cried for a tired head.

"It's this beastly weather, too," Rush found himself explaining. "We'll probably clear out tomorrow."

"Oh, don't do that," urged Mr. MacIntosh. "Give the place a chance. It can't be beat when the sun's shining. And this fog can't last—we've had it over a week. Come down and chat with me when you get the wife settled. I'll give you some pointers."

The way he said it implied brotherhood, a secret order of male sympathy. Obviously, he suspected a quarrel just across the threshold of bliss.

Rush welcomed the suggestion. Solitude, in the face of what he had expected, held no allurement. Thus, the error of anticipation!

He went upstairs, accompanied by the clerk, who unlocked the door between the two rooms. Rush removed his bags; with unmistakable emphasis shut the door once more. He carried to the floor below a hasty impression of his traveling companion at the open window, gazing into the fog.

At that particular moment, he wished she had not looked so plaintively unsophisticated.

Mr. MacIntosh proffered a long black cigar.

Rush shook his head. "I developed the pipe habit at college and never tried to break away from it."

"Depends upon whether your womenfolk like it—what you

smoke, I mean. In fact, you'll find out before long that everything depends on what the womenfolk like."

He grinned fraternally. Rush felt that he expected an answering grin. Mr. MacIntosh leaned forward, gently caressing his mustache.

"How long?" he queried.

"How long—what?" asked Rush.

Mr. MacIntosh amended his question. "My wife had an idea you were honeymooners."

"Oh!" Rush looked into the ashes that still smoldered in the fireplace. "Well, not exactly," he vouchsafed, rather amused by the nice old party's curiosity.

"Haven't been married long though, have you?" There was obvious disappointment in the query.

"Not very," said Rush, with his irresistible smile.

Mr. MacIntosh appeared better satisfied. "Thought not. Well, young man, may be hard times ahead. You know, we fellows have one way of doing things and the girls another. But there's nothing like it when it's right. Lord, I'm an able-bodied man with big business interests, but I'm so dependent on that little woman of mine that when she's away from me I'm helpless as a baby." His blue eyes blurred a bit. "And she knows it," he chuckled.

RUSH pulled at his pipe, said nothing. He could think of nothing to say. The older man seemed about to pursue the problem of marital entente cordiale, then suddenly changed his mind.

"You from New York?"

"Yes. But like most New Yorkers, I wasn't born there."

"In business?"

"Real estate," answered Rush, glad to attack a subject on which he could afford to be frank.

"M'm," nodded Mr. MacIntosh, and his hand strayed again mustache-ward. "Associated with any firm?"

"Raynor and Sutton broke me in. But I hung out my own shingle four years ago. My father left me a little money and I thought I'd better gamble in a game I knew than in Wall Street."

"Smart idea." Mr. MacIntosh centered his blue eyes on the younger man and Rush felt their keenness like a definite entity. "Never let your job get mechanical. If you're working for yourself, it won't. I found that out years ago. Maybe you know something about the MacIntosh Lumber Company of Minnesota?"

Instantly Rush knew why his brain had clicked to the name. Not only was the MacIntosh Lumber Company a factor in the Middle West, but its holdings extended into the South.

"Know it!" he came back quickly. "And you're *the* MacIntosh!"

The white mustache lifted with pardonable pride. No matter how important he may be, the human man never gets over the thrill of discovering that importance.

Rush plunged into a discussion of building and real estate conditions, exactly as if he had not come to Maine on escapade bent. An hour later, he went to his room with the knowledge that Mr. Bristol MacIntosh owned New York property of no mean value. The handling of it by his present agents, as indicated by certain pointed inquiries, did not altogether satisfy the gentleman.

"Huh—they're trying to get away with murder," Rush ruminated sagely, "and the old boy's on." Not until he was in bed did it dawn on him that voices were murmuring in the next room. He jumped up. Light streaked under the door.

Rush flung on his dressing-gown, crouched at the keyhole. He could see nothing definite. But distinctly, in crooning tones, he heard:

"Well, dearie, I'll leave you now that he's here. I didn't like to think of you all alone."

"You've been a darling," came the low response. "I can't thank you enough."

"Why, we've had such a nice talk." There followed the intimation of a purry little kiss. "Now go to sleep and everything will be all right in the morning."

The light was switched off.

Silence.

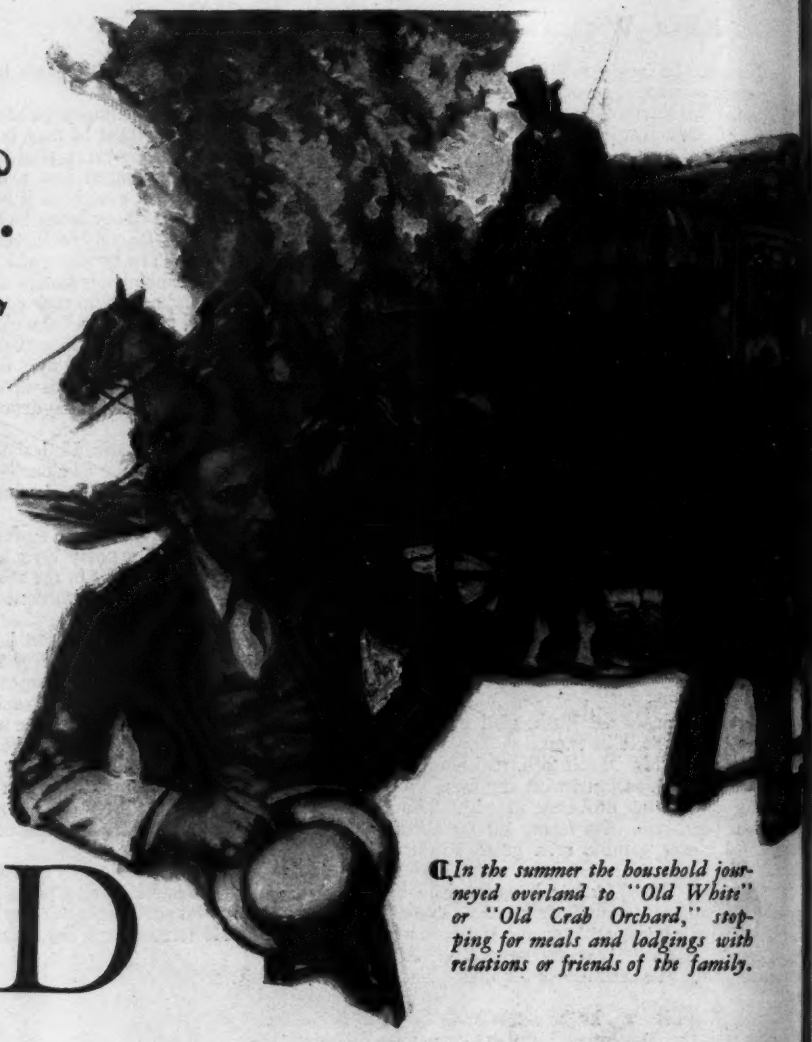
Rush stumbled into bed. What had Lois told the wife of MacIntosh? You never knew about women. They were such skilful liars that the pendulum might readily swing the other way and cause them to spill the whole truth and nothing but the truth. In which case he would be done for with the old man.

Sitting up abruptly, he realized that in a vague subconscious way he had been toying with the business possibilities of this accidental meeting. But those two sweet simple lambs would never accept the present state of things. Lois they might regard as an innocent victim of seduction. Himself they would not exonerate.

He grinned wryly over the recollection of how, more in bravado than anything else, plans for this holiday had been made. A dare on his part—an acceptance of his challenge on the part of the girl. He remembered the expression of her (*Continued on page 135*)

¶ *"Martin," whispered the little woman, "they look like bride and groom, don't they?" "Sh!" warned her husband.*

Irvin S. Cobb's Novel of his Old Kentucky Home



RED LIKKER

In the summer the household journeyed overland to "Old White" or "Old Crab Orchard," stopping for meals and lodgings with relations or friends of the family.

The Story So Far:

WITH the end of the Revolutionary War a wave of emigration west of the Appalachians began to make a new American history. Typical of the early breed of pioneers was Isham Bird, who came from South Carolina through the Cumberland Gap to settle in central Kentucky in the same year the state was born to the Union. With his brother Shadwell he cleared and cultivated the rolling swales and built a home, and with it a blockhouse against the Shawnees.

When Isham died he left to the male line six hundred acres and his two "distills" for the manufacture of Bourbon—the Red Likker of the Blue Grass which was to become one of the celebrated industries of the state.

Shadwell, however, left nothing. After those early days he had been a keel-boater and a hunter and when his wife died he had taken up with a Cherokee woman and drifted from the rolling lands to the rocky lands of the knob country.

The distinction between the aristocratic Blue Grass people and the poor whites of this unfertile knob country was first social and then political. In the Civil War Isham's grandsons, Attila and Don Carlos Bird, fought for the South; Shadwell's half-breed progeny, for the North, though some may have been mere bushwhackers. When Attila and Don Carlos, returning from the war, were in sight of home, they were shot from ambush by one of these guerrilla bands. Don Carlos was killed and it remained for Attila to carry on the family fortunes.

Attila's father had perfected the art, handed down to him by Isham, of distilling the famous Bourbon farm whisky, and it was while drinking some of his father's product with his friend Captain O'Shea that it occurred to Attila to commercialize the heritage under the firm name of Bird & Son—though the son, Isham III, had not yet been born.

YOU lived in the country. Though your father might be a banker or a lawyer or a merchandiser he had—if he followed the common custom—a place out in the country and farmed it, growing grain or Burley tobacco or hemp or hay, or raising sheep or horse-flesh; and he rode into town of a morning, rode back out at nightfall.

Unless he was very old or very infirm, he generally rode a smart saddle-horse to and fro, so that, what with so many traveling this way, the gritty turnpikes forever were clinking and the old covered wooden bridges forever drumming to the strokes of all those nimble hoofs. Wheeled vehicles, excepting sulkies—buggies and surreys and what-not—they were for women and girls.

You yourself had your own pony and, when you were old

Illustrations by
W. Smithson
Broadhead

enough for such, would have a horse like your father's; a plantation horse, so called, a fox-trotter or a single-footer, with a gait so smooth that riding him would be almost like sitting in a rocking-chair. But he must also be able to cover ground a-plenty when called upon for speed. Rocking along was all right when you weren't in any particular rush about it. But just going some place was one thing and getting there in a big hurry was another.

Then again, if your father followed distilling for a business, it rarely happened that his distillery was in town. It might be in the town's sleepy slattern outskirts but was more likely to be a few miles on out into the country, standing perhaps on the banks of a shaly-bedded, clear-running creek, but surely set close by a spring giving forth the soft pure sweet limestone water. Without the right sort of spring-water—the kind that came up out of the genuine bird's-eye limestone—you couldn't make the right sort of whisky. "The Rule of the Regions" was what Colonel Taylor, down on Glens Creek, had called it in a pamphlet which grown people were forever quoting in your hearing.

It was that same limestone and that same water which produced the blue-grass, and it was the combination of all three which authentically produced the horses with the stoutest bones and the slimmest, fastest legs and the most satiny coats in the world; produced likewise the prettiest women that ever were and the tallest, strongest men. Everybody who knew anything at all about anything at all said that. It wasn't a thing to be argued about; it was a thing to be stated, just flat out.

So generally from the distillery windows there were tilled meadows and gardens and woodsy small hills and walnut groves to look out on, instead of tobacco warehouses and stemmeries and dirty sheds and rows of slovenly houses. Howsomever, even though the plant had been in town, there wouldn't have been many smoky workshops about, because this was not a manufacturing country but a pastoral country.

If your father's distillery stood right on your own home place, you had a series of noble big playhouses all full of fascinating smells and fascinating nooks and corners. You couldn't beat it for games like "hi-spy." Having a distiller for a father was even better than having a race-horse breeder for a father, although there was something to be said in favor of the huge hay-crammed barns and the exercise paddocks and the pastures where the brood-mares grazed and the yearlings cavorted, and much to be said for the interesting company of the darky stable-hands.

But this much was certain: Distilling and raising thoroughbreds were the picks of all businesses for a father to be in. Ordinary people looked up to him then and called him a real Kentucky gentleman and that, as you frequently were reminded, was just about the finest title anybody on this earth ever could hope to wear.

You rode your pony to school, racing other boys on their ponies past the white painted fences fronting the homesteads and past the low rock walls of the cultivated lands. The school you went to was a private school and taught by a lady of the vicinity in reduced circumstances—the lady, that is, although the vicinity from which she came might be in reduced circumstances, too.

Later on, making ready for college, you would be sent to a larger school which usually was presided over by a somewhat faded and subdued gentleman or else by an over-florid gentleman with a martial air about him and a military record behind him.

But at first a lady was your teacher. There were free schools—a few spoke of them as public schools or as district schools—but these were not for the likes of you.

Free schools were an invention of the Devil or the Yankees, which amounted practically to the same thing, and most of their teachers were imported Yankees who were let alone by the best people and frequently had trouble finding places to board. Free schools were not patronized by the first families. They were for the "scrubs"—the "tacky" people. There was beginning to be talk of free schools for the darkies. You'd heard your father say that was what they really were fit for—darkies and Yankees.

At school you met only children of your own station in life but at home you consorted by preference with the negro boys who lived on your father's place or near it. Negro boys made ideal companions, being more resourceful than you at devising entertainment, more daring than you at executing plans for mischief.

Oftener than not, a negro boy was the leader in your juvenile enterprises. Up to a certain age he excelled in the qualities of leadership. But after that age it seemed that he, mentally, began to slow up, whereas you kept on and passed him.

But until you were about twelve years old, say, or maybe thirteen, you ranged as a member of a motley white-and-black predatory band, the black contingent predominating both in numbers and in audacity. In such magpied company you played town hall and rounders and Ant'ny-over, which were ball games; played also Bombay and marbles and sow-in-the-mush-pot, which last sport was fraught with hazard for bare shins; and in that same piebald alliance you "went in" swimming and you robbed birds' nests and picked berries and nuts and papaws, and stole out of some neighbor's patch the fat melons and pilfered May-apples which belied their name by ripening in June.

THERE were plenty of watermelons to be had at home and an abundance of apples, but they tasted better if procured through brigandage and eaten by stealth. Naturally, you owned the single-barreled muzzle-loader with which rabbits and squirrels were hunted, and field-larks and yellowhammers and doves slain, and robins murdered for robin potpie, but nine times out of ten some negro boy of your intimate acquaintance was a better shot with this firearm than were you, its proud proprietor. And if there was a hound-dog to be trained, or a treed 'possum to be captured alive, those same competent dark hands took over that task.

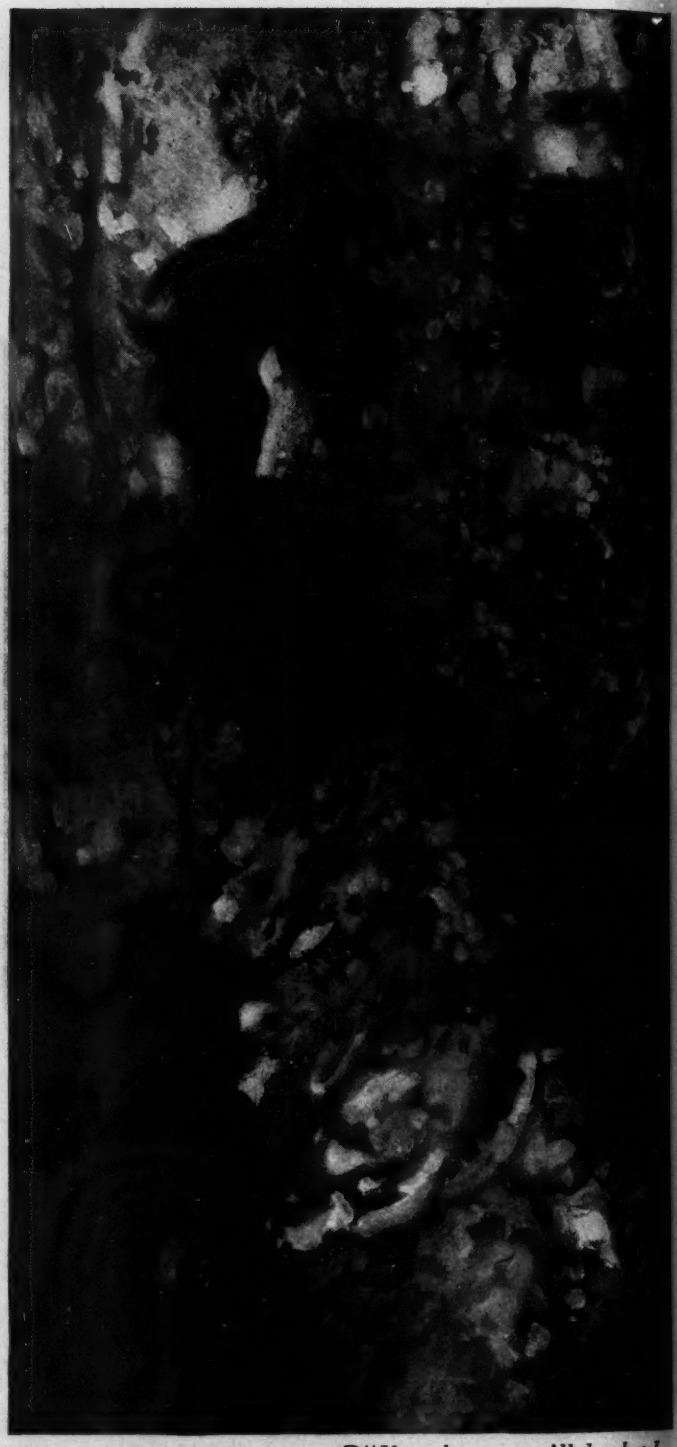
On Sundays you put on stiff and starchy garments—for instance, a white linen blouse with an enormous frilly-edged collar and gigantic cuffs to match—and shoes and stockings; and you went (by carriage now and not on pony-back) to Sunday-school and church. If the grown-ups of your family were Episcopalians or Presbyterians or if they were Roman Catholics—as was the case with a very few families such as the O'Sheas and the Moons and the Mouquins—church meant a trip into town; but if they were Baptists or Campbellites or Methodists, they probably attended at a roadside church out in the country.

That morning when the family equipage got to the toll-gate, the toll-gate man came out of his little house and if by any chance you were strangers to him, he asked first whether you-all were on your way for worship at such-and-such a church, and the answer being yes, he next asked this one: "Do you fellership regular with that denomernation?" And again the answer being yes, he levered up the long pole that stretched thwartwise of the road and for this once let you go through without your paying anything. But of course when members of your own family drove up, the toll-keeper lifted his bar with no delay or parley whatsoever but instead with a handsome flourish, because neither on Sundays nor on week-days did any of you have to pay, your father being a stockholder in the company that owned the pike and kept it up.

The lower classes resented this favoritism since, except when churchgoing, they must pay toll. You heard of them holding meetings of protest and passing resolutions calling for free roads. But naturally people who believed in free schools would be the sort to want free roads.

From church you rode home for Sunday dinner, which was a most lavish and a monstrous meal and a thing of pomp and circumstance. But then, dinner every day was lavish. In the peak of summer, while the last of the early garden-truck still hung on and the first of the late truck was ready for picking, you had seen as many as ten separate vegetables spread before you at once—that is to say, cooked fresh vegetables and not counting the cole-slaw, and the mixed sliced raw tomatoes and cucumbers, and the lettuce drenched in vinegar and sweetened with sugar, or the pickled things and the jammed things and the preserved things which, being standbys, weren't supposed to count anyway.

Likewise at every meal, regardless of what else might be offered, a cold boiled ham and a jug of molasses appeared, one at the head of the table, the other at its foot, like altar objects for a species of devotion. Breakfast, too, was a heavy and ritualistic



"If you love me, you'll do what I

want you to do," Isham said harshly. "I'll go with you," she said in a frightened whisper.

affair with at least two kinds of hot bread; and supper was only slightly less so. But on Sunday night there was a cold supper instead of a hot one.

By another thing Sunday was distinguished. After dinner was over, the mistress of the house sent by darky girls to the neighboring housekeepers samples of her most special dainty—usually a taste of the dessert; and these ladies promptly repaid in kind by sending their servants over with lemon sherbet or *brûlé* ice-cream or perhaps a bait of berries under a snowy napkin or a plate piled high with slices of a particularly rich cake.

From countless tellings you knew by heart the tale of that singular household of aliens from somewhere or other away far off, who bought the old Hoke place just down the road a little piece, and on the evening of the day they moved in, your grandmother dispatched her chief of staff across lots with a great platter of hot beaten biscuit, all split and buttered, and her best company coffee-pot, the silver one with the ivory handles, full of freshly brewed coffee, and a tall pitcher of sweet milk, and another tall pitcher of buttermilk and a dumpy pitcher of thick cream.

"Those people haven't had time to get settled yet," your grandmother had said, "and probably they'll be eating a pick-up snack, and I imagine something hot will be welcomed."

The big moment was when Mom Aggie came back, still bearing her original burden under its snowy napery. "Ole Miss," she stated venomously, "you know whut 'at w'ite woman say to me?"

"You mean that white lady, don't you, Aggie?" reproved your grandmother.

"Have it yore own way, only she ain't (*Continued on page 224*)

—*but*, Doctor, how

Why *is it* you won't pay Any Attention *to the commonplace* ills *which make our lives* More Difficult *to Live?*

MARY ELIZABETH and Madeleine sat at one side of the table, Chester Jr. and Ted at the other. Ted was the baby, one year old; Mary Elizabeth, the eldest, was seven. All four of them were plainly starving to death. There was food on the table and they ate, but they couldn't retain even a glass of water. They had whooping-cough. Poor little Ted was so weak that even his ravenous hunger no longer gave him the strength to hold up his head. It drooped inch by inch and then—plop!—into his plate as weariness closed his eyes in spite of his heroic resolution to convey another spoonful of food to his mouth.

Mrs. Crowell and I did what little we could for them and avoided looking at each other lest we betray the tragic thought that was racking both of us. It was—to put the matter bluntly—that these children were going to die, and at no very distant date, either. We were not hysterical—both of us had seen death and we knew the meaning of those sunken, lusterless moon-eyes and that peculiar transparency of skin and flesh—they looked more like wax dolls than live children. In other words they already looked like corpses. They had been suffering for about five weeks, their sleep broken several times every night, their days a torture of coughing spells, and during all of this time they were undernourished.

We had summoned a physician as soon as we realized that they were ill. He confirmed our guess that the illness really was whooping-cough and then he said: "Keep them in the fresh air and sunlight as much as possible." There was a little more advice about food, and that was about all. It would be good standard, staple, safe advice for a nursing mother, a prize-fighter in training, or a gentleman recovering from the annual reunion of his college class. It would also be good advice for a person in perfect health.

"No prescription?" we asked. No, no prescription. Anything to relieve those coughing spells? No, nothing. The disease would just have to run its course. At that time we didn't know what its course was. The doctor seemed to be a cheerful, optimistic sort of person. We gathered from his manner rather than from his words that whooping-cough didn't amount to much. Evidently no one ever died of it—otherwise medical science would surely have given it more attention. He smiled as he spoke the words "whooping-cough." Amusing name, eh? And what perverse little rascals the kids were to go out and get it. But that's the way of children. Yes, yes; all do it. Tough luck!

On the whole he cheered us considerably. And in view of the weeks of misery ahead, that pleasant moment was well worth his fee. But when week succeeded week without any sign that the disease would ever run its course unless that course happened to be toward the cemetery—we took counsel with each other and summoned another physician.

"Whooping-cough?" he said, smiling pleasantly. Yes, yes—well, well—and after all, ahem, whooping-cough. Such is life. Measles, whooping-cough, chickenpox—all quite probable where there were children. Plenty of sunlight, fresh air—careful with the diet—early to bed. I think he forgot the rest of it—about "early to rise, makes a man healthy and wealthy and wise." Anyway he went on to make the rest of his calls and we went on with the whooping-cough.

There was quite an epidemic of it that year and presently we began to hear of deaths from whooping-cough. Cheerful news, that was, with our flock looking like something that had just been dragged in from a famine district. Weeks and weeks and more weeks passed—they had whooping-cough for six months and during most of that time they continued to look like death. Finally, and unaccountably, they began to show signs of improvement. The elder children recovered fully in about eighteen months. Ted didn't come up to normal until his sixth year—that is to say, he had recovered fully at the end of five years.

Just a common kid disease, whooping-cough! Thousands of children are today going through the same experience ours suffered, although, thank heaven, more will have lighter cases. It's better than a fifty-fifty bet that your children will have it also if they go to school. That's where ours got it. In fact, that's where they got all of their diseases. The schools, of course, are looked after by medical men and the supposition is that they take measures to prevent the spread of infectious and contagious ailments, but if they ever succeeded I have yet to hear of it.

HOWEVER, I'm more than willing to concede that I may be mistaken on that point. I earnestly hope I am. I merely set down my impressions after ten years of observation. What interests me much more is the fact that a disease as common and serious as whooping-cough has not challenged medical science to greater efforts. Whooping-cough isn't a slight matter. In the Journal of the American Medical Association, dated December 15, 1928, page 1865, I have just read (in an article by Louis W. Sauer and Leonora Hambrecht): "Whooping-cough and its complications cause more deaths than do diphtheria, measles, or scarlet fever . . . Early diagnosis and prompt isolation of the patient and exposed susceptible children are, at present, the only reliable means of reducing morbidity and mortality." Not much progress recorded there, I should say. Isolation is the only recommendation.

about Us?

By Chester T. Crowell

But even that isn't commonly practised. Since the doctors know that whooping-cough is dangerous I marvel that so many cases are abroad in public places. Whooping-cough is easier to detect than smallpox because it proclaims itself after the manner of a fog-horn. Nevertheless I rarely fail to hear unmistakable cases in any large public gathering.

Last year our fifth and youngest had whooping-cough and again we learned that the doctors don't know much about it. Just as an experiment the pediatrist who attended her, Dr. T. Durland Van Orden, suggested that we take some Alpine-ray treatments. He had recently installed the equipment; he knew the treatments couldn't do her any harm; he had little else to offer—why not try them?

Well, she took the treatments every day and hers was the lightest case of whooping-cough I have ever seen. She actually gained weight while the disease ran its course, only five weeks in her case. I don't know whether that proves anything or not—perhaps hers was destined to be a light case anyway; I pass on the information for what it is worth.

This physician has the genuine exploring scientific imagination; moreover he is the only physician I have ever met who recognized whooping-cough as a veritable scourge from which children rarely recover in less than a year.

He has since had a similar experience with this treatment in many cases but his efforts have been experimental and exploratory rather than designed to establish scientific proof of a specific. What he has established is a reasonably strong probability rather than a certainty.

Of all the men of science it seems to me that physicians as a group are the most lacking in the type of imagination essential to scientific progress. I have known scores of them, not always, of course, as head of a large household, but more often as journalist, and in view of their many outstanding merits it seems odd to me that their conception of their function in life should be so different from what their patients would like it to be. They are as brave as any men; in generosity and true charity I doubt that they have any equals; but I am puzzled that they are not more interested in the universal ailments of mankind regardless of whether those afflictions are likely to prove fatal or not. I know that they have done wonderful work against smallpox, yellow fever and leprosy—to cite just a few examples—and I honor them for it. But uncounted thousands of men, women and children live tortured lives because of rheumatism, migraine, neuritis, hay-fever and common colds—again I am citing just a few typical examples—and the doctors seem to accept these afflictions as part of the common lot of mankind, passing them by as though they were not worth bothering about, apparently because very few persons die of them.

If I were a physician I am sure that I should be most interested in the diseases that inflict misery, not to mention loss of earning-power, upon the greatest numbers. In this category the common cold probably takes first rank—and it is worth while to consider the fact that the common cold is the usual first step toward pneumonia. A fund has recently been provided for study of this subject but again I note with interest that it came from a layman.

If a man wrecks his stomach or his nerves there are plenty of specialists ready to give him the benefit of remarkable study and experiment—but as a rule we have to go out and work for wrecked stomachs and nerves, just as the Irishman in the story worked for his black eye; we are seldom born with them. On the other hand a youngster with a perfect heritage of health may encounter poison-ivy in almost any state in this broad land and suffer horribly for weeks without exciting more than casual interest; usually he and his lopsided face are regarded as funny. But not by me; I've had it. I venture the guess that there are no fewer than one hundred cures for poison-ivy and I have never known one to work. Neither have I ever heard of any two physicians prescribing the same measures for relief, and I have consulted at least ten for myself or members of my family.

The plain truth of the matter is that doctors don't know much about poison-ivy poisoning, and the reason is that it doesn't interest them. It is regarded as part of the common lot; millions suffer from it every year, and few die—none that I ever heard of. But have you ever had a whacking case of poison-ivy? Both eyes closed? Legs swollen to the dimensions of your stomach? You'd have appreciated a cure, wouldn't you? But you are not likely to get much help from the doctors until poison-ivy becomes fatal—in the meantime it is just "tough luck." There are entirely too many of these neglected "tough luck" diseases.

One of my friends has suffered since early adolescence from migraine headaches. So far as anyone knows they do not relate to ulcerated teeth, stomach trouble, eye-strain, or kidney disorders.

The victim simply has a severe headache that throws him for a loss, and that is all there is to it. My friend has consulted specialists in this country, England, Germany, Austria and France. They don't know much about it. But the point I wish to make is that uncounted thousands of men and women suffer from recurring migraine headaches that make their lives a wreck for the period of their endurance. And, as a rule, they have to plead even for attention. A certain cure seems to be not even remotely possible. This ailment also comes under the "tough luck" classification.

It is my good fortune to be married to a lady of sturdy good health as well as beauty but she suffers occasionally from neuritis. This affliction takes possession of her left forearm and hand, including especially the finger-tips. The sensation, she tells me, is that of a fearful bruise and burn. Many thousands of people have neuritis and suffer tortures. It comes and goes. No one knows why it comes or why it goes, therefore it is impossible to avoid or predict a visitation. People do not die of neuritis—some, I think, have regretted that they don't. Doctors have been acquainted with this disease for many, many years but they still have little to offer besides sympathy. It is another of the "tough luck" afflictions.

For the vast majority of patients so is rheumatism, although it has been a potent destroyer of human happiness since the memory of man runneth not to the contrary. In some forms—and in some patients—remedial measures occasionally succeed, but the outstanding men of the medical science admit that they know very little about rheumatism. I don't ask them to know everything—I don't demand that they succeed with every research—I merely wonder why they aren't more (*Continued on page 138*)

Drawings by Tony Sarg

By Holworthy Hall

Song of the

AT THE height of the fashionable bathing-hour Milward Marston, having leisurely rounded the municipal casino, came out upon that narrow territory which the local press-agents modestly describe as the King of Beaches and the Beach of Kings. In his flawlessly correct clothes, and with his calm gray eyes and steady chin, he looked to be the very model of an experienced and impassive traveler.

Indeed, as he paused and gazed nonchalantly about him, he looked as though the scenario of his twenty-four years could be written in three short chapters: Genesis, Exodus and Monotony. Yet the rate of his pulse was a dozen points above the market, and he was murmuring rapturously to himself: "Biarritz! Biarritz, France! Socko!"

On the tawny sand, a triple row of marquee tents stood out against a warmly purple sea, while to the southward the coastal mountains of Spain showed bottle-green, with here and there a mauve chiffon of mist. In the water and on the shore a congress of all nations idled and babbled, frisked and splashed; and the delegates, almost without exception, wore costumes which had apparently been designed by Lady Godiva, in consultation with either Barnum or Bailey, or both. Yet Marston drew another deep breath and began to repeat to himself a certain sentimental lyric which had lately made a strong impression upon him. But at about the fifth line he was interrupted.

"Well, well, well!" said a cheerful male voice. "What are you doing here, Marston? That is, besides posing as your own statue?"

From the débris of his reverie Marston emerged with an involuntary start and a glare of involuntary indignation. Then he was embarrassed; for beside him, smiling at him, stood not only a man he knew slightly, but also a girl he didn't know at all. A girl so pretty that even a German customs-inspector hardly could have glared at her without a rehearsal. Both of them were dressed for the beach, and not for the breakers.

"Oh!" said Marston, and ran a slight temperature. "Why, hello, Talbot. I thought you were up in the Alps. You gave me quite a flutter."

"Yes," said Talbot humorously. "I shrewdly suspected it . . . Miss Glenn, may I present Mr. Marston? He came over on the Paris with me, last month. And he said he was going to Sweden, and I said I was going to Switzerland, so here at Biarritz we must be those two other fellows! When did you get here, Marston?"

"Oh, about an hour ago."

"Didn't care to take a chance among a whole nation of blondes, after all?"

"Well, I was in Stockholm three weeks."

"Three weeks? And got here this morning? Why, then you must have made it non-stop."

"Well, I did."

"But what a quaint idea," remarked Miss Glenn, with interest, "to go to Sweden. And then you didn't like it after you got there, Mr. Marston?"

He shook his head. "I didn't even like it *before* I got there. I mean, for a first trip abroad it wasn't anything I'd have picked out for my own personal pleasure, but it was on business."

"What?" she asked. "Hadn't you ever been over before, really? Oh, that makes me feel frightfully superior; this is my second trip. The first one was when I was three and a half. Do you speak French, Mr. Marston?"

"Well enough to order us a cocktail, anyway," said Marston, "if Talbot'll lead us to a good place."

"Listen to him!" exclaimed Talbot. "The young heathen talks about a good place! Why, if we went anywhere but the Bar Basque at this sainted hour, they'd—they'd deport us to Atlantic City! Nay, nay, Marston, if you know your chemicals, don't buy 'em anywhere but at the Bar Basque."

Accordingly, they went and had an *apéritif*, and Marston discovered that her brown eyes had tiny flecks of gold in them, and that the alliance of her mouth, chin and periodic dimple was even more disquieting than he had originally thought. She was small and pleasantly rounded, and—and it isn't polite to stare.

"You're staying for the season, Mr. Marston?"

Illustrations by
W. E. Heitland

¶ *"Can't you tell me tonight, Helen?" "No, Phil, I'm afraid I can't. All I can say is—maybe—sometime—I don't know."*

Silver Coast

"No, just until Saturday. I'm sailing Tuesday. I've got to get back on the job before the bond business forgets I'm in it."

"You must be a partner, then," said Talbot, "if you came over to close a deal."

Marston laughed. "No, I was only a registered letter in human form. And somebody else had a better proposition, anyhow. Hence the pleasure of your company."

Miss Glenn said: "You've friends here?"

"Not a soul. Not even a reliable bootlegger."

"But," she said, "if that's all the time you had—I mean, I simply wonder what there was about Biarritz that made you travel so far for such a stingy visit."

In contrast with his blasé manner, Marston put on an unmistakable flush. "Oh," he said, "I just heard it was what these foreigners call the best in the shop—so I came."

"Splendid fella!" said Talbot approvingly. "No fuss—no ballyhoo—give him a gallon of gas and a soda-cracker and he'll go anywhere. And speaking of fuel, why not have lunch? My party."

The luncheon was served on a sunny terrace overlooking several crusts of seal-black rock which mariners, especially during the December gales, have cursed and feared for thirty centuries. But the trio was far too blithe to pity the poor sailors on a day like this.

"Now, what *I'd* like to do," said Miss Glenn, lazily, "is to take one of those old victorias down by the casino—they've got red worsted on the harness, and a bell that jingles, and a comic driver—and ride over to Guéthary. I've always had a crave to do that, and so has Mr. Marston, only he doesn't know it. So would you mind getting us one, Phil?"

"A victoria?" echoed Talbot.

She nodded. "And I just want to amble and view the view, so you'd better order a rather tired horse. Will you?"

Talbot laughed, sent for a *chasseur* and gave instructions in an undertone; fifteen minutes later it was announced that the carriage waited without. But when they reached the sidewalk they found no native chariot, but a long, sleek, imperial motor-car in charge of a chauffeur who, however smartly uniformed, was no more picturesque than a tire-cover.

"Oh, Phil!" said Miss Glenn, in hardly a penny's worth of voice.

"But Helen," said Talbot indulgently, "why dawdle around in a V-necked hack when I'm paying five thousand francs a month rent for this torpedo? Besides, if Marston's only going to be here a couple of days, don't we want to show him the country? Hop in and look as if we owned this one, and six more in the barn."

Miss Glenn, hesitating, happened to catch Marston's eye, and suddenly knew that he sympathized with her childlike disappointment, and that if he himself had been in Talbot's place, he wouldn't have disappointed her. She also had a strong intuition that if they both lived until tomorrow, he would try to console her for today.

Obediently, therefore, she hopped in, and they drove down to the Spanish frontier and back, a gentle amble of ninety miles in two hours and a quarter, net. Then they both lived until tomorrow, and her intuition proved true, for Marston telephoned to her as early as he dared.

Would she really like to go out in a hippomobile? . . . What? . . . Why, a hippomobile was the kind of local buggy which she had mentioned yesterday; a horse-drawn vehicle with a taximeter. He had learned its name from a policeman. And a perfectly reasonable name, too. Automobile—hippomobile! . . . Well, suppose he chartered one and called for her at a quarter of four, and they went somewhere for tea? . . . Splendid! Quarter of four, then.

And so, that brightly painted afternoon, they jogged to Guéthary under the chaperonage of a joyously low-comedy brigand who sang to himself in a sandpapered dialect, ferociously cracked his whip without once disturbing the pace of his moth-eaten mare, and frequently sent back over his shoulder a huge grin of fellowship and encouragement. Miss Glenn was so delighted that Marston felt like an amateur Santa Claus.

"I suppose," he ventured, "you've known Mr. Talbot for quite some time, haven't you?"

"Oh, not quite. I met him in New York last winter, and then at Vevey last month. But I like him a lot. Don't you?"

"I certainly do. He's genuine pre-war." It was just as he had suspected, though; Talbot, who on the boat had stated that he was going to Switzerland for a long rest, must have deliberately tagged her down to Biarritz from the Alps. Hm!

"It's a pity you're going away so soon," she said. "We three could have such fun together. But that reminds me—you didn't misunderstand him yesterday, did you?"

"Why, about what?"

"This ride we're taking now."

"Why, I don't believe so. I mean, when a man's in a position to hire a gold-plated truck by the month—well, naturally, he might look at this sort of thing as a bit tourist-third. Why shouldn't he?"

She shook her head. "That's just what I was afraid of. No, it's simply that Phil hates to be conspicuous, or step out with anybody else who is. He loathes it. So do I. Only——"

"Well, so do I! Only I can't see where this particular sport-model's any more conspicuous in Biarritz than a limousine is on Park Avenue! It belongs. It——"

"I know. But Phil would have felt as if he were riding on a circus-wagon. And I just didn't want you to misunderstand him, that's all."

"Oh, poof!" said Marston handsomely. "What's a mere hippomobile among friends, anyway?"

They had an hour at Guéthary; an hour so agreeable that although Marston twice ordered more boiling water, they drank lukewarm tea.

Presently she said: "And so you aren't going to tell me what really brought you down here?"

His answer was elaborately careless. "But I did tell you. Plain curiosity."

"And you came a thousand miles simply to find out whether a beach in one language is the same as a beach in another?"

"Well, why does anybody ever go anywhere, then? What do you think!"

She looked straight up at him. "Do you know what I've thought ever since I met you? I don't think it was plain curiosity; I think there was more imagination behind it than that. I think it was rather like a gipsy trail to you—even if you followed it on the Sud-Express. And now you're here, you're crazy about it. But you're scared to admit it, for fear somebody might accuse you of being romantic or something, instead of just a big, broad, hard-boiled bond-broker. Am I anywhere near it?"

Marston stared at her. She was very pretty, very sweet, very serious. "Well, in the first place, why on earth should it interest you?"

Her eyes hadn't wandered. "Because it's all new to me, too, and every time I'm a little spontaneous, somebody always says, in effect, 'Oh, look at the typical cutie from Keokuk, having a time!' That's why. You've got all the symptoms of my own complaint."

He said slowly, "You're a dangerous woman—for a featherweight."

AT HER hotel she warned him not to forget that on the following day he was to take luncheon with her, and her parents and Talbot. Marston was so far from forgetting that appointment that when his hosts discovered him in the lobby, he had already smoked six cigarets and mangled four others.

"I hear," said Miss Glenn's father, over the *hors-d'œuvres*, "that you're leaving us tomorrow, Mr. Marston."

"Why, no, sir," said Marston, struggling to keep his voice on ground-level. "I intended to, but I've changed my plans."

"Why, how nice!" said Miss Glenn, with much warmth.

In Talbot's eyes there was a glint of amusement. "Great! So you don't have to hustle back and get on the job, after all?"

"Helen, you didn't have any "Milward! How can you be so you to remember to keep your

earthly right to drop those boxes overboard." gruff and horrid? I thought it might help promise better than you've kept it so far."

"No," said Marston, "I decided that even a hard-boiled bond-broker ought to rate a vacation every few years, so I cabled New York yesterday afternoon and got a month's reprieve this morning, and cashed in my ticket."

"Congratulations!" said Talbot.

They glanced simultaneously at Miss Glenn. Miss Glenn, however, was modestly absorbed in the mechanism of a stuffed egg and wasn't looking at either of them.

SHE had predicted that if he should remain on the Silver Coast they would all have fun together, but she was soon to realize that her prophecy had been delivered with too much speed and not enough control. Alone with either man she could be contented—but whenever she was with both of them she tried in vain to revive the easy camaraderie of that first session at the Bar Basque.

The difficulty was that they were so equally steeped in ethics, so profoundly considerate of each other, that unless she herself took charge of the proceedings, the party was liable to stagnate. And they carried this deference into the least of their acts and the most casual of their conversations until Miss Glenn, who ordinarily kept her chagrins to herself, shared this one with her mother.

"Why, Mother," she said, "it's perfectly ghastly! They're so tactful I could scream! And I have to go right on smiling at them just as if I didn't know it's only the—the velvet language in the iron jaw! I can't bear it. They're both dears, but hereafter I've got to keep them absolutely separate."

"You mustn't blame them too much, though, darling," said Mrs. Glenn. "Young men—under some conditions—suddenly find out that they've got nerves and don't quite know what to do with them. Why, if I'd ever judged your father by the way he behaved when certain other of my friends were around, your family name would now be either Fitzpatrick or Smith. But I didn't, and I've always been very glad I didn't."

"Daddy? How on earth did *he* behave?"

"To conceal his true feelings," said Mrs. Glenn, "he tried to be a comedian, and he wasn't born for it. So I think you've decided very wisely, Helen. Keep them apart when you can—and when you can't, then be lenient."

After a week of the new régime, however, neither Talbot nor Marston had gained the flimsiest advantage. Talbot was unquestionably the better-looking, but Marston was unquestionably the finer-strung. Talbot knew everybody, and was eager for her to share his acquaintances; while Marston would have isolated her even from the gayest parties of the season, in order to have an hour's monopoly.

Now and then Talbot patronized her a little, but even in his patronage he was spirited and genial. Marston liked her just as she was; but he occasionally went into brief fits of silence during which his expression disconcerted her. She was afraid that he was given to moods.

On the material side, Marston was merely a bond-salesman with a drawing-account against his commissions—but Talbot sometimes, however unconsciously, used his inherited wealth as a sort of social rapier to pierce other people's ideas. As for example, when he once skewered a general conversation about automobiles by remarking that no car under eight thousand dollars was worth its license-plates. But from babyhood, he had been accustomed to figure in large sums.

And so, by the end of the week, she almost wished that they would borrow inspiration from light literature and play a round of golf, or cut a deck of cards, or even eat a philopena to determine which of them should set off for a year of lion-butchery in Africa, leaving a free field to the other. But instead, they only gave her the impression that they were trying to (*Continued on page 142*)

Maurice Goldberg

For Husbands *Only*

How I Would Treat an American Wife

By Beverley Nichols

an *Unmarried* Englishman

CONTRARY to popular legend, I was not born in a cocktail shaker, nor was I brought up in a night club. I was reared in a respectable God-fearing household, where my father ruled the roost, though my mother ran the house.

When I say that my father ruled the roost I mean that he occupied the most comfortable armchair, read the Times before the rest of the household, decided whether the roses on the terraces should be Gloire de Dijon or Dorothy Perkins, retained an incompetent gardener because he liked to hear him tell broad stories, drank sherry when everybody else wanted cocktails, and generally lived in the only way which will ever make a woman stick to a man, i. e., entirely to please himself.

I find very few households of that nature in America. I find, too, very few households so completely contented. I find, however, a large number of households where the wife reclines on a divan and lets her husband sit upright on the cushionless wheelbacks, seizes all the most interesting parts of the Sunday supplements and gives her husband the small-ads sections, decides that she must have the dining-room painted jade-green even though it gives him a headache, employs a dud bootlegger because of his nice blue eyes, elects to take a country place fifty miles from the nearest golf-course, and generally lives in the only way in which it is quite certain that she will begin by being bored by her husband and end by hating him, i. e., entirely to please herself.

That is really the whole of this article in a nutshell—the fact that the average European marriage is more successful than the average American marriage, *not* because European husbands are gentler, politer or more forbearing but because they are very well aware of the supreme importance of "treating 'em rough."

If you are inclined to deny the comparative success of the European marriage you can very quickly convince yourself by referring to the statistics of divorce in America and, say, England. If those statistics don't enlighten you, nothing will. For the rest we shall have to dig rather deep into psychology, and unless you are prepared to do that you had better turn to the end and look at the advertisements. American advertisements always make one feel that all's well with the world.

We shall have to use two words to which the psychoanalysts have given a rather sinister meaning—masochism and sadism. Actually, at their worst, they mean the desire to be hurt and the desire to hurt. The former, except in perverted natures, is an exclusively feminine, and the latter an exclusively masculine quality. If you play tricks with these qualities you create social chaos, which is precisely what has happened in America.

Consider for a moment the sheik, and you will realize how deeply rooted in the feminine mind is this quality of masochism—this delight in being maltreated. The sheik novels and movies enjoyed their enormous vogue in America simply because they satisfied a subconscious instinct of American women. Taking their feet off their husbands' necks for a few hours, they emerged from their comfortable homes, departed to the nearest movie and there in darkness enjoyed a mental orgy in which they imagined themselves in the place of the heroine, being thoroughly walloped.

When those women returned home, the only thing which they needed to make them completely happy (though they didn't know it) was for their husbands to catch them round the neck, shake their heads until their teeth rattled, and then say, "Sit down and read me to sleep." Instead of which they were nearly always greeted by submissive males who hurried away for footstools and candy and asked them if they found the light trying to their eyes.

Submission—always submission! It drives any decent woman crazy. Women always *demand*, of course, but it is only in America that their demands are accepted, and that is why there are more unhappy women in America than in any other country in the world. As any psychologist will tell you, the worst thing you can possibly do to a woman is to deprive her of a grievance.

I can make this point crystal-clear by referring to a certain phenomenon which could be observed in London during those apocryphal days when shingling was still a novelty. At that time the whole town was resounding with the low moans of thousands of women whose husbands or fiancés refused to allow them to cut their hair off. You heard this sort of thing: "Jack says he proposed to me because of my hair, and if I shingle he'll break the engagement." Or: "Harvey threatens to *strangle* me if I even have it bobbed!"

So tragic were these protestations that an American woman who was staying in London at the time said to me: "I think Englishmen are absolute brutes. There's that poor little Lady Blank who's longing to shingle. She's just the type that ought to, with her boyish head. And that horrible husband of hers says that if she does anything of the sort he'll take the first mistress he can find. She's absolutely miserable."

To which I replied: "She's nothing of the sort. Haven't you noticed the thrill of delight when any of those women are telling the world that their husbands threaten to beat them, or strangle them? There's a much brighter light in their eyes than in the eyes of the women with more placid husbands. An American husband would allow his wife to wear a nose-ring and paint her entire body blue if the mood seized her. Well, that sort of politeness is equivalent to indifference. And the one thing no woman will stand is to be ignored. Or obeyed. It's the same thing."

YOU cannot run counter to the fundamental psychological truths. It is as bad for the man as for the woman. One of those fundamental truths is that every man has in his make-up a certain amount of the bully, and it is quite essential that he should have some opportunity of acting, quite aggressively, as cock-of-the-walk. In Europe women, having centuries of tradition behind them, recognize this fact and accept it. If you have seen Sir James Barrie's play "What Every Woman Knows" you will remember how a very wise little woman, married to a stolid young politician, was at infinite pains to conceal from her husband the fact that he owed his political success to *her* brains. She was, in fact, the perfect wife.

The average American woman, in a similar position—but then you can't imagine the average American woman in such a position. If she had any political ability she would most certainly claim credit for it. In fact she would probably claim credit for it whether she had it or not. I know of more than one American politician who mumbles on all public occasions that he "owes his success entirely to his wife," when all that she has done has been to spend his money. It would have been more accurate if these men had followed the example of that superb English humorist, Mr. P. G. Wodehouse, who recently dedicated one of his books to his daughter Leonora, whom he adores. (So do I.) The dedication read: "*To my dear daughter, without whose constant help and encouragement this book would have been finished in half the time.*"

A man must *appear* to be a bully, even if in reality he is nothing of the sort. It is infinitely better for all concerned, particularly for the women. If they are wise women, and not fools, they will still manage him with the utmost ease. If necessary they will weep.

A woman's tears are worth a good deal more than their weight in gold. They have frequently (*Continued on page 219*)

Mr. and Mrs. Dainin

By Montague Glass

¶ *"Nobody's obliged to send a wedding present," Birdie remarked. "Anyway you can't sue them if they don't."*

"THE wedding takes place three weeks from next Thursday, rain or shine, in the Topaz Room of the New Gallatin Hotel," said Max Dainin, "and the invites gets sent to Pritzin's Printery this afternoon."

"Not *printed!*" Miss Bessie Dainin wailed.

"Koosh!" Max shouted. "Who is saying anything about printed? They're getting coppler plate engraved the same like it would be a job by one of them Fifth Avenue cutthroat jewelers, so if you've got any suggestions to make now is the time, because once it's engraved, it's engraved and it costs thirty dollars to change it."

He threw a draft of the invitation across the breakfast table in the direction of his wife, who was watering the toast with her tears. Nor was Miss Bessie Dainin as dry-eyed as one might suppose in a young woman who was so soon to be mistress of her own breakfast table, for did not the draft invitation request the honor of what had been after many estimates reduced to a minimum of two hundred presences at the marriage of Mr. and Mrs. Dainin's daughter Bessie to Mr. Irving J. Shidlow? Nevertheless Miss Bessie Dainin wept openly and unaffectedly, and in fact the only other female breakfaster that morning who did not weep was Miss Birdie Dainin, Bessie's senior by about four years.

In view therefore of Birdie's relatively unmoved condition, she read and approved the wedding invitation and handed it back to her father.

"Some people say 'request the pleasure,' and others say 'request the honor,' but either way is all right, I guess," she said, but Dainin disagreed with her.

"Before it would be a pleasure for me to invite to dinner two hundred people at five dollars a plate, Birdie, then at least one hundred and seventy-five of them would have to choke," he said as he folded the invitation away in his pocket, "and anyhow,

Request—

¶ *"Am I giving for Bessie a wedding in the Topaz Room of the New Gallatin Hotel that she should receive presents of ash receivers yet?"*

Illustrations by
David Robinson

Bessie," he continued, "if you don't want to marry this here Irving Shidlow, y'understand, don't wait till I've given that hotel the order. The idea is from *you*, not from *me*, and once we invite them highbinders to the wedding, we've got to go through with it or we'll be laughing-stocks for the rest of our lives."

Mr. Dainin looked at his daughter's red and swollen eyelids, and for the fraction of a second he contemplated tearing up the draft-invitation, but Bessie wiped her eyes resolutely.

"Of course I'm going through with it," she said. "Do you think I'm going to let all those Ben Zamrahs think they've ruined my life?"

And then by way of proving that they had not ruined her life, once more Bessie Dainin broke into loud sobs, and her father sat down beside her and gathered her in his arms miserably. He cursed the entire tribe of Ben Zamrahs, starting with Abramo Ben Zamrah, the dark-eyed antique dealer who had won his daughter's affections, and including Mrs. Zara Ben Zamrah, his mother, who had unalterably opposed the union of her Sephardic son with a Tedesco. This curse also included an aunt living in Salonique called Miss Belisha, who hated all Tedeschi principally because she had never seen one, and last but not least Abramo's uncle Mr. Randolph Habib of Habib, McNulty & Co., Bankers, with so many branches in British colonies that they were thinking of removing their head office from Mogador to London.

There was no denying Mr. Abramo Ben Zamrah's attractiveness. He was short and slender with a pale oval face and a long thin nose, and his eyes were so large and so black, and melted into such temperamental moisture whenever he praised an antique to an impending customer, that less than five years after arriving in New York he did a most profitable business on the corner of Madison Avenue and one of the streets leading to the newest and most excavated part of Park Avenue just north of the Grand Central Station.

But as most chairmen of membership committees in exclusive Westchester country clubs do *not* know, a well-organized Sephardic family, speaking Ladino at home and using large quantities of rancid olive-oil and Spanish saffron in their cooking, would no more think of permitting a marriage to take place between their son Abramo, whose birth had been registered in old Portuguese upon the records of the Salonique Congregation, and Miss Bessie Dainin, whose father in moments of excitement still spoke Yiddish, than they would of transgressing the dietary laws common to both the Dainin and Ben Zamrah families.

"There! There!" Max Dainin said, patting his daughter gently. "No happiness never came out of them mixed marriages."

By "mixed marriages," Max of course meant marriages between his brethren of Polish and German descent and his brethren of Spanish and Portuguese descent.

"You done wise in choosing this here Irving Shidlow," he continued. "He anyhow speaks English as good as me or you and he's in a regular business like the clothing business whereas what for a business is the antics?"

He continued to pat Bessie's shoulders as her sobs became more infrequent. "Antics is a business like imitation jewelry," he concluded. "You can charge high prices for fakes just so long as your trade will stand for it and then you've got to change your neighborhood, whereas a clothing store can stay on one spot and the same come-ons show up again and again."

With such words of comfort did he ply his daughter until at last she had stopped sobbing altogether and began to powder her nose, which seemed in some way also to console Mrs. Dainin. Miss Birdie Dainin remained as before, quite stony-hearted. It seemed impossible that one sister like Birdie could so closely resemble another sister like Bessie, and yet be so entirely uninteresting in appearance. For example, Bessie's plumpness in Birdie had become mere obesity, even as Bessie's large brown eyes were so much larger in Birdie that they seemed cow-like and possessed a slight bulge as though Birdie were suffering from exophthalmic goiter, from which Birdie was not at all suffering. It was just fatness that made her neck look that way.

As for Mrs. Dainin, as far as one could deduce from her present billowing figure she might in her youth have been either another Bessie or another Birdie. Only Mr. Dainin had been an eye-witness to her youthful beauty, or her lack of it, and he was now so immersed in making figures on the back of an envelop that he was almost unconscious of her presence.

"*Um Gotteswillen!*" he exclaimed. "That makes two hundred and one, not two hundred."

Mrs. Dainin waved a wet handkerchief deprecatingly.

"If it's my Uncle Harris Fishbein, cut him out," she declared. "That feller wouldn't come across with nut-picks from a five-and-ten-cent store even."

Mr. Dainin made an eloquent gesture with his right hand.

"Who is talking about your Uncle Harris?" he asked. "When Irving and me made up the list of invites, before we even decided on the hotel, we cut out your Uncle Harris. The feller what slipped in on me was Koppel Feinsilber of the Advance Credit Clothing Company, Bridgetown, which I *told* Irving that Feinsilber was a hopeless proposition, but he stuck him in anyway."

He referred to a typewritten list which he produced from his breast pocket.

"It's bad enough that Irving should invite the Consolidated Store Fixture Corporation," he continued, "which if he thinks that it's going to improve his credit with them people by showing them what an expensive wedding I'm putting up for him, he's got a funny idea of credit men, I must say."

"He invited them because he expects to open a new store in Paterson, and he thinks they'll give him better service if he's friendly with them," Birdie said, while her more beautiful sister was still powdering her face.

"You take a big interest in Irving's business, don't you?" Mrs. Dainin said tartly.

"*Some* member of the family has to take an interest in his business," Birdie retorted, coloring slightly, "and if his own fiancée won't talk to him ten minutes at a time without getting sore at him, naturally he confides in *me*."

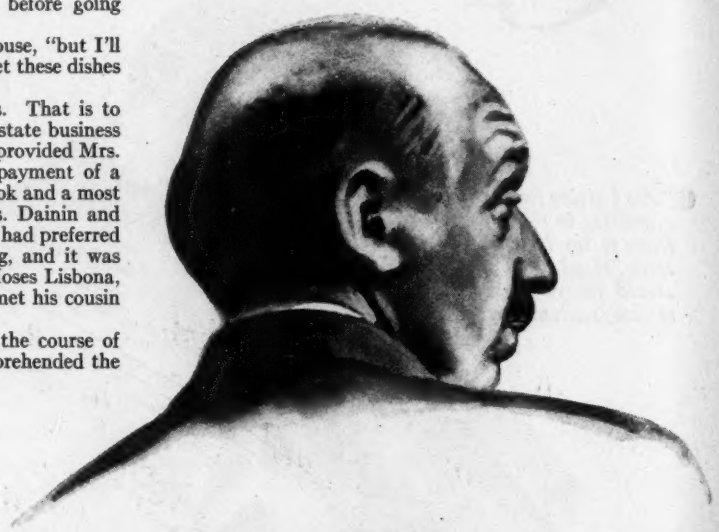
"Well, love will come after marriage," Max said, patting his daughter Bessie once more by way of farewell before going downtown.

"Maybe it does," Birdie said as Max left the house, "but I'll probably never have a chance to find out, so let's get these dishes washed."

The Dainins were in comfortable circumstances. That is to say, Max had amassed enough money in the real estate business to make it unnecessary for him ever to work again, provided Mrs. Dainin and Birdie did, and he thereby avoided payment of a hundred and fifty dollars a month to a first-class cook and a most energetic general housekeeper, in which rôles Mrs. Dainin and Birdie were letter-perfect. Bessie Dainin, however, had preferred the primrose path of stenography and typewriting, and it was while acting in the capacity of secretary to Mr. Moses Lisbona, jobber in oriental cigaret tobacco, that she had met his cousin Abramo Ben Zamrah.

Mr. Lisbona had done all he could to prevent the course of true love running too smooth. As soon as he comprehended the situation, he had fired Bessie and had with his own hand written the aunt Miss Belisha in Salonique. He had also notified Mr. Randolph Habib of Habib, McNulty & Co., who from Mogador had done no little financing of Abramo Ben Zamrah's antique trade in New York. It was a letter from Mr. Habib threatening to suspend all further banking relations which had settled Bessie Dainin's hash, so to speak, and the resulting tears had washed her into the arms of Irving J. Shidlow, doing business under the firm style of the University Clothes Shop in ten towns with only one university among them. He was an old family friend, as might have been suspected by the manner in which Max Dainin greeted him that day.

"What do you mean by it?" Max demanded, bursting into Irving's store without saying good morning.



"WHAT do I mean by what?" Irving asked. He had just lost the sale of a forty-five-dollar overcoat, known as the Leland-Stanford, in which there would have been a gross profit of thirty-two dollars, merely because his mind had been more on his wedding than his business, and he was in no mood to discuss what he suspected was another detail of the approaching ceremony.

"You know darned well what I mean," Max said. "We distinctively agreed not to invite Koppel Feinsilber of the Advance Credit Clothing Company, Bridgetown, and here on the list which your typewriter made it, is his name black on white."

"I don't care if it's red on yellow," Irving said. "I've got a ten-percent interest in his store, and just as soon as I can finance it, I'm going to buy out his share and open it up as a University Shop. So I ain't going to antagonize him at this stage of the game."

What made Max Dainin so anxious to see his daughter Bessie married to Irving was not Irving's erect figure and neatly combed hair, nor Irving's large handsome eyes, which at times Irving concealed with spectacles in heavy celluloid frames by way of adding an intellectual appearance to what Irving himself knew to be a somewhat too businesslike countenance. In fact had Irving been a distinctly ugly man, which he was not, Max would have encouraged the match anyway, for he felt convinced that in only a few short years Irving would be on Easy Street financially. As a realtor of many years' experience, Max Dainin was a good offhand appraiser, and he figured that in marrying Irving J. Shidlow, Bessie was acquiring the equivalent of a ten-story business building on a corner lot seventy-five by a hundred feet, all rented and free and clear of encumbrance except the taxes for the current year.

When Irving therefore put the matter of inviting Koppel Feinsilber on so sound a financial basis, Max relented immediately.

"All right," he said, "if you want him invited, I'll send him an invite, but I'm telling you that with a close proposition like Feinsilber, you might just so well antagonize him as not because he's going to act in a business deal like you antagonized him *anyway*, and if you get a cut-glass olive dish from him as a wedding present, that'll be *big* already."

It might have consoled Max to know, however, that Koppel Feinsilber was as little pleased to receive the invitation as Max Dainin had been to send it. Koppel owned probably one-half of the best business property in Bridgetown, New Jersey, and almost certainly held mortgages on the remainder. Nevertheless, he begrudged using two coupons out of his fifty-trip family ticket for the short journey which he made nearly three weeks later to New York where he proposed to buy the present; for while Koppel could have bought sterling silverware in Bridgetown and thus patronized home industries, he knew a place on Catharine Street, New York, where for half the money he could get twice the value, or even three times, and as Koppel had done some careful calculation of what he could afford to pay for a wedding present as opposed to how much he could eat at the wedding itself, he was prepared to pay no more than five dollars for a present which looked as if it had cost fifteen.

"I would like," Koppel said upon entering the Catharine Street store, "to see some silverware which I bought it here about six years ago as a present for my sister-in-law's daughter, somewheres about five dollars."

The store upon which Koppel intended to bestow his patronage had nothing about its exterior to indicate a valuable stock in trade, except that there were vertical bars of polished brass across the window with a sign reading, "Diamonds Appraised. Ugo Ottopassi." It is therefore to be assumed that the gentleman with whom Koppel spoke was the proprietor, Mr. Ugo Ottopassi, who was not at the moment appraising diamonds. Instead he appeared to be appraising some old pieces of silver, including several candlesticks, one or two urns and a small silver bowl. He didn't appear to be appraising them highly either, because the woman who had brought them, a faded litt'e old Italian woman, protested most volubly in toothless Neapolitan Italian, to which Mr. Ottopassi retorted in the same language. Mr. Ottopassi was a Roman and he was also far from being the nob'est of them all.

HE HAD received his training in the Roman flea market, and all that he knew about silver was that when melted down and sold to manufacturing jewelers, it brought forty-nine and one-half cents per ounce and no further trouble from the police.

"Please?" he said to Koppel, temporarily suspending his negotiations with the Neapolitan lady.

"I said I wanted to buy some silverware for a wedding present," Koppel replied. "You remember the one I bought from you six years ago for five dollars?"

Mr. Ottopassi cast his eyes heavenward. "To remember for six years something he bought for five dollars!" he exclaimed.

"Well, ain't you got nothing *now* for five dollars?" Koppel asked.

Mr. Ottopassi fumbled among the silverware about to be purchased by him from the Neapolitan lady. All he wanted to do was to get rid of it at a little above cost, and in such a fashion that no embarrassing questions could be asked afterward by the police.

"Look!" he said. "A silver bowl. Verr-ee nice! Verr-ee pretty! Five dollars."

¶ *"What did you done with it?" Koppel demanded. "Crook! Sends me a rotten invite for his daughter's wedding and this is what happens to me! Faker!"*

Koppel Feinsilber took the bowl and weighed it tentatively in his hand. It was extremely heavy for its size, nevertheless he appeared to be almost inexpressibly shocked by the exorbitant demand of Mr. Ottopassi.

"Five dollars for a bowl like that!" he exclaimed, and Mr. Ottopassi immediately snatched it away.

"Please," he said. "I got no time. Take or leave. Five dollars . . . last price."

He fixed Koppel with a bloodshot glare from his bulging eyes and Koppel saw that further bargaining was useless.

"All right, wrap it up," Koppel said, and felt for his money. It was then that he became aware of what to Koppel was a disaster of some magnitude. It is not, of course, to be supposed that he had been robbed of his pocketbook, for Koppel was not a man who took any chances with pickpockets. In the first place, he never carried much more than two dollars with him at a time, and in the second place, he usually tucked away that two dollars in his upper waistcoat pocket, far from harm. What he had done on this occasion was to come away from home with only two dollars in his pocket, and he had therefore literally thrown away two coupons out of his fifty-trip family ticket valued at fifty cents per coupon.

"Will you take a check?" he asked.

"A what?" Mr. Ottopassi bellowed, and Koppel raised his right hand.

"Don't get excited," he said. "My name is Koppel Feinsilber of Bridgetown, New Jersey, and your cousin a big Italiener by the name Marco di Caro runs a jewelry store right in my home town. That's how I heard about you in the *first* place. He's a tenant of mine, and except that he charges three prices for everything, I would have bought there instead of here."

For a brief interval, Mr. Ottopassi looked hard at Koppel. Every day Mr. Ottopassi took chances on people that he knew beyond peradventure of a doubt were crooked as Mr. Ottopassi himself, and as he also knew that his cousin Marco was a thoroughly honest man, if a trifle high-priced, he decided to accept Koppel's verbal reference.

¶ *Ben Zamrah, the antique dealer.*

"All right," he said. "Give a check and give it quick. I want to finish with this."

That very evening, Mrs. Koppel Feinsilber polished the bowl in her own kitchen and her husband packed it in an E. & J. brand yellow collar-box and mailed it by registered mail to the residence of Miss Bessie Dainin, where it arrived the following morning before breakfast. It cannot be said that it was received with any degree of enthusiasm by the Dainin family.

"What did I tell you?" Max exclaimed. "You send a feller like that an invite for him and his wife (*Continued on page 154*)

A Drama of a Last Hand in a Poker Game

Straight

I AM not a bad sailor and when under stress of weather the game broke up I did not go below. We were in the habit of playing poker into the small hours, a mild game that could hurt nobody, but it had been blowing all day and with nightfall the wind strengthened to half a gale.

One or two of our bunch admitted that they felt none too comfortable and one or two others played with unwonted detachment. But even if you are not sick dirty weather at sea is an unpleasant thing.

I think no one was sorry when one of the players said he had had enough and the last round of jack-pots was agreed to without demur. I remained alone in the smoking-room, for I knew I should not easily get to sleep in that racket and I could not read in bed with any comfort when the North Pacific kept dashing itself against my port-holes. I shuffled together the two packs we had been playing with and set out a very complicated solitaire.

I had been playing about ten minutes when the door was opened with a bang and a blast of wind that sent my cards flying, and two passengers, rather breathless, slipped into the smoking-room. We were not a full ship and we were ten days out from Hongkong so that I had the time to become acquainted with pretty well everyone on board. I had spoken on several occasions to the pair who now entered, and seeing me by myself they came over to my table.

They were very old men, both of them; that perhaps was what had brought them together, for they had first met when they got on board at Hongkong, and now you saw them sitting together in the smoking-room most of the day, not talking very much, but just comfortable to be side by side, with a bottle of Vichy water between them. They were very rich old men too and that was a bond between them. The rich feel at ease in one another's company. They know that money means merit. Their experience of the poor is that they always want something. It is true that the poor admire the rich and it is pleasant to be admired, but they envy them as well and this prevents their admiration from being quite candid.

Mr. Rosenbaum was a little hunched-up Jew, very frail, in clothes that looked too big for him, and he gave you the impression of hanging on to mortality only by a hair. His ancient, emaciated body looked as if it were already attacked by the corruption of the grave. The only expression his face ever bore was one of cunning, but it was purely habitual, the result of ever so many years' astuteness; he was a kindly, friendly person, and his charity was world-famous.

The other was called Donaldson. He was a Scot, but had gone to California as a little boy and made a great deal of money mining. He was short and stout, with a red, clean-shaven face, and no hair except a sickle of silver above his neck and very gentle eyes. Whatever force he had had to make his way in the world had been worn away by the years and he was now a picture of mild beneficence.

"I thought you'd turned in long ago," I remarked.

"I should have," returned the Scot, "only Mr. Rosenbaum kept me up talking of old times."

"What's the use of going to bed if you can't sleep?" said Mr. Rosenbaum.

"Walk ten times round the deck with me tomorrow morning and you'll sleep all right."

"I've never taken any exercise in my life and I'm not going to begin now."

"That's foolishness. You'd be twice the man you are now if you'd taken exercise. Look at me. You'd never think I was seventy-nine, would you?"

At that moment the steward came up. "The bar's closing, gentlemen. Is there anything I can get you?"

"It's a stormy night," said Mr. Rosenbaum. "Let's have a bottle of champagne."

"Small Vichy for me," said Mr. Donaldson.

"Oh, very well, small Vichy for me too."

Mr. Donaldson gave his gentle smile.

"Mr. Rosenbaum can't get over it because I've never touched a card or a drop of alcohol for fifty-seven years."

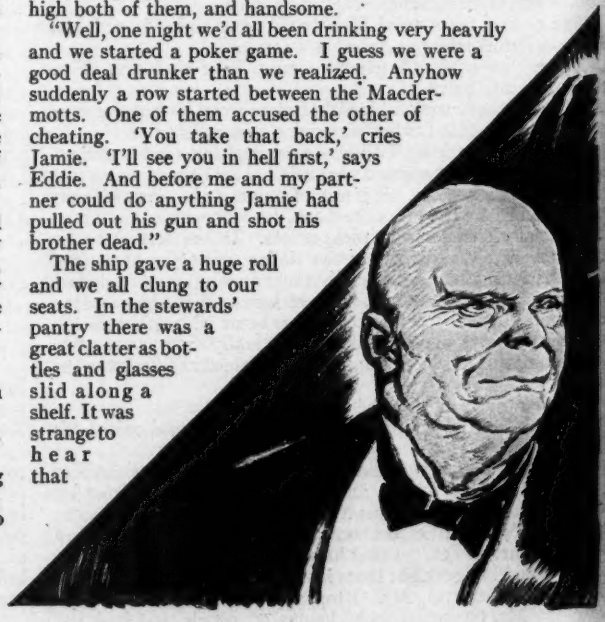
"Now I ask you, what sort of a life is that?" said Mr. Rosenbaum testily.

"I was a very heavy drinker when I was a young fellow and a desperate gambler, but then I had a very terrible experience. It was a lesson to me and I took it."

"Tell him about it," said Mr. Rosenbaum. "He's an author. He'll write it up and perhaps he'll be able to make his passage money."

"It's not a story I like telling very much even now. I'll make it as short as I can. Me and three others had staked out a claim, friends all of us, and the oldest wasn't twenty-five; there was me and my partner and a couple of brothers, Macdermott their name was, but they were more like friends than brothers. What was one's was the other's, and one wouldn't go into town without the other went too, and they were always laughing and joking together. A fine clean pair of boys, over six feet high both of them, and handsome.

"Well, one night we'd all been drinking very heavily and we started a poker game. I guess we were a good deal drunker than we realized. Anyhow suddenly a row started between the Macdermotts. One of them accused the other of cheating. 'You take that back,' cries Jamie. 'I'll see you in hell first,' says Eddie. And before me and my partner could do anything Jamie had pulled out his gun and shot his brother dead."



The ship gave a huge roll and we all clung to our seats. In the stewards' pantry there was a great clatter as bottles and glasses slid along a shelf. It was strange to hear that

Illustrations by

By Somerset Maugham

Flush

grim little story told by that mild old man in a dinner jacket.

"What happened then?" I asked.

"We sobered up pretty quick. At first Jamie couldn't believe Eddie was dead. He took him in his arms and kept calling him. 'Eddie,' he says, 'wake up, old boy, wake up.' He cried all night and next day we rode in with him to town, forty miles it was, me on one side of him and my partner on the other, and handed him over to the sheriff. I was crying too when I shook hands with him and said good-by. I told my partner I'd never touch a card again or drink as long as I lived, and I never have, and I never will."

Mr. Donaldson looked down, and his lips were trembling. A little shiver ran through me. They seem not to have hesitated, his partner and he, but delivered up this wretched boy to justice as though it were the most natural thing in the world. It suggested that even in those rough wild men the respect for the law had somehow the force of an instinct. Mr. Donaldson emptied his glass of Vichy and with a curt good night left us.

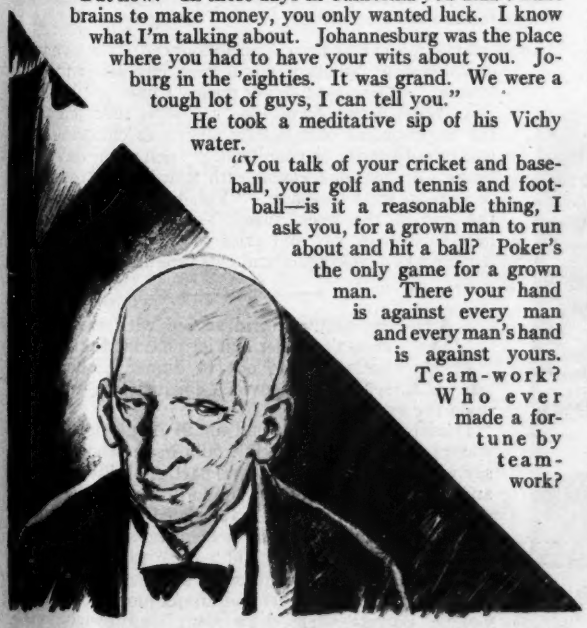
"The old fellow's getting a bit childish," said Mr. Rosenbaum. "I don't believe he was ever very bright."

"Well, apparently he was bright enough to make an awful lot of money."

"But how? In those days in California you didn't want brains to make money, you only wanted luck. I know what I'm talking about. Johannesburg was the place where you had to have your wits about you. Joburg in the 'eighties. It was grand. We were a tough lot of guys, I can tell you."

He took a meditative sip of his Vichy water.

"You talk of your cricket and baseball, your golf and tennis and football—is it a reasonable thing, I ask you, for a grown man to run about and hit a ball? Poker's the only game for a grown man. There your hand is against every man and every man's hand is against yours. Team-work? Who ever made a fortune by team-work?



Herbert M. Stoops

There's only one way to make a fortune and that's to down the fellow that's up against you."

"I didn't know you were a poker player," I interrupted. "Why don't you take a hand one evening?"

"I don't play any more. I've given it up too, but for the only reason a man should. I can't see myself giving it up because a friend of mine was unlucky enough to get killed. Anyway a man who's fool enough to get killed isn't worth having as a friend. But in the old days! If you want to know what poker was you ought to have been in South Africa then. It was the biggest game I've ever seen. And they were fine players; there wasn't a crooked dodge they weren't up to. It was grand. Just to give you an example: one night I was playing with some of the biggest men in Johannesburg and I was called away. There was a couple of thousand pounds in the pot. 'I won't keep you waiting,' I said. 'All right,' they said, 'don't hurry.' Well, I wasn't gone more than a minute. When I came back and took up my cards I saw I'd got a straight flush to the queen. I didn't say a word, I just threw in my hand. I knew my company. And do you know, I was wrong."

"What do you mean? I don't understand."

"It was a perfectly straight deal and the pot was won on three sevens. But how could I tell that? Naturally I thought somebody else had a straight flush to the king. It looked to me just the sort of hand I might lose a hundred thousand pounds on."

"Too bad," I said.

"I very nearly had a stroke. And it was on account of another pat straight flush that I gave up playing poker. I've only had about five in my life."

"I believe the chances are sixty-six thousand to one against," I remarked.

"In San Francisco it was, the year before last. I'd been playing in bad luck all the evening. I hadn't lost much money because I'd never had a chance to play. I'd hardly had a pair and if I got a pair I couldn't improve. Then I got a hand just as bad as the others and I didn't come in. The man next me wasn't playing either and I showed him my hand. 'That's the kind of thing I've been getting all evening,' I said. 'How can anyone be expected to play with cards like that?' 'Well, I don't know what more you want,' he said as he looked at them. 'Most of us would be prepared to come in on a straight flush.' 'What's that?' I cried. I was trembling like a leaf. I looked at the cards again. I thought I had two or three little hearts and two or three little diamonds. It was a straight flush all right, in hearts, and I hadn't seen it. My eyes it was. I knew what it meant. Old age. I don't cry much. I'm not that sort of man. But I couldn't help it then. I tried to control myself, but the tears just rolled down my cheeks. Then I got up. 'I'm through, gentlemen,' I said. 'When a man's eyes are so dim that he can't see a straight flush when it's dealt him he has no business to play poker. Nature's given me a hint and I'm taking it. I'll never play poker again as long as I live.'

"I cashed in my chips, all but one, and I left the house. I've never played since."

Mr. Rosenbaum took a poker chip out of his waistcoat pocket and showed it to me.

"I kept this one as a souvenir. I always carry it about with me. I'm a sentimental old fool, I know that, but you see poker was the only thing I cared for. Now I've got only one thing left."

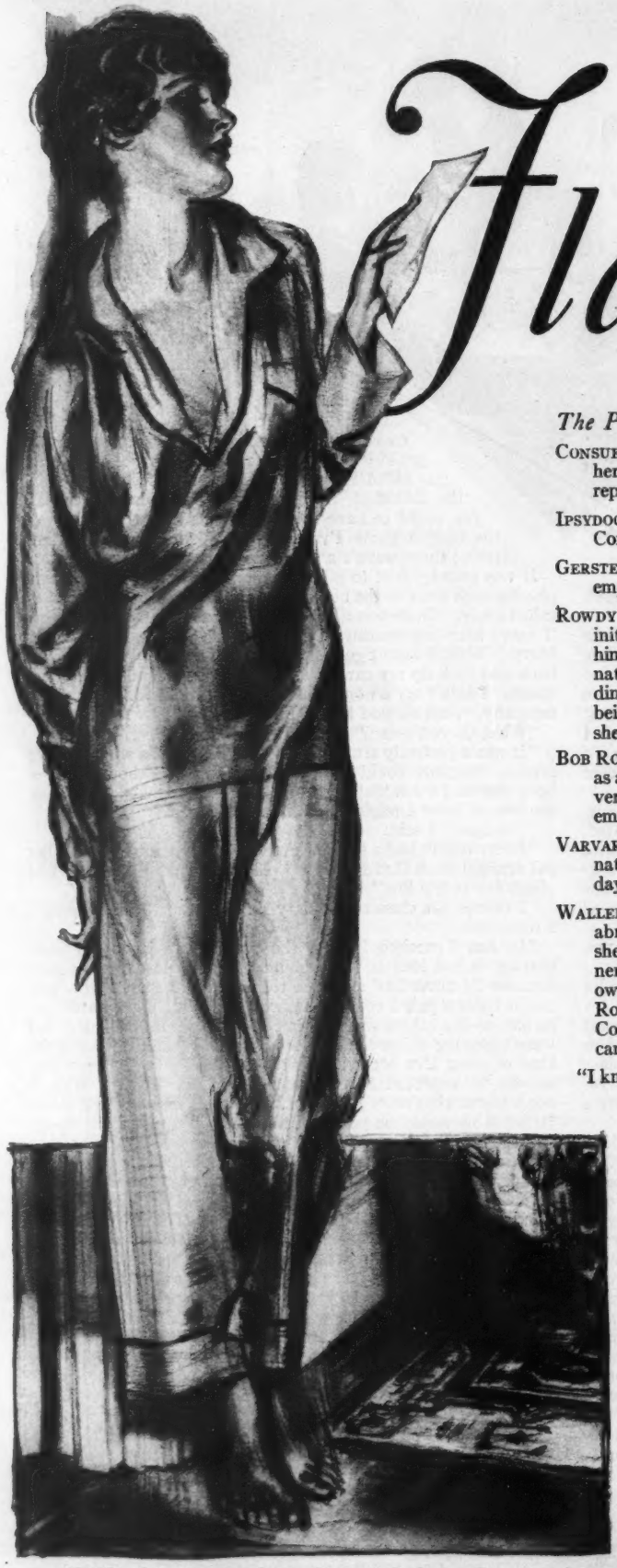
"What is that?" I asked.

A smile flickered across his cunning little Jewish face and behind his thick glasses his rheumy eyes twinkled with ironic glee. He looked incredibly astute and malicious. He gave the thin, high-pitched cackle of an old man amused and answered with a single ironic word:

"Philanthropy."

By Samuel

Flagrant



The People of the Story:

CONSUELO BARRETT, a personable young woman who came from her native West to preserve her privacy at the expense of her reputation. A casual meeting with—

IPSYDOODLE SMITH, a fellow of original ideas and pursuits, led Connie indirectly to his friend—

GERSTEL Corss, the proprietor of a beauty shop where she found employment. At Gerstel's shop she met Jerry or—

ROWDY PONTEFRACT, millionaire athlete and drunkard, whose initiation into the Quiddles, an odd society club, required him to take a beauty treatment. Connie relieved Rowdy's natural embarrassment and saw him through his initiation dinner at the Quiddles' club-house, the Barn. Soon after this, being thrown out of work by an accident in Gerstel's shop, she found a new position through her friend—

BOB ROBERTS, a girl with a robust philosophy of life, who worked as an operator in Madame Latouche's smart salon, La Primavera. The two had met when Connie was still looking for employment, and Bob had introduced her to—

VARVARA PRAVDINA, a tragic and nerve-shattered exile from her native Russia. As an operator at La Primavera Connie one day gave a successful rest-facial treatment to—

WALLER DANIELS, Rowdy's uncle, a hard neurotic man with an abrupt manner. Before she saw the uncle again, however, she had another meeting with the nephew. Rowdy, his nerves taut from drinking, asked her to live with him on her own terms—as wife or mistress. After talks with Bob Roberts and an unsatisfactory meeting with Ipsydoodle, Connie began seriously to consider, and then Waller Daniels came for another treatment—

"I know all about you and Jerry," he announced; "I'll give you five thousand dollars if you'll keep him sober for six months." "Using whatever means I like?" "Yes, go and live with him if you like." Connie reflected that the environment of a beauty shop was changing her attitude towards womanhood. Then one day she broke a dinner engagement with Rowdy, and returned to face an irate landlady. "You leave this house at the end of the week, miss. Your rich lover comes here in a swell car and tries to kick my door in." Rowdy was drunk again and this time it was her fault.

ALL the beauty world sizzled with the excitement of Waller Daniels' having taken Consuelo Barrett out to dinner. The most serious and envious construction was put upon the event.

Daniels, it appeared, had an ill reputation where women were concerned. It would have been hard to say why, as they had played no part in his life so far as anyone knew, and certainly no individual's name had ever been coupled with his. It seemed to rest upon the generally accepted belief that he always gained what he went after and never paid a price without getting more than value. Therefore if he deemed it worth while to spend time, effort and dinner money on pretty Connie Barrett—well, draw your own conclusions.

La Primavera and fifty or sixty other salons drew

"Breakfast is in the ice-box. I had to get an early start. Turn off the stove, kiss the cat good-by, and don't forget what I told you last night," Ipsy had written.

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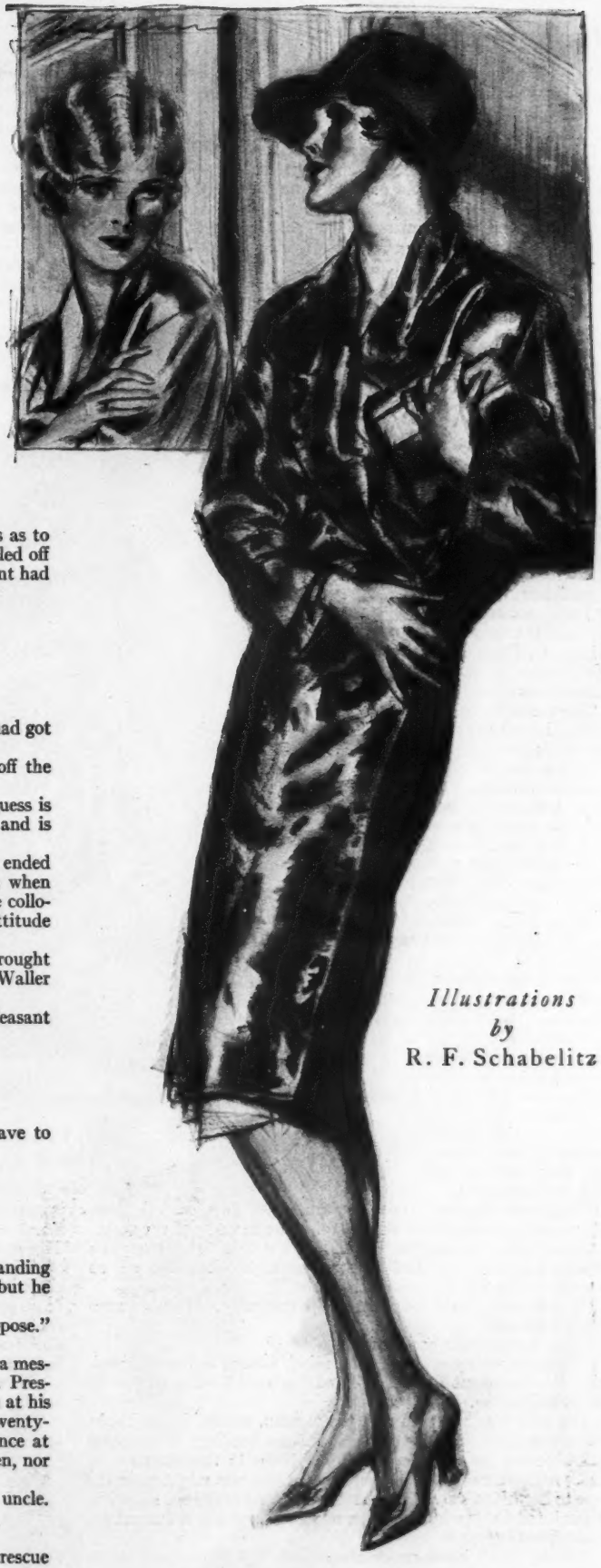
Hopkins Adams

Years



Illustrations by R. F. Schabelitz

theirs, for the news spread wide and swiftly. Madame Latouche's attitude toward the favored one became reluctantly considerate.

Even Bob Roberts attached undue importance to the episode and bored her friend by insistent speculations as to what that old hombre really was after. When Connie called off the apartment date with Rowdy Pontefract, Bob's comment had been:

"Bet you broke it for Waller Daniels. Didn't you?"

"Yes."

"Gee, girl! Are you seriously playing him?"

"No."

"Then what's it all about?"

"In this case it was a rest-facial."

"Well, if you won't tell me, you won't." Miss Roberts had got that far in correct interpretation of her friend's character.

"I have told you already; he wants me to get Ponty off the drink."

"Does he have to blow you to dinners for that? My guess is that he's switched about wanting you to marry Rowdy and is cutting in on his own account."

Connie's smile, annoyingly uninterpretable to the other, ended that conversation. This was on the Monday afternoon when Daniels called up. Connie tried to recall the details of the colloquy later, because that day marked a change in Bob's attitude which was to puzzle and trouble her friend for many days.

Procrastination determines nothing. This fact was brought home to Connie on the occasion of her next treatment of Waller Daniels.

"Well, what about our contract?" His manner was pleasant enough, but determined and a touch impatient.

"I'm going to try it."

"Good! On which basis?"

"Haven't decided, yet. But there's a condition."

"No. No conditions."

"This is a necessary one. If I'm to go ahead, you have to furnish the subject of the experiment."

"Meaning?" He drew down his heavy brows at her.

"Produce your man in the ring," she smiled.

"Jerry? That ought to be easy."

"Not for me. I can't find him."

"No? When did you try?"

"Ever since Monday. There was a little misunderstanding about a date, and I left word at his clubs and his home but he hasn't called up."

"Misunderstanding, eh? Off on one of his drunks, I suppose."

"I'm afraid so."

"I'll check up." Over Latouche's private phone he sent a message to his office directing that Mr. Pontefract be located. Presently the report came back. Mr. Pontefract had not been at his apartment since the night of the twenty-fifth. (The twenty-sixth was the broken date, Connie determined from a glance at her calendar.) None of his traveling things had been taken, nor had his man had any word from him.

"Probably in some filthy road-house," opined the angry uncle. "Or ditch. Or jail. I don't care which."

"I do," said Connie, uneasy in conscience.

"Do you? Then we'll have to extend the time for your rescue mission."

"Yes; I wish you would."

As soon as he had left, she called up the Barn, and though she could not get Ponty, learned that Mr. James I. Smith was in the

"I wanted to see how you were," said Connie. "Well, you're here," said Bob Roberts. "Come in."

club and had him summoned to the phone. "Ipsy, I want to talk with you. Not over the wire."

"All right. Dinner?"

"Yes. Stop for me here."

Coming back from the telephone, she came face to face with Bob Roberts in the anteroom. The girl hardly spoke to her, passing by with sullen and averted looks. Since the day after the broken date she had been that way.

Could there be any connection? Was it possible that Bob had really fallen in love with Ponty and by a queer but not uncommon inversion of jealousy resented her rival's treatment of him? It was not in Connie's nature to catechize. But she felt a little sore. This was so unlike the frank and open Bob.

A client claimed her. In the adjoining compartment on the left, as she set to work, she could hear the specious drone of the younger White sister selling a new kind of powder. Beyond, Bob Roberts was marcelling a regular who came in occasionally from Jersey. Her monosyllabic replies to the chatter of the patron were quite unlike the usual Roberts method, which was to keep up her end of any talk that might be going . . . Then came the Jersey woman's alarmed call:

"Somebody come, quick! I think she's going to faint."

Connie ran in. The Russian woman, Varvara, was before her. Bob was bowed forward from the hips, her head in an angle of the wall, laughing. No; she wasn't laughing. She was retching ineffectually. Her face was distorted.

The Russian seized and shook her. Varvara's own face was like a death-mask, set, expressionless and rather terrifying to see. Bob was saying:

"That's funny. It's funny . . . I'll say it's funny." She laughed this time, and immediately retched again.

If Varvara was surprised to find her shopmate with Bob she gave no sign of it. Connie had a hearty distaste for her own suspicions.

"It is the marcelling," said Varvara in a lifeless, careful voice. "Sometimes it takes one that way. The bending of the spine. A pressure on the nerves." Connie knew this to be true; one expert marceller had had to stop entirely. But Bob was so strong! "She has not been well lately."

"I'm so sorry," said the client sympathetically. "Is there anything I can do?"

"No. I shall take her home."

"I'll finish with you if you don't mind, as soon as I get through with the treatment I have on hand," offered Connie to the interrupted patron.

The offer was accepted and the woman, settled in the chair, began her rill of talk. But Connie was not heeding. An amazing and shocking suspicion occupied her brain to the exclusion of lesser matters. She thought and feared that she might have the clue to her friend's strange behavior. Bob's moodiness, her withdrawal, the sudden hysteria, the nausea, above all, the nausea—could it be *that?*

Connie didn't know much about such things; she had never had occasion to; but hadn't she heard that these were the typical symptoms? No time for speculation now, though. The client was asking a question, had evidently repeated it and expected a sympathetic answer. Didn't she think it strange? . . . Didn't she think what strange? . . . Why, the way Miss Roberts had gone off so suddenly.

"I never was so surprised in my life. I was just describing my place and the view and all and saying I'd like to have her over some Sunday. We live on the Palisades and there's the *most* gorgeous view of the Hudson. I was describing how you could look over the edge and see the river when I happened to look up and she was positively goggling at me. It couldn't have been anything I said."

"Of course not," the operator assured her. "It was the twisting and strain of the marcelling, I'm sure."

Indeed, if Connie's suspicions were well founded that might well have accounted for all.

What a relief, when the hour was over, to turn to the cool impersonal impudence of the cheerful Smith! "Will Madame Récamier be pleased to dine in the seclusion of the Taverne de Tige de Botte?"

No; she did not want to go to any bootleg place—having successfully translated his sketchy French. No drink. She wanted to go somewhere safe from interruptions. He took her to a dim, conservative hotel restaurant and, seeing that she was troubled about something, avoided all intelligent conversation until she had finished her ice-cold clam-juice cocktail.

"Now. Anything on the old mind besides the permanent wave?"

"That isn't a permanent wave, idiot."

"All right. What's the rest?"

"Have you seen Rowdy Pontefract lately?"

"Not since—I think it was last Monday evening."

"Last Monday! What was he doing?"

"Taking unto himself a silent but earnest souse at the Barn."

"Did he say anything to you?"

"No. I kept out of his way."

"Ipsy, I'm afraid it's my fault."

"What, his souse? You must be a hog for responsibility!"

"I had a date with him and I broke it. They must have forgotten to give him the message that I left at the Barn. Or else he was too sore to pay any attention to it. After you saw him

drinking he came to my place and raised such a row that I am now an outcast. Since then he's simply dropped out. Nobody's seen him."

"Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday—this is only the fourth day. That isn't long for Rowdy to be off when he's hitting it. If you want me to, though, I'll see what I can dig up."

"No. Don't bother. It's probably all right. Let's talk about something else."

They covered the range of the earth and most of the outer universe before the meal was over and even then Connie hadn't had half enough. That was one of the things about young Mr. Smith; one never seemed to reach the end of enlivening talk with him. One subject opened up another to illimitable vistas. Upon impersonal subjects he could be as serious as he was elusive upon personal. Well, conversation may lead endlessly to further conversation, but one cannot dine forever, even at the most hospitable hotel restaurant.

"The waiter is registering nostalgia for home and fireside," sighed Connie, glancing up.

"What now?" Ipsydoodle asked. "Want to go home?"

"No."

"Neither do I. What about a midnight show?"

"Too hot," she decided.

"A movie, then? Twenty degrees cooler inside."

"Too blah—there isn't anything in town worth looking at."

"Well, how about Coney?"

"Too far."

"Taxi to sylvan roadside retreat?"

"Too noisy. I don't feel like people tonight. Think of some quiet place."

"I'm living in it. Quietest place in New York. Westy Wesbrook's apartment—you remember Westy. I've got possession for two weeks while he's away. Want to come around and sit?"

"Yes."

Connie saw no reason why she should not go to a man's apartment with him if she chose. She was not afraid of the implications; she was not afraid of herself; certainly she was not afraid of Ipsy Smith.

The place was a large and very complete one on the ground floor of a highly dignified old house just off Park Avenue. A grateful waft of air came in at the tall windows, before which he set a rusty, deep-seated, inviting and much-lived-in chair. Having offered a drink which she declined, he said:

"Would you very much mind talking business for a little?"

"What kind of business?"

"As the owner of a female face, your advice would be helpful in the building up of my campaign."

"Shoot!"

After about an hour of absorbed work and much debate the junior member of the combination found, to her vast surprise, that she was getting hungry again. To her still greater surprise she found that her supposed hour was in reality more than three.

"Do you keep a hen?" she inquired anxiously.

"Westy took his man with him," said Ipsydoodle, "but there's sure to be a bottle of milk in the ice-box and I can scramble an egg so that it *never* comes unscrambled."

They feasted as comradely as two gipsies. At three o'clock a clock said something about the time. She backed the clock up. He protested.

"Don't you ever sleep?" she demanded.

"Frequently. But I'd rather talk with you."

"So would I. *You* haven't got to store up vitality to waste on a lot of live meat tomorrow."

"True enough. Where did you say you were staying?" asked Ipsydoodle.

She gave the name of one of those "girls' clubs" which maintain rules and regulations for their members that would seem rigorous in a state's prison. He whistled. "Dear and innocent (*Continued on page 162*)

STRICTLY B

Illustrations by
William Prince

SOMEWHERE in the far dark a coyote began its shrill yip-yipping. The cry spread in a specter ripple around the two riders. Their horses moved with hushed footfall across the powdered floor of the Arizona desert. Out of the unplumbed depth of the night loomed the nightmare vegetation of the desert, like fantastic growths on the bottom of the sea. In the dark the mounted men took on huge, unreal shapes.

Lastro, most amiable of assassins, pulled his horse out of a stumble and sighed. There was a calculated histrionism in the sigh.

"You think it dangerous, Coloso," he asked, "that we ride out of our hiding-place at the bidding of the strange gringo Perkins? I wish I could believe so. It might be amusing."

The huge shape of the second rider was not entirely an illusion of the desert night. He was a veritable giant. He lowered his *sarape*, wrapped high on his shoulders, and turned his giant's dull face to his master.

"But no, my big bear," said Lastro. "The world is not wicked enough, despite what philosophers say. Nor is Perkins, for all his reputation. Who will make plots that Lastro cannot excel? Where in this stupid world shall a clever villain find a match for his talent? And such a villain as I? No. Perkins, like other wealthy men, merely wishes to hire the services of an artist."

Lastro, most jovial of renegades, did not sigh for his broken fortunes, or for the fact that he who might have been ruler of his own country was a fugitive in another land, with a price on his head and crime on his perfumed hands. He wore his villainy like a romantic cloak. He was an exile because he chose to be—and because of the one called Maria de la Luz, whom he had lost for the reason that the losing made a graceful, dramatic gesture.

Lastro sighed because he was bored.

No less than his whimsical master, Coloso had been a tradition in the fevered days of the revolution. In a mêlée, it was legend, he fought with no other weapons than his bare terrible hands. Men told how he pulled horses and riders together to the ground. Most uncanny of all was the understanding between this hulking slave and Lastro. That was the devil's work, men said. For Coloso was deaf and mute.

"A jewel of confidants," Lastro liked to explain. "Alone of all great men I have a confidant I can trust with my words; and one who never utters faulty advice."

Coloso was whimpering. His heavy arm pointed into the murky shadows ahead. Lastro reined in.

"You smell danger, my gorilla?" he smiled. "Splendid! After all, then, we may be amused."

Coloso slipped from his horse, handed the reins to his master and disappeared with incredible swiftness and silence.

Lastro rode slowly forward. From his sash he took a tiny enameled vial of perfume. With exquisite care he anointed the tips of his slender fingers. Once more he sighed, as if the scent awakened a laggard, wistful memory.

"*My husband has told me all about you,*

BUSINESS

By Wallace Smith

Caronel Lastro," said Helen. "I dared come in spite of that, Señora."

He was prepared when his horse suddenly halted and tried to swerve.

Out of the blot of cactus shadow emerged a lanky man on foot. Across his arm he carried a carbine.

"This is a strange welcome, Señor Perkins," remarked Lastro, "to give to one who comes as, let us say, your guest."

"It ain't everybody I'd ride three miles out from the ranch to greet," he chuckled.

"Especially with a rifle, eh, my friend?"

"In your country," said Perkins, "they have a saying: 'In the night all cats are gray.' I just wanted to make sure of you, Lastro."

"There is one cat you can always identify," replied Lastro, "the polecat."

Perkins chuckled again. "The truth is, Lastro, I wasn't taking chances. With you knowing I was alone on the ranch, I figured where maybe you'd bring your gang along for a little raid."

"You compliment my villainy, Señor Perkins."

"No need getting sore."

"On the contrary, I am grateful. But you know I am an exile from my own country, with a price on my head. Not a very good price. But still a testimonial of appreciation."

"But they tell me you can always get your men together."

"Loyalty, alas, feeds on gold. And you know I am what-you-call broke. Or you would not have sent for me, is it not so?"

"I'm a business man, right enough," said Perkins, "and a cagy one, what's more."

"You begin to amuse me, Señor. Perhaps after all this errand of mine may not bore me too much. But put up your gun, my friend."

"You don't like that, eh?" Perkins playfully raised his carbine.

"It is not necessary and it may be misunderstood."

"Who'll misunderstand? Out here?"

"Well, for example, my excellent retainer, Coloso."

As he spoke, a bulky shadow reared behind Perkins. Two great arms wrapped like anacondas around the lanky man. Perkins gasped and writhed vainly. The carbine was taken from his hands as a toy might be taken from a child. Perkins twisted his head around. He recognized the legendary giant. Perkins ceased struggling.

"Can't you take a joke?" he sputtered.

"A sprightly sense of humor," answered Lastro, "has always been one of my great handicaps."

Lastro made a graceful sign. Coloso loosed Perkins, who stumbled regaining his footing.

"And now," smiled Lastro, "we begin to understand each other, Señor Perkins. We are *both* good business men, is it not, and both what-you-call cagy."

He answered Coloso's anxious eyes.

"Get Señor Perkins' horse, good Coloso. It is over there, rather badly hidden, in a clump of bayonet. And we will ride to the ranch. We business men are going to have a what-you-call conference."

In the living-room of the Perkins ranch, Lastro stood before a long mirror and made elaborate ceremony of adjusting the jade ring that clasped his black silk neckerchief.

Perkins sat moodily on a magenta sofa. The lamplight marked shrewd wrinkles around his cold gray eyes. He had the habitual grin of a wheedling merchant. It disappeared as he watched this man he had sent for.

He didn't like Lastro's smile a little bit. He remembered stories of Lastro smiling this way, and perfuming his fingers, after the throttling of Coronel Ortegas, who had betrayed him; and after the massacre at Las Palmas. And at Ojo Federico, where Lastro dismissed a firing-squad and with his own revolver executed twelve deserters. Or was it fourteen? Well, that was why he had sent for him.

But there was nothing to smile about in this deal. And that big deaf-mute in the next room. It made him nervous, the way the giant seemed to understand what Lastro said. Better get it over with as soon as possible.

"A thousand dollars," said Perkins. "That's my figure for the job. Take it or leave it."

Lastro stood back a little from the mirror and satisfied himself that the points of his trim mustache were properly turned.

"Of course, the thing itself is trifling," he said. "It is a favor I have done gratis for many people, as you know."

"I don't want any of your favors. This is business—strictly business."

"Exactly. I was about to say that these things are simple ordinarily. But I do not even know this man."

"You *have* got a sense of humor."

"Alas, it is a thing that has kept me from success. I can even laugh at myself—and that is fatal to ambition."

"A thousand dollars," repeated Perkins. "If you don't want a thousand, cash, we'll call it off. I can get someone else."

Perkins started to his feet. Lastro had darted back from the mirror with the swift agility of a fencer. He fell into a fencer's attitude, too. Left arm half back, knees flexed, the right side forward and the right hand extended. In Lastro's right hand, instead of a rapier, was a revolver. It pointed into the mirror. Lastro surveyed his image critically.

Perkins, pretending that he had not been startled, folded back to his seat on the magenta sofa.

"Pardon, but one must practise," said Lastro. "The draw is very important, even when shooting a man in the back."

"You ain't fixing to shoot him in the back, are you?"

"It is the safest way. From the front he might shoot me first. It is improbable—but he *might*."

"But shooting in the back ain't a white man's way of doing, Lastro."

"Treachery is not a matter of complexion, my friend. But as you will. Of course, the additional courtesy will cost extra. Say, altogether, fifteen hundred dollars."

"It's a hold-up."

"It's business—strictly business," said Lastro.

He slipped his gun into its scabbard and smiled again. His teeth were surprisingly white and even against his brown skin.

"One thousand dollars," repeated Perkins at last, sulkily, "and you can do it any way you like."

"But as I say, I do not even know the man."

"Do you have to be introduced socially to somebody before you kill him?"

"It's much more agreeable, of course, to have a personal interest. Why should one assassinate a stranger? But that is not the point. I remind you that I must know who my victim is to be," said Lastro carelessly. "And where I may find him."

"That's easy. Howard lives on the next ranch south. About five miles from here. There's just him and—and his wife."

"Ah, a wife. There will, then, be a widow?"

"You'll be doing her a favor. And she needn't be a widow long."

Lastro considered the statement. Perkins began to fidget under his gaze.

"They are unhappy?" asked Lastro.

"She can't help being unhappy, not with that hombre. Howard's plumb no-account. He's went broke trying to make a living out of that land his old man left him. I can't see for the life of me why Helen ever married him."

"I never marvel so much," admitted Lastro, "at that attribute called a woman's intuition as when I observe the man a woman selects for a mate."

"Ain't it so?" Perkins was almost hearty. "But you can bet Helen's mighty sick of it now."

"Then, in a way, we are really being philanthropists," said Lastro. "Or, better still, chivalrous knights riding to the aid of a lady in distress. Perhaps, that being so, I would undertake this task for no pay."

The shrewd lines around Perkins' eyes sharpened.

"You see, I am at heart a very romantic man, Señor Perkins," said Lastro.

"Don't you go to fooling around Helen," muttered Perkins.

¶ "*Pardon, but one must practise,*" *said Lastro, as Perkins started. "The draw is very important, even when shooting a man in the back.*"

"I do not mean that kind of romance. You have the conventional idea of a villain. I am afraid you read the wrong kind of books."

Lastro reached for his sombrero. Coloso silently entered and stood looking at his master. It was as if Lastro had called and the giant had heard.

"I'll give you twelve-fifty," said Perkins, "and not a cent more."

"We will talk business again tomorrow," said Lastro. "First I must go to this place and reconnoiter."

Followed by the giant, Lastro went to his horse. They were absorbed by the darkness. Standing framed in the doorway, Perkins suddenly remembered the light at his back. It made him an excellent target. He stepped quickly inside and closed the door. His grin returned, embarrassed.

"I mustn't let him think he's got me scared."

He held a cigaret over the lamp. A streak of smoke smirched the chimney. Perkins threw the cigaret into the cold fireplace.

"I shouldn't have raised the price. He needs the money bad."

Out in the far dark a coyote began yip-yip-yipping. The cry spread in a wide circle around the house, as if ghosts chattered in a gossipy ring.

"That big dummy gives me the creeps. I'll be glad when this is over."

Dawn lifted along the desert's rim with a fling of vivid color. Slowly night was erased from the sky. For a brief moment there was a cast of cool translucent green, the green that is in the sweep of an ocean wave. Then crimson and gray streaked the sky, with a glow of liquid copper at the horizon. Then, quickly, the sun. A metal brilliance in the sky. The chill wind with a fleeting, final caress hurried back to the hills. It would come again at sundown, bringing the *relente* and its dewy solace.

Three buzzards, balanced on three decaying fence-posts, stretched their legs and stale wings in the sun. Their stiff movements looked like a ludicrous setting-up exercise. Lazily, one after the other, they took flight.

They circled with patient curiosity over two long shadows which marked where two riders had halted on the crest of a hill.

The two riders gazed down on the ranch in the dusty valley. The white and green of the ranch-house looked cool and charming and out of place. A stand of thirsty cottonwoods held the promise of an oasis, a promise that was not kept by the dry bed of the creek near them. A tiny, dervish column of dust whirled down the arroyo. A tired windmill creaked complainingly.

The only signs of life were two horses in a circular corral and a hound pup. The pup, lazily harassing a chicken that had wandered from its wired yard, looked toward the door of the ranch-house and galloped there with eager clumsiness.

A woman in a pinkish house-dress had come to the door. With her was a tall man, who stood with his arm around her. They laughed as the pup galumphed around them, threatening the crisp pinkishness with dusty paws.

Together they walked to the corral, where the man saddled one of the horses. He led the animal into the wide yard. There he took the woman into both his arms. She held close to him. Rather a long time, while the pup circled about them with excited leaps, trying to take part in this game.

The woman called to the puppy and held him as the man rode off. She watched until the rider passed out of her sight behind a wavelike rise in the land. She walked thoughtfully back to the house.

Once out of sight of the ranch-house, the man's erect body drooped. His horse went slower and slower. At last he stopped altogether. The man slid from the saddle, slouched into a sitting posture under a screen of cactus and buried his face in his hands.

On the hill above, Lastro gently stroked his horse with the spur.

"Coloso, my huge animal, we observe drama," said Lastro, "and I—always, alas, an actor—I must respond to my cue."

They rode down the hill.

Bill Howard sat with his face in his hands. His horse, with the optimism of desert horses, sought an edible shoot or two on the arid ground.

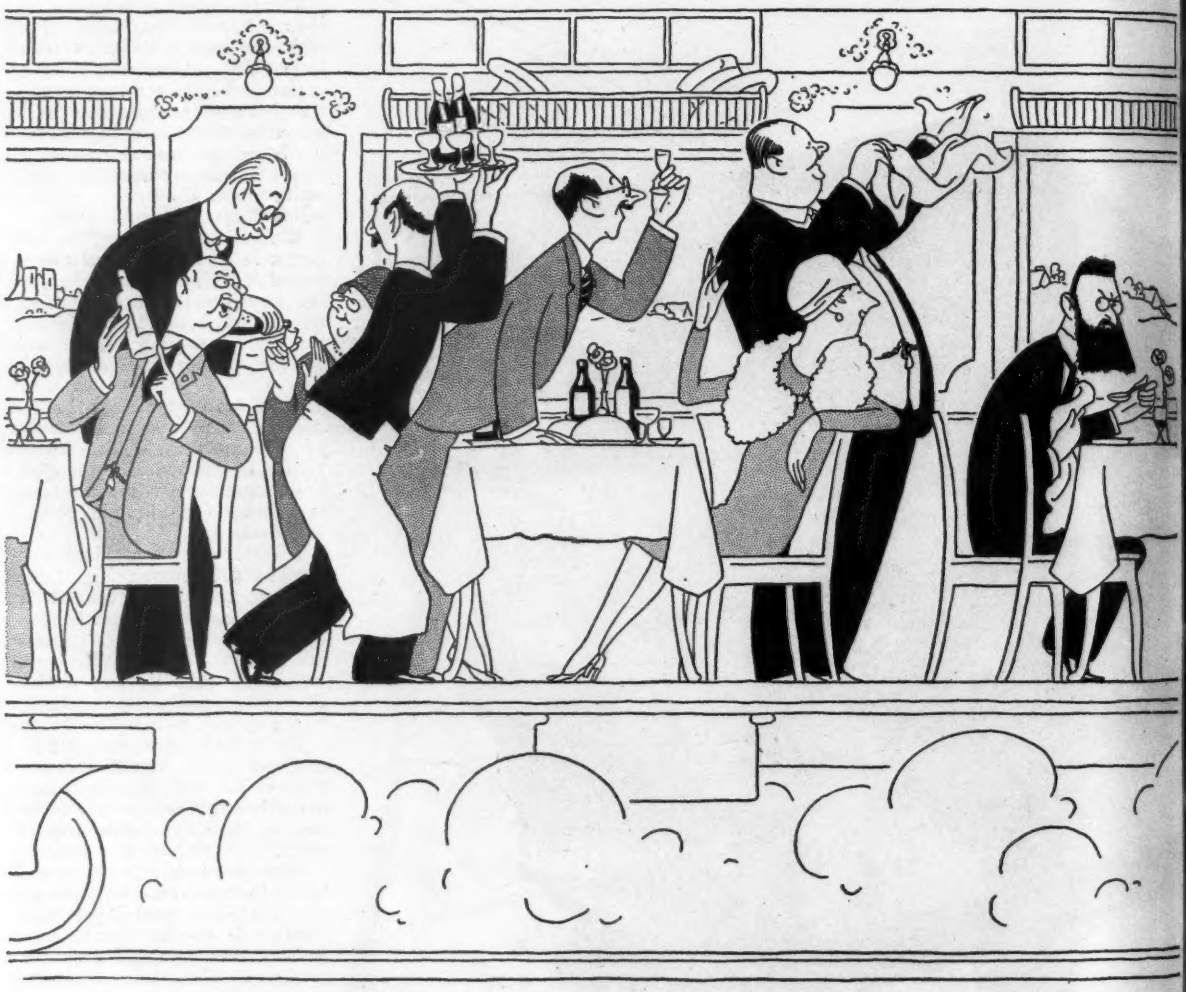
"Young man, how would you like to be shot for twelve hundred and fifty dollars?"

Bill Howard looked up. At first (*Continued on page 110*)

Westward, How!

THE nights were growing cold and the days were dawning foggy. The cactus plants beside the Corniche Road turned brown and sear. The beggars moved from the steps of the Bourges Cathedral to the oil-stove in the vestibule. The iron tables vanished from the Paris boulevards, and in cafés where yesternight Americans had held high wassail and wailed about high prices the waiters stood disconsolate and flicked futile napkins. Autumn had come.

The birds were flying south. The Americans were going home.



Across all Europe the mighty crusade was headed Westward—austere, now, and slightly headachy, souls ascetic but systems hyper-acid. They were suffering with the monumental hangover of a three-months' binge. And so they had thrown away their corkscrews, signed the pledge, taken the veil, cut out the stuff, climbed on the water wagon . . . They were going home to prohibition and to God's country. In the vanguard were the Tuttles.

The blue-smocked porters had piled the bags on the racks overhead, and stood waiting with their hands out. Mr. Tuttle gave them twenty francs apiece and settled into a seat. "Well," he sighed, unbuttoning his overcoat and nodding out at the sooty gloom of the Gare Saint-Lazare, "so this *was* Paris!"

"Yes," said Mrs. Tuttle, "I'll say it was! I'll be glad to get aboard the ship and catch up on some sleep."

"So will I, but I bet this train will be an hour late getting to Havre. These French boat trains are terrible."

"It'll give us all the more time to grab a nap, then," suggested his wife. "I hope they don't go putting anybody else in this compartment with us."

"If anybody comes I'll tell them the places are all taken. Let's spread our things around a bit and make it look more crowded." There was room for six in the compartment, which extended across the car and opened on the narrow side aisle.

They put their overcoats on the unoccupied seats; Mr. Tuttle dragged down the largest valise and set it in the doorway.

"There now," he said, "that ought to keep 'em out. What we've got to do on this home trip is just stick quietly by ourselves and rest up. I'm all in."

"So am I."

"I guess we both are. Here we started out to take a trip for our health, and all we've done is sit up all night and learn how to say 'Here's lookin' at you!' in nineteen European languages."

"Yes, and don't forget the Algerian."

"Oh, yes, the Algerian! Say, will you ever forget the Davidsons in Algiers? That was a good crowd on the boat coming over——"

"Yes, they were all good congenial people. But we're going to stick by ourselves on this home trip, Arthur. No more parties. We'll just lay around on deck all day and go to bed early."

Remembered by Guy Gilpatric

Pictured *by* GLUYAS WILLIAMS

"That's my idea exactly—just lay around in the deck chairs. I'll slip the deck steward something to put us up on the top deck somewhere."

"That will be fine, Arthur. Right on deck in the sun."

"Yes, I want to get a good sunburn to show up at the office with, instead of this alcohol tan."

"Well, we'll just stick by ourselves and not talk to anybody. Oh, look, Arthur, there's the conductor. I guess we're going to start."

"Well, good-by, Paris!" said Mr. Tuttle, as the train slid away from the platform. "Wake me up when we're getting near Havre, will you?"

The train was clicking through the yards when a large lady and a large gentleman paused outside in the passage. Mr. Tuttle opened his eyes and regarded them coldly. "*Toot lay seats are occupay, mussyeer,*" he said.

"*Toot lay seats are like hell occupay,*" returned the large gentleman, producing his tickets. "*Je sweeze American, mussyeer, but je ne sweeze par a hick!*"

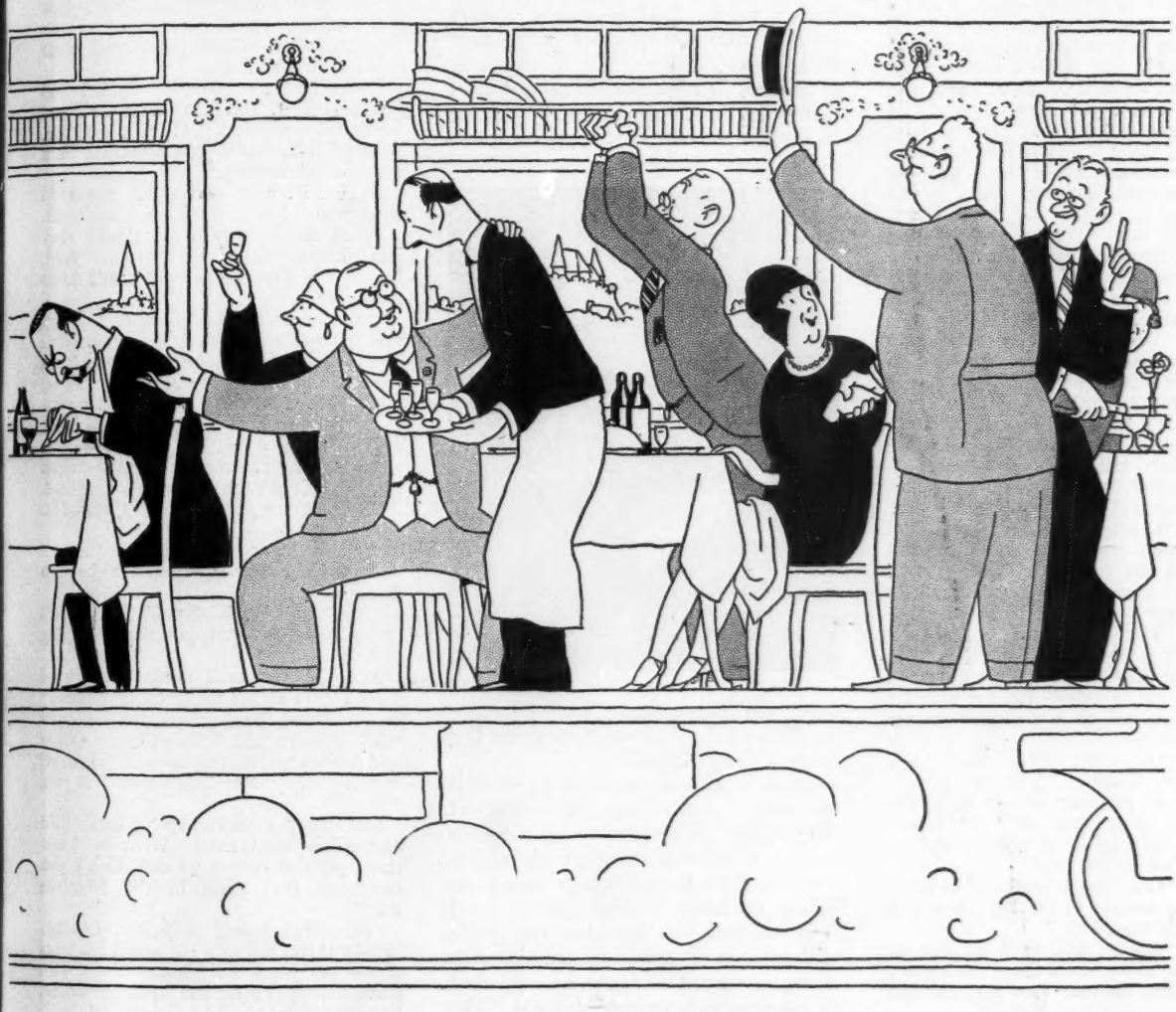
"Oh!" said Mr. Tuttle. "Pardon me, brother, I didn't know you were an American. Come right in and welcome. It was just that we didn't want any French people horning in here and eating their snails and garlic."

"Sure! I don't blame you! That's quite all right, sir! Come on in, Martha. Howdy-do, ma'am"—this to Mrs. Tuttle. The Tuttles moved their coats, and the newcomers sat down. The large gentleman noticed the emblem on Mr. Tuttle's lapel, and made a sign. They both laughed and shook hands.

"Well, well, well!" shouted the large gentleman. "What do you know about that, Martha, here's another brother! Bowlby's my name, brother—Jefferson D. Bowlby, Wichita Falls."

"I'm Arthur Tuttle of Scranton, Peeay."

"Well now, Mrs. Tuttle, shake hands with Mrs. Bowlby," and Mr. Bowlby introduced the wives amid much laughter.



Tuttle brought out cigars. "Light up your cigarets, ladies," he said. "We don't object to cigaret smoke, do we, Bowlby?"

"I'm glad to hear it," said Mrs. Bowlby. "I'm just dying for a smoke. Here, dear, here, do have one of mine." She extended a case made of platinum and ornamented with an elephant in diamonds.

"Oh, what a lovely case!" exclaimed Mrs. Tuttle.

"Yes, it is kind of cute, isn't it? Jeff bought it for me in Paris. He paid a couple of million francs or something for it—anyway it came to twelve hundred dollars in money. Jeff says the elephant looks like me but I say it looks more like him." They both laughed.

"Your husband is a great kidder, I can see that."

"Oh, yes, he's just full of fun. He's kidding all the time.

He's always the life of everything. He *gives* himself too freely, if you know what I mean. In fact, that's really why we had to take this trip. You see, poor Jeff had to go to so many dinners and meetings and conventions and things last winter that he was simply all *shot*. A *wreck*, if you know what I mean. That's really why we came abroad, to rest up, if you know what I mean."

"That's funny," exclaimed Mrs. Tuttle in surprise. "So did we! Did it work out with you?"

"Well, yes and no. You see, there was a pretty live crowd on the boat coming over and of course they made Jeff master of ceremonies at the ship's concert and auctioneer of the auction pool, and all that sort of thing. Then in Rome we bumped into the I. A. C. C.—that's the International Agricultural Chemical Convention; Jeff's in fertilizer—and of course Jeff knew pretty near all the American delegates, so we had quite a time. Oh, quite a time! After that we went to Monte Carlo, and of course you know what a wild place *that* is. And then at Nice the Hôtel Ruhl was just filled with everybody who'd come over on the boat, so every night it was like sort of an Old Home Week. Jeff said he froze three fingers holding high-balls. From there we went up to Paris and—well, as I always say, there's only one Paris . . ."

"Yes, you're right, there's only one Paris. And that's just about the way it went with us. We're all in, too."

"So are we. But we're going to rest up on the ship. Jeff says we won't talk to a soul—just lay around and get sunburned and healthy."

"Exactly what Mr. Tuttle and I were saying when you came in! Do you hear that, Arthur? Mr. and Mrs. Bowlby are going to take it easy on the trip home, too."

"You bet we are, sister!" declared Mr. Bowlby. "No more late parties for us! We're not going to talk to a soul—just get our deck chairs off in some sunny corner and——"

"Oh—why, that's fine!" said Mr. Tuttle. "You have your chairs put next to ours up on the top deck and we'll just have a quiet little foursome together. What do you say?"

"Gee, that'll be fine. No hanging around in the bar, breathing that smoky air."

"Nope! And we'll hit the old hay along about ten o'clock every night, because that salt air sure does make you sleepy!"

The restaurant-car steward came to the door with luncheon tickets.

"Shucks!" said Mr. Bowlby. "I didn't know there would be a diner on this train. I bought a lunch basket on the platform."

"Well, take the tickets anyway, Jeff," said Mrs. Bowlby. "We can eat a snack out of the basket now, the four of us, and have lunch later. It's only quarter to eleven."

Mr. Bowlby lifted the basket down from the rack. "Why, look, Martha!" he exclaimed. "He put in a bottle of coneyac besides the bottles of wine!"

Mrs. Bowlby tossed her head. "Yes, he put in a bottle of coneyac because you told him to, Jeff Bowlby! I saw all the high signs and winking and monkey business when you were talking to that Frenchman."

Bowlby grinned and poked Tuttle in the ribs. "Well, say, Art, what do you know about that? Here she's accusing me of buying this snake-oil when she knows I swore off last night."

"Oh, have you sworn off too? So have I."

"Yes—well, that is, not exactly sworn off, but I'm going to cut it away down."

"Same here. Of course I don't mean to say I ever really abused liquor or anything like that. It's only that on this home trip I decided to cut 'way down."

"That's my idea exactly. Say, suppose we just take a little snort, sort of a farewell to France, hey? Maybe we'll feel more like eating lunch. You girls blot up some of that wine, why don't you?"

"Wah!" said Mr. Tuttle, coming up for air and pushing his liver back into place. "That stuff's got mule-shoes in it!"

"It sure puts hair on your chest!" agreed Mr. Bowlby.

"Yes, and then puts permanent waves in it!" said Mr. Tuttle.

" 'Permanent waves in it'—ha, ha! Did you hear that, Martha? Wait till I just jot that down, Tuttle! That's a good line, Arthur! Ha, ha—I can use that in a speech or something."

"Yeh . . . Puts permanent waves in it," repeated Mr. Tuttle, smiling to himself.

When luncheon was announced they had almost finished the bottle. "Well, last day in France—guess it won't do us any harm."

"Of course not! And then, as I always say, it's really the smoky air in barrooms and the late hours that do you more harm than the liquor. Well—here's jumpin' on your grave!"

They had champagne with luncheon, and afterward a liqueur. They were just about to return to the compartment when the boy brought them a round of cognacs.

"*Noo n'avons par ordered ça*," said Mr. Tuttle severely.

"It is with the compliments of the gentleman back there," said the boy in English.

"Oh!" translated Mrs. Tuttle. "He's trying to tell us that somebody's buying us a drink."

Mr. Tuttle peered along the row of tables. "Well, well, well, look who's here!" he exclaimed, leaning into the aisle and waving his napkin. "Old Ed MacQuade and Annabelle, from the boat coming over! How's the boy, Ed—here's lookin' at you, Anna!"

Mrs. Bowlby pricked up her ears. "Ed and Anna MacQuade? Why, *we* know them, Jeff; of course we do! Don't you remember that night in the Negresco Bar?"

"Oh—why, sure!" said Mr. Bowlby. "Hello there, folks!" He raised his arms above his head and shook hands with himself. "Say, if Ed and Anna are sailing, I bet the Dunns will be along too."

"The Dunns?" said Mrs. Tuttle. "Oh, why, we know Al and Jane Dunn! Jane's Ed's sister. They're from Council Bluffs."

"Yes, that's right, Cedar Rapids," said Mr. Bowlby. "They're cousins or something. Well, to think we'd bump into so many congenial people! It's great!"

"It's fine!" agreed Mr. Tuttle. "Hey, gassong—take a round of the same to the Mussyeer back there, and let's have another one here . . . No, no—please, Jeff, please—you fixed up for the last one. Yes, just a nice little congenial group—you know, not unwieldy, just our own little party."

"That's just what I say. We can stick together quietly and not mix with anybody. We can just lay around on deck, I mean."

"Sure. Get sunburned. That's the life!"

"Well," said Mr. Tuttle, picking up (*Continued on page 234*)

Good News!

IN "Main Street" and "Babbitt" and "Arrowsmith" and "Elmer Gantry," Sinclair Lewis made people think by showing them characters that had been before their eyes but which they hadn't seen. And goodness knows to how many words he gave new meanings. Before his book was published, "Main Street" wasn't anything but a thoroughfare. And, of course, time after time, you have

used the expression, "He's a regular Babbitt." And your meaning has been perfectly clear.

Sinclair Lewis was able to do this because fundamentally he is a great story-teller. (Even today I remember sentences from a story of his about a railroad brakeman which was published at least twenty years ago.) And so you can imagine the pride with which I tell you he is now doing a group of short stories—the first he has done in ten years—for you. The first one will be published in May Cosmopolitan. R. L.

ELIZABETH

who enters Theodore Dreiser's
HONEST NOVEL *about* LOVE

On the next page you learn of the amazing manner
in which her life became colored by THIS MADNESS

The Story of ELIZABETH in THIS

Illustrations by
Marshall Frantz

FOR years I have speculated casually as to how a character such as Elizabeth's could best be presented without doing violence to any of its diverse and intriguing facets, and to this hour I fear I have not found the way.

The beauty, the force, the intellectual sincerity—beauty and force of mind as well as of body. There are people so wide in their reaches, intellectual and emotional, that in any attempt at delineation one hesitates as to where to begin.

So often when I think of her, I think of Portia, the balance and fairness of her mind. When I think of her beauty, I am puzzled again. It is so easy to exaggerate, so difficult to do full justice to beauty that is really like a tightened bow.

The pictured Diana, with the crescent in her hair, might well pass for her face and figure. And yet she was small, very; a tiny thing, really, weighing not more than one hundred and ten pounds when in robust health.

There is a rumor to the effect that weight of brain is somehow related to mental power. Fiddlesticks! If one were to judge by her, they have nothing in common. Possibly mere book-learning, codified and tabulated data, may require brain space. I cannot say. But intuition? Perception? Never! She had the intuition accredited to the finest minds, the intellectual sincerity and courage of the most forceful. That her brain must have been small anyone could see by the size of her head. But thought may be a property that forms itself in the blood and uses the brain as one would a counting-house.

But to return. I saw her for the first time after a considerable but by no means brisk correspondence extending over a year. On the publication of one of my books she had ventured to criticize it, and in no mild way, although afterward she confessed that the original severity of her strictures was intended to draw me out, to force me to answer. And since I did, and as I recall with some little asperity, she followed up with explanations. And somewhere in this correspondence she wrote something of herself so original and so arresting that I was fascinated.

She described a brook and a tree familiar to her since childhood, and how, having troubles of one kind and another from childhood on, she had retired to these to think, to dream, to renew her strength or recover a better mood. This book of mine she had carried to her tree and read it, then held it to her heart.

It was *her* book, as she said, not by right of composition but by right of adoption and love. She had talked to it under her tree. She had made a vow to it there. Whatever the hand that wrote it required of her she would do. "But," she added, "please don't think I am a wilted flower, or that I am without faults or theories. I have youth, beauty, means, even innocence, as a conventional world would see it. I have all that you would like, and more, and I know a great deal about you, how you look, and all. I have troubled to find out."

Enclosed was as tantalizing a picture of youth and beauty and mental and physical animation and force as one would wish to see. Frankly, I was astonished that a girl of so much charm and force should trouble to write to anybody in this fashion.

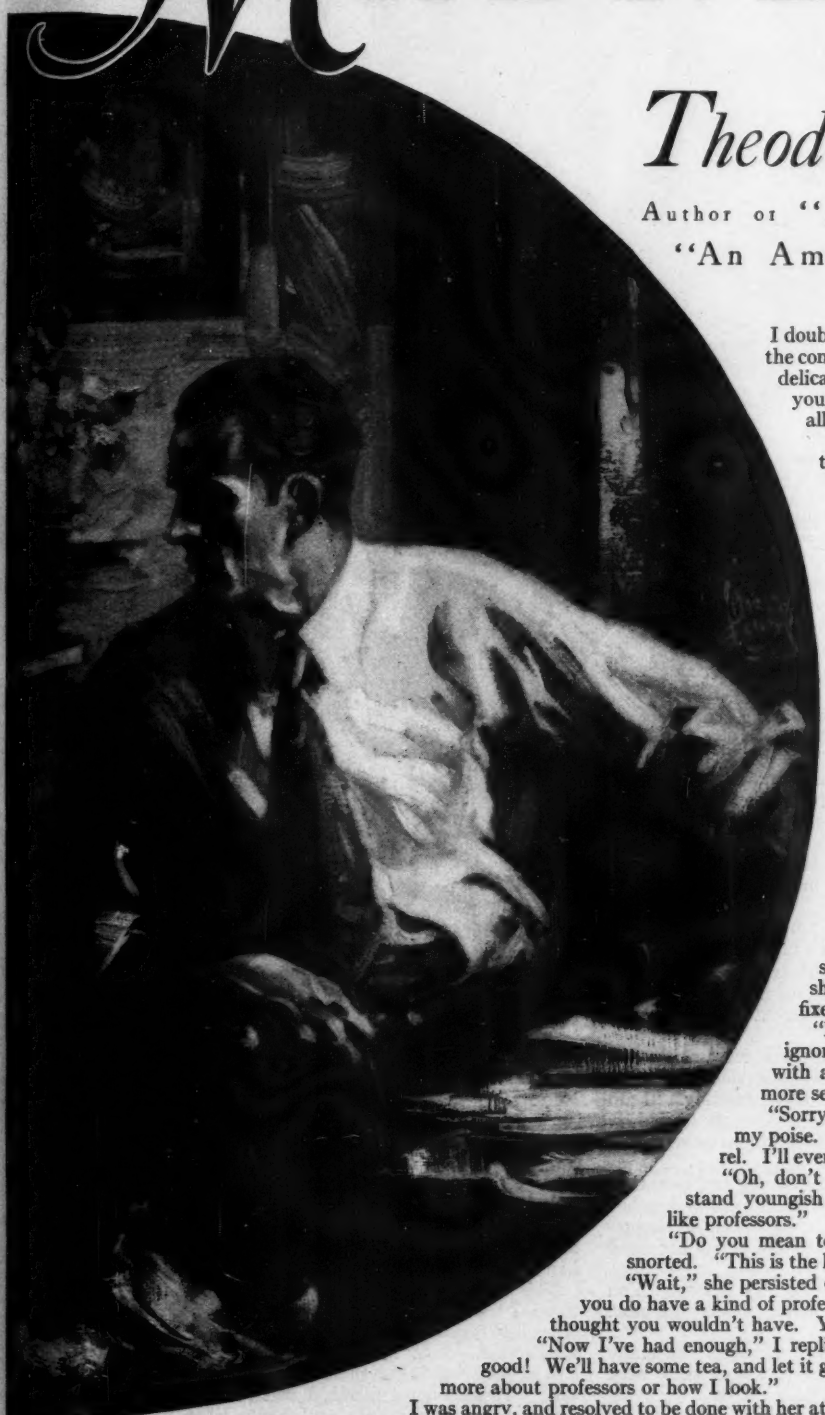
But in spite of this, and because a meeting was obviously desired, I made it perfectly plain, by mail, that I was not to be taken by storm. I was not alone in the world. Far from it! I had no desire to become foolishly entangled, and would not. Nevertheless, a meeting was arranged eventually, and one day in May—quite a year after her first letter—I went to a railway station to meet her.

¶ *"I love you, Dodar; if that is the I won't read any*

MADNESS

By Theodore Dreiser

Author of "Sister Carrie" *and* "An American Tragedy"



I love your work. But best you propose to do, more!" said Elizabeth.

I doubt whether I shall be able to convey here the comforting sense I had on sight of her. That delicate face and figure. That something of youth, gaiety, freshness, romance, written all over her.

She looked all about her as she came up the steps from the train. At once I noted that she walked with a swagger, whether affected or natural I could not tell. (She always insisted that it was natural.) But it went very well with the carefully tailored, somewhat mannish gray suit she wore. Her eyes, I noticed, were large, round and of a very dull blue, and her skin as fresh and pink and delicate as that of a child—obviously no paint and very little powder. Her hair was a rich, bright, light chestnut.

I began to smile at the sight of so small a person, the minute hands and feet, but was checked by a quizzical and uncertain look that played over her face. Frankly, it was a look of disappointment, almost dissatisfaction.

"Oh, how different you are!" she exclaimed, stepping back and surveying me most coldly. "I hadn't pictured you this way at all!"

"No?" I queried, a little irritated by this sharp reception. "The reality isn't satisfactory, then? Very good! Let me show you to a taxi. Which hotel had you fixed on?"

"I thought you were older," she said, ignoring my comment and going over me with a scalpel glance. "I thought you were more settled-looking."

"Sorry, sorry," I said, doing my best to recover my poise. "But we can fix that. We won't quarrel. I'll even offer you some tea before we separate."

"Oh, don't get mad!" she replied. "But I can't stand youngish men, and I don't like men who look like professors."

"Do you mean to say that I look like a professor?" I snorted. "This is the last! Now I will go!"

"Wait," she persisted cynically. "I will have some tea. But you do have a kind of professorial tone, in a way, just the same. I thought you wouldn't have. You needn't get angry."

"Now I've had enough," I replied. "You don't like my looks. Very good! We'll have some tea, and let it go at that. But I don't care to hear any more about professors or how I look."

I was angry, and resolved to be done with her at short notice. Nevertheless, she tripped along as though nothing had happened. I couldn't help noticing the assurance, the swagger, the gaiety, the self-satisfaction. She appeared to know very well she had genuine charm and was resolved to make the most of it. As she walked she added, "It may wear off on better acquaintance."

"What may wear off?" I asked. "And how do you know there will be any better acquaintance?"

"I don't," she retorted, as we entered the restaurant and I drew out a chair for her at one of the tables. "But please don't be angry. I'm not so different from you, if I read your books aright. You demand beauty. All men do, where they can."

"Oh, rats!" I broke in. "I'm not here to talk about my books. And I didn't ask you to write me, either. Don't be so sure of yourself."

"I know you didn't," she smiled winsomely. "Now, please don't be so angry. You're like a great bear. And you haven't very

Finally I suggested that perhaps I was one too many, that I had better go back alone.

good manners, either. I can see that. But just sit still. I have thoughts that are important to you. It may be that I can help you in some way. And I am beautiful. I can tell that by your eyes. We can be friends, anyhow."

"Oh, can we?" I retorted. "It seems to me that you are beginning rather boldly for one who expects to be friends with me. And as for age and being settled—well, I'm not unhappy over the fact that I'm not so dreadfully old. You're about the first girl that ever complained of my not being old enough." (I was forty at the time.)

"Now, please don't be angry," she insisted. "And don't go away. I have a nice name for you, did you know that? You're Dodar, whatever I am." And she showed her teeth in a grimace, making a thin, wolfish line of her lips. There was something cool, forceful, courageous here, I thought.

"OH, WELL," I said, settling down while she continued to look me up and down, slowly and deliberately

"Goodness, you would make two of me—and then some."

"In weight, perhaps yes! not otherwise, I think."

"Well, that's not so bad, if I cared for compliments much." And she went on looking at me, at first critically, later with more of kindness.

"You needn't think I'm so very soothed," I went on. "I think I know your type. You rest easy in what you feel is your charm. But it doesn't always work."

"You are angry, aren't you? Well, I am sorry. I really am. When I think who you are! When I think of your book!"

"You're not going to like me for any abstract book, or who I am, or anything of the sort. You either like me for myself as I am, or not at all. I thought you were different from the others, but now I see you're not."

"Oh, dear! Oh, please!" she insisted, much more softly and changing completely in her manner; a most noticeable and arresting change; a rich, warm, yearning understanding. "I am awkward. I am beginning terribly. And if you only knew how I wanted to begin! Oh, if you only knew! If you knew how I really feel, what I really think!"

She turned those dull blue eyes of hers on me and now they were filled with a look such as only a woman of force and understanding could muster, an understanding, sympathetic and appreciative look. Then she reached over and placed one of her small hands over mine.

"Please hold my hand, Dodar," she begged. "Please. You don't know how I need you to hold my hand. Please, big bear. The littlest bear wants you to."

I took it, studying that seraphic, that Ionic face. So many things that are identified with the beauty of Greece came back to me—Io and the white bull, Sappho, Danae, Circe.

"Won't you tell me something about yourself?" I asked, trying to recover myself. I was confused, troubled.

"No, not now. I don't want to talk about myself now. Please don't ask me. I'm not interested in that now. I want to think of New York, you, here, this minute. I'm not interested in myself. You know, though, through a friend I engaged a room at the Martha Washington. I think I'll go up there after a while and register. I can't tell who may have come in on this train with me. Besides, that will give you time to think me over."

"Yes?" I said sourly.

"But we will meet for dinner, won't we?" she continued. "You promised me that."

"Yes," I agreed. "But I didn't promise anything, and from your first manner I shouldn't think you'd want to."

"Oh, you're all wrong. You don't understand. I know I have acted silly, but I do want that."

"Very well, if you really want it."

"Oh yes, please, the dinner anyhow. There is a lot about you that I do like. It's all so strange for me, that's the trouble." She gazed at me, and the big eyes were softer than they had been, inquiring and a little sad.

This friendship will never come to anything, I thought at parting. She hasn't sense enough to begin it right. She's too flippant, too intellectual.

And yet it was begun there and endured for some time. Think what I might, I was more and more drawn to her momentarily, and though when I left her I meditated on breaking the dinner engagement and this tentative contact entirely, I could not get her out of my mind. There was something about her eyes and her manner that was absolutely compelling to me. That sensuous figure, the peach bloom of her cheeks, that glossy swirl of hair above her eyes.

In my rooms I was still meditating when the telephone bell rang. I had given her my address, and the voice that I had rather liked sounded over the wire.

"Do you know who this is? I just had to call you up. I acted

¶ But this had no effect. Elizabeth was happy and they danced until four in the morning.

dreadful, I know. I hurt your feelings. But I didn't mean to. Please come to dinner, won't you? I don't know what gets into me. I don't seem able to control myself. But I do like you — ever so much. I really do. And if you'll come to dinner I'll tell you about myself. Please come, won't you? I promise to behave better from now on."

"Very well," I said. "But what made you think I wouldn't?"

"Oh, something told me you might not. And, anyhow, I wanted to call you up. It would serve me just right if you didn't. And I adore your books. Oh, I do!" The voice rang emotionally sincere.

"Very well—unless you change your mind again."

"I deserve that," she replied, "but I won't change my mind. I'm sorry, and you're very kind."

She hung up, and I meditated on this as an exhibition of mood. A total stranger writes me, pours out adoration of my mind, then meets and denounces me to my face, and then telephones and apologizes and begs forgiveness. Stormy days ahead with that baggage, I sighed as I dressed for dinner. Sometimes a time, a place and a woman do unite to achieve an enduring impression, and so it was in this instance. I had noticed the rather large traveling bag she had brought with her, and meeting her for dinner I understood why. A picture in silver-gray. Dress, slippers and stockings, and a toque to match completed her ensemble. She looked, despite a slight affectation of extreme modernity like Our Lady of Sorrows in so many of those Italian paintings, where she broods helplessly and yet sympathetically upon our too-much-troubled souls. Or like those lines from the Catholic litany which run, "Tower of Ivory, House of Gold." The slate-blue eyes seemed filled with large childish wonder. Let me record, in this connection, that the most truly passionate women I have ever known have been those who were most spiritual-looking.

We adjourned to one of the then-popular resorts and there, the atmosphere being somewhat to her taste, she fell into a moody account of herself, in part mixed with a still interested study of me. I could tell, for all her favorable mood over the telephone, that hers was a temperament not easily satisfied.

To begin with, her world was so remote from mine in every way that I was astonished then, and am now, that the space should ever have been bridged by either of us. That atmosphere in which she had been brought up. An atmosphere of means, conventional taste, religious repression and social inhibitions, of reserved and pretentious family connections.

She was, if I could believe her, heir to the entire fortune of a maiden aunt who had died and left her money in trust until she should marry or reach the age of thirty. Along with two brothers and a sister, she was joint heir to the property of her father, a sincere, convinced religious man who, via inheritance and his own efforts, had accumulated over five hundred thousand dollars.

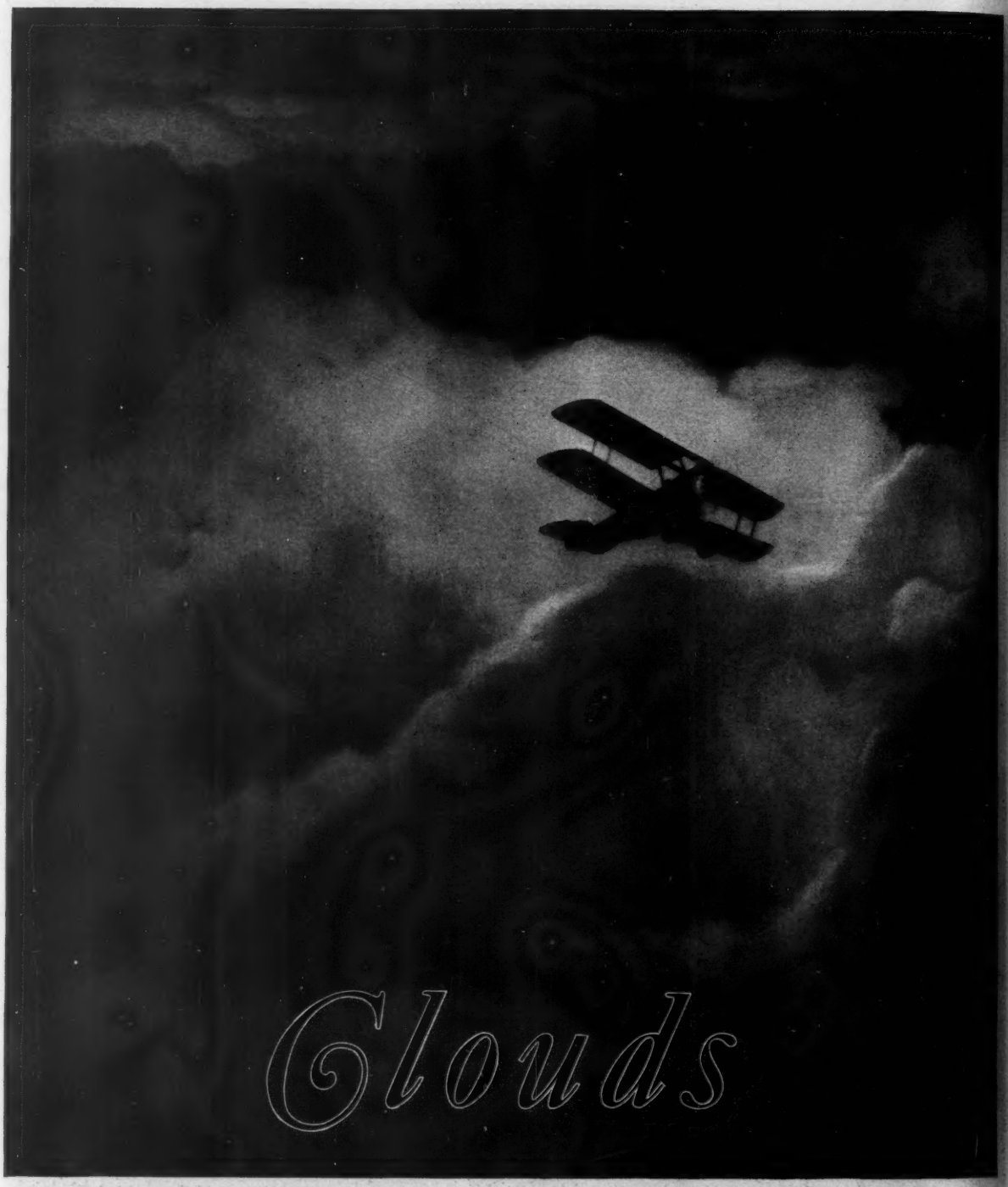
I will not name the religion which held her parents and many of her relatives so firmly in its grip, but some may guess. However, home prayers and tutelage, together with carefully selected servants and contacts, private schools and an institution the equivalent of Smith College, or Bryn Mawr, or Vassar, had provided (and this with no little misgivings on the part of the parents in so far as their two daughters were concerned) the extreme limits of her intellectual pasturage.

THIS, indeed, was looked upon by her father as a vast concession and a great mistake. According to him, and for that matter the world in which he moved, girls of her faith and position should not be educated too much.

Sent to a private school, and after that to college, by hook and by crook and without much care as to whether she fulfilled the essentials of the course chosen, she read and read in fields she had never dreamed existed.

In less than two years from the time she had entered college, she had been made over from a shy, wondering child into one who had perhaps too quickly acquired too much knowledge for her years. She had tasted and fed upon such books as presented life vividly and succinctly. These swept away all the notions, religious and otherwise, which had been and were still being emphasized in her home, and at the same time they roused desire for a more vivid world than that in which she found herself.

By the time she returned home she was deep in the French of the Flaubert-de Maupassant-Baudelaire period. She had in her room a small trunk or box full of the most representative works of all these in whom she was interested, among them several translations of Zola. And one day in her absence, her religious father adventuring into her room had looked into and then examined some of the contents of this box. It contained in addition, I may add, a number of packages of cigarets (*Continued on page 117*)



ALOFT in cloudy weather, there is a region vastly different from the every-day world—a realm of contradictions, of gleaming beauty, and it may be, shadowy danger. Nothing on sea or land can be lovelier than its long vistas of towering mountains and wavering valleys. Dawn touches them with rose which melts to gold; evening colors them with myriad changing tones until gray envelops all.

Strange creatures rear their heads in cloudland. Some are grotesques with pudgy paws, and others wraiths which float along the skies with streaming veils. No country is more dreamlike than this, for it may vanish, mountains, creatures, valleys—with change in the barometer!

A sportive pilot may play hide-and-seek through the edges of the clouds, diving deep into the mass of mists, to flash forth again to sudden light.

For light is only on the outside. Within, snow, rain or hail may meet him. Swirling about the plane, fog may be so dense as to obscure his wing tips. If the temperatures are right for it, ice may be formed, to menace flying. Low-lying fog, which stretches white and smiling in the sun, hides his landing-fields, in case he wishes to come down.

But planes are sturdy to withstand a storm; pilots are skilful; instruments for blind flying and

by Amelia Earhart

©Capt. Alfred G. Buckham, F.R.P.S.

landing are being perfected. Man meets the challenge of the clouds, and makes their beauty greater with a beauty of his own.

Six years ago I saw this fantastic region for the first time. From the sight of cities and the glistening sea two miles below, I plunged into a rolling bank of clouds. There was snow inside. It stung my face and plastered my goggles. Unbelievably—until you've tried it—human sensations fail when one is thus "blind." Deprived of a horizon a flier may lose the feel of his position in space. Was I flying one wing high? Was I turning? I couldn't be sure. I tried to keep the plane in flying trim, with one wish growing stronger every moment—to see the friendly earth again. Spinning was the quickest way down my inexperience could suggest. And so I spun. Seconds seemed very long, until I saw clear weather several thousand feet above the world I knew.

"What's this quick descent—did you fall asleep?" the men at the field asked, pointing to the straight black line drawn on the paper of the barograph I carried. "I couldn't fly in those clouds," I said, "so I came out as quickly as I could—spinning, you know."

"Show a little sense," they jeered. "Suppose the clouds had closed in until they touched the ground? We'd have had to dig you out in pieces."

Clouds

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Illustrations by
Charles D. Mitchell

Red heads

THEY were both red-headed to begin with and both were fighting mad, although neither chose to show it. On the contrary, they rather suggested one of those lyrical advertisements, done in color, which present a very smart roadster with an extremely ornamental girl at the wheel and a commendably lithe and personable male standing with one foot on the running-board, admiring the girl, the roadster, or both.

There were, however, several things wrong with this picture, the chief, so far as Patricia Collins—the girl at the wheel—was concerned, being the costume the man with his foot on her running-board wore.

In the advertisements the male is usually in polo kit or something like that—but truth is ever stranger than advertising. Patricia's specimen wore the uniform and insignia of a motor-cycle cop.

"And where," this personable but none-the-less obnoxious young six-footer was asking her, "is the fire?"

This was supposed to be biting sarcasm; the neighborhood—composed chiefly of three-decked apartment-houses—basked peacefully in the warm afternoon sunshine with no sign of a fire

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A Love Story in High Speed

By Royal Brown

Nevertheless, though still furious, she did hold down to less than twenty-five until her rear-vision mirror informed her he was no longer in sight. Then she glanced at her wrist watch. She was late; it was after three, and eighty miles lay between her and afternoon tea at the Fitzgeralds'. She was, as always, pushed for time but: "I suppose," she reflected, "I'd better call Con up."

Drawing up at the curb outside a drug store she went in to phone.

"Mr. O'Connor?" she said, and when the connection was made, "Con, it's Pat speaking. I think I'm pinched."

"Good Lord, again?" came Con's voice. "Can't——"

"It was all your fault," she informed him severely. "You kept me too long at luncheon. I told you I was in a hurry."

"You always are."

"And I am now. I just thought I'd better phone you at once."

"Much obliged!" sarcastically, of course. But: "I'll try to fix it up."

"You'd better," she assured him. And as an

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Charles D. Mitchell

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"And where," this personable but none-the-less obnoxious young six-footer was asking her, "is the fire?"

This was supposed to be biting sarcasm; the neighborhood—composed chiefly of three-decked apartment-houses—basked peacefully in the warm afternoon sunshine with no sign of a fire anywhere save, perhaps, a momentary glint in Patricia's violet eyes.

Patricia was only twenty-two and very pretty, which meant that she would have been spoiled even if she had not been the only daughter of a man with more than a little political power and much more than a little money.

Traffic cops irritated her, anyway.

"One of these days," she informed him severely, "you'll break your neck—or somebody else's—on that mechanical kiddy-car of yours."

This was mid-July and he was mahogany-hued, but a flash of red showed under the bronze. That which she referred to as a mechanical kiddy-car was, in fact, a high-powered motor-cycle and as far as Officer Larry Dugan was concerned, it was a sweet-running bit of machinery and he didn't think any more of it than a cavalryman does of his horse.

Moreover, the disdain with which Patricia referred to it was wholly unwarranted. It had brought her to earth after a ten-block chase when its rider breasted her left front wheel and threatened to ride her into the curbstone.

This was enough, of course, to make any girl of spirit mad, even if she wasn't pretty and spoiled and a bit red-headed as well.

"If," Patricia added, as he stared at her in speechless surprise that suggested an impending explosion, "*I* hadn't been a darned good driver I might have killed you. Where do you think you are—on a speedway?"

This was the way a traffic officer once had talked to her. *Just* once. Before Patricia had discovered how plastic they were to political pressure properly applied. Now she beat them to it; deliberately stole their line.

Patricia's present victim swallowed something—something, presumably, which might have caused his vocabulary to match his hair for color.

"I suppose," he suggested savagely, "you didn't hear my whistle."

Patricia widened her violet eyes. "Why, of course I did—didn't you see me leap like a frightened rabbit? I'm always that way when I hear a traffic cop's whistle—it startles me so that I somehow always step on the gas. There really ought to be a law against men like you who go rushing around blowing whistles."

Patricia had been told that traffic officers hated to be called cops. She, however, saw no reason why she should spare their feelings.

"Supposing you had hit one of the kids in the street?" he began anew.

"Suppose *you* had," she retorted.

"*I* wouldn't have," he said, with great grimness, "but you—haven't you any regard for the rights of others?"

"Oh, heaps! Live and let live is my motto," she assured him lightly. "I'm no traffic cop always taking the joy out of life."

"Live and let live?" he echoed. He eyed her with cold distaste and added, "You look to be more like a typical hit-and-run driver. The sort——"

He stopped there. Naturally, for Patricia's temper had slipped its leash—suddenly and completely. She had slapped his face. And with as much vigor as she would have put into sending a golf-ball swinging down a fairway.

"One of these days," Patricia informed the officer, "you'll break your neck—or somebody else's—on that mechanical kiddy-car of yours."

A Love Story in High Speed

By Royal Brown

No lady would have done that. But then, Patricia never pretended to be a lady. She did choose, however, to consider herself a gentleman, and certainly if her car ever had hit anybody she would not have run away. It was like being accused of cheating.

"You traffic cops seem to think you can say anything and get away with it," she flung at him, breathing with difficulty. "You——"

She broke off, reached tempestuously into the pocket in the door beside her, and producing a slip of paper, thrust it under his outraged nose.

"License, please!" she mimicked. "I'll save you the bother of asking me for it. And don't forget to charge me with assault on an officer too—I'd love that."

Ever so briefly he glared at her, his blue Irish eyes chill as bayonet points.

Then, without a word, he took the proffered license, brought out a pencil from his coat pocket and copied her name and address in his book.

"You'd better hold down to twenty until you're out of my sight," he advised, with clipped brevity, as he restored the license to her.

"I," retorted Patricia, "will do as I darn please."

Nevertheless, though still furious, she did hold down to less than twenty-five until her rear-vision mirror informed her he was no longer in sight. Then she glanced at her wrist watch. She was late; it was after three, and eighty miles lay between her and afternoon tea at the Fitzgeralds'. She was, as always, pushed for time but: "I suppose," she reflected, "I'd better call Con up."

Drawing up at the curb outside a drug store she went in to phone.

"Mr. O'Connor?" she said, and when the connection was made, "Con, it's Pat speaking. I think I'm pinched."

"Good Lord, again?" came Con's voice. "Can't——"

"It was all your fault," she informed him severely. "You kept me too long at luncheon. I told you I was in a hurry."

"You always are."

"And I am now. I just thought I'd better phone you at once."

"Much obliged!" sarcastically, of course. But: "I'll try to fix it up."

"You'd better," she assured him. And as an afterthought added, "I think this cop is going to be nasty—perhaps you won't be able to——"

The phone was a nickel-in-the-slot affair, not equipped with television. But just the same, she could see Con's lean, blue-black jaw set itself at that suggestion.

"I'll shut him up," he assured her definitely. Yet he added, "What did you say to him, anyway?"

"Thanks, awfully," said Pat hastily. "See you at the house on Saturday. I must run now."

She hung up, ending the brief conversation that contained little to suggest either Romeo or Juliet. Yet they were more or less engaged. Con construed it as more, she as less.

This had been the situation for two years now. So far as Con was concerned, ever since he had gone to see Pat's father at home and there encountered the lazy insolence of Pat's level gaze.

"Is—er—Mr. Collins at home?" Con had asked, somewhat shaken from his usual poise.

So far as Pat's effect on the more impressionable sex was concerned, that occurrence was not at all unprecedented.

"He is," she had replied serenely. "With two boils on his neck and a temper to match."

Later, her father had spoken of Con. "He's young yet but he's smart," he had said, which from Tom Collins meant a lot. "He knows all the law there is in the books and some that isn't there."

The law that wasn't there, Patricia suspected, was what counted. A man who handles contracts running into millions is forever running into legal snares the law books set and looking for something to cut him out of the red tape.

After that first meeting, Pat had seen a lot of Con. She had not led him on, but neither had she definitely discouraged him.

Con, being canny, played a waiting game. "Look them over," he had advised her with a grin. "You might do worse."

"You hate yourself, don't you?" had been her reply.

That was the situation on this July afternoon when Patricia again set the nose of her smart roadster toward Smuggler's Cove, where she and her father made their summer home.

Smuggler's Cove had once been less picturesquely named; in fact, the natives still persisted in referring to the expanse of sparkling blue the summer colony looked out on as Smith's Creek. But that had merely been its name before a land company had assayed the possibilities, dredged the creek and, developing the rechristened surroundings, proceeded to sell lots at fifteen thousand and up—mostly up.

It was a moneyed colony, naturally, but it was not at all like Newport or Bar Harbor, else Tom Collins would not have been there.

Tom Collins was not the sort to say much, ever. Occasionally he spoke pungently but more often he viewed life and his immediate surroundings in silence, enigmatic of eye. If, at Smuggler's Cove, he had nostalgic memories of the summer cottage he had rented the year before Mollie died—when Pat was three, that had been, and fifty dollars for the season had seemed something to talk about—he never mentioned them.

It had, none the less, seemed to him a grand place then and the sort of place one would never forget.

A place where a man, in his suspenders and shirt-sleeves, could smoke a TD at night with his feet on the porch rail. No conveniences, but all the solid comfort in the world. With the Kennedys on one side and the Curleys on the other and Pat with a bruised knee from bathing and Mollie assuring him that she felt like a million dollars—Mollie doing her own cooking and the washing over a coal-stove and calling it a grand vacation.

"Sure," she had protested, "and why should we be paying three dollars a week for a girl that wouldn't earn her keep?"

They had said, when the treacherous uplift the summer had given Mollie had passed and she had died, that Tom Collins would marry again sure, with Pat—and her a born handful—to take care of.

He never had. Nor had he spoken Mollie's name to anybody of his own volition for years. But there were moments when he would have surrendered every cent he had in the world to live that summer over and give Mollie the girl she had protested against as too great an expense for the likes of them.

It was a queer world. Here was he, who had worked with pick and shovel, at Smuggler's Cove. With a house that had more baths than you would have found in all County Antrim when he was a boy; with four cars in the big garage and a speed boat for Pat; a chauffeur, a man-of-all-work, three maids and all the conveniences human ingenuity has devised.

Nowadays he never went collarless or with his suspenders in evidence. He had slipped unprotestingly into the mold his millions had made for him; his life and his person were competently, if comfortlessly, tailored these days. But through it all he remained Tom Collins, silent and enigmatic of eye.

¶ *"I," said Pat scornfully, "would be glad*

So Pat found him as her car swung into the landscaped drive. He was having a vacation; a contractor's vacation. Figuring, in his head, the amount of paint needed to give the house and the garage two coats. They, gleaming white in the sunshine, needed no paint. But his mind needed that sort of diversion—here.

He turned at the sound of her car on the drive. "Back so soon?" he said.

No more than that; yet there was more in his eyes.

To him she was the never-ceasing miracle. He called her smart and so she was. He was proud of her and, at the same time, sometimes a bit afraid of her. She was so much like the proud ladies who used to ride to the hounds over Antrim in his boyhood—the ladies who never had a glance for the snub-nosed, ragged little urchin whose eyes followed them.

Pat, swinging easily from behind the wheel, was the spit of them. Slim, arrogant, even aristocratic! Prettier than Mollie had been. Aye—and harder.

"Going to swim?" he asked.

"As soon as I can get into my suit," she replied.

They swam together when he was at Smuggler's Cove and—perhaps it was the few clothes they all wore now—she always was ready first. He found her waiting for him on the pier in a bathing-suit that would have left Mollie gasping.

"Beat you to the raft," she challenged, and plunged.

It was now after five and this was the week Larry Dugan got

to present him to either of you. It wasn't a case of love at first sight—anything but!"

off at four. He was home; had, in fact, just entered the kitchen, holding a youngster of four by the slack of his trousers, and he was addressing its presiding genius.

"Why don't you keep young Larry out of the street?" he demanded curtly.

"Was he in the street?" she gasped. "The way that imp——" She broke off there, turned to her offspring. "How many times have I told you you mustn't run off when Mother's not looking?" she stormed. She took his hands and slapped them while he howled. "You're a naughty, naughty boy!"

Larry's lips set. "He's too young to know what he's doing," he interposed austerely. "It's up to you to keep an eye on him."

She thrust back a wisp of hair from a hot forehead and glared at him.

"Oh, is that so?" she said. "And I suppose you think that's all I have to do. The way he slips out——"

"He'll slip out once too often."

"Don't I lie awake nights thinking of it?" she demanded passionately. "I——" She broke off as her eyes met his. "Go take a swim before dinner—it will make you feel better," she suggested.

The tenement backed up against what was known as Coogan's Cove. There was a bit of water there, but it was highly improbable that even the most optimistic land company would consider developing it and rechristening it in the hope of establishing a summer colony. Still, one could swim. As Larry presently did, in waters and amid surroundings markedly different from those Pat and her father found at their disposal.

They—Pat and her father—sat on the edge of the raft. Seagulls wheeled and whistled above them; the water into which Pat trailed her slim feet was clear and translucent.

"How did you find Con?" asked Tom Collins, breaking a silence. Pat was preoccupied. What had happened? Was it Con?

"Fine," replied Pat. "He'll be down Saturday."

So it wasn't Con. "Many at the Fitzgeralds'?" he ventured.

"I didn't go. I was late," replied Pat. She paused, almost imperceptibly, and then added, "I was pinched—for speeding."

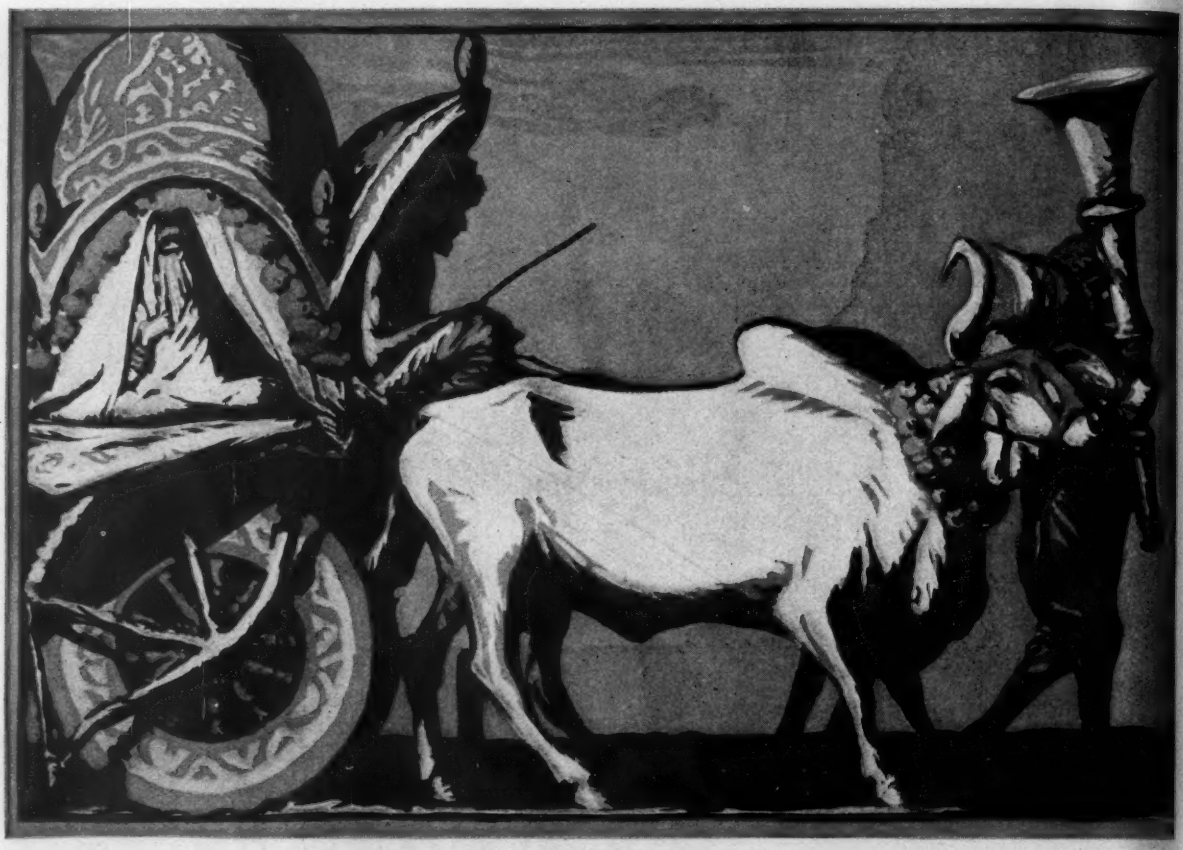
Well, that might be it. Still, "You don't usually mind that much," he commented dryly.

"Why should I?" she countered. But her eyes darkened. "The cop was just plain nasty," she went on. "One of the sort that seem to think they can be as insulting as they want to be."

"What did he say?" demanded Tom Collins, quickening.

Pat knew that tone. He was not so very much bigger than she but he was a born fighter. In his youth he had been a whirling fury with his fists and had even had some experience in the prize-ring. Those days were gone, but behind his enigmatic eyes a swift temper still lurked.

"He said," Pat informed him, with (*Continued on page 120*)



Illustrations by
Wilfred Jones

Child of

By Katherine Mayo

JUST a page, as commonplace as sleep, out of the long, long book of life in Hindu India.

It all took place in one room—the women's common room in a rich Brahman's house in the Madras Presidency. An upstairs room, on three sides blind, while on the fourth it opened darkly on a darkling inner gallery.

A bare room, whose furniture began and ended with a table, two chairs and a few floor-mats. A dingy, sunless, cheerless room, with dirty, finger-marked walls. A room with an abiding morbid smell of mold and drugs and curry, of ailing human bodies and of clogged or missing drains. A room, in fact, identical with other women's rooms in other Brahman houses encircling the ancient temple that made world-famous this ancient town.

All day long, coming and going, the women foregathered in the Room for talk and rest: the Brahman's old mother; his three sons' wives; his two widowed sisters; the wives of several young cousins or nephews; and Alamelu, his little daughter. Amongst them, without order or governance, their many small children crawled or toddled, played, wept or slept; and alternately, even to the three-year-olds, stuffed curry and rice or fought off the new baby for the mother's breast.

All day long, what was there for the women to do—save when the husbands' summons came? To worship with due ceremony the family's idols, placating watchful gods; to oversee the preparation of meals, then, each, with downcast eyes, to serve her lord his food; to sleep, to eat sweets, to chew betel and spit the red juice against the walls; to talk about jewelry and clothes and child-bearing, sickness, pain, the ways of husbands; how to snare favor, how to weave spells and curses; how to bring rivals to naught; and always, to bicker and quarrel, to concoct scandals and to sing the chronicles of the Heavenly Host.

Not one of them could read or write a single word. The old mother, head of the women, held such learning to be of the devil; so that if a new child wife, introduced into the household, brought with her a smattering from the school, it soon slipped quite away, lost forever in the shadows of the Room.

Not one of them possessed any knowledge of the outer world, its ways, its people or its use of life.

Some of the young women coughed badly; one had coughed until the blood gushed, and then had died.

"It is because they get no sun and air, and never any exercise," said an English doctor-lady whom the Brahman once brought in to see if perchance she could help.

"Sun, air and exercise are for low-castes, not for women of our station," spoke the old mother, stiffly.

And never again could any doctor-lady gain entrance to the house.

But those who had coughed a little coughed worse, and tossed with fever at night; so that often and often during the long dark hours, one or another, wakening a baby, would take it into her arms as a toy, the better to beguile the tedium of pain.

After that, they died, and new wives—children all—came in their place.

But nothing ever changed the Rule of the Room.

Yet to call the place unhappy were to err. The men of the household were kind to their wives, according to their light, and rarely beat them. The women, such as had husbands, venerated—even loved their husbands; adored their children,

Mother India

A Story from *The Brahman's House*

counted themselves greatly blessed not to be sterile—not to be turned away; and saw surely in the death of those that died no sorrow, but rather a glorious safety from the dread stroke of widowhood. The widows rejoiced in the goodness of their brother who gave them shelter; in the protection of their mother who largely shielded them from persecution by the wives; and in their consequent peace and safety in which to do penance for the elevation of their dead husbands' souls.

The old Mother Dowager, undisputed Autocrat of the Household and Guardian of the Faith, was happy in her son's devotion and proud of the little grandsons multiplying at her knees. Finally the children, having their every demand satisfied, suffered only from spoiling, from colic and assorted infections, and from fits of rage.

Not one member of the entire household suspected the existence of any more desirable type of earthly life, and none, therefore, desired change. Save only Alamelu, the good Brahman's small daughter, just over ten years old.

Alamelu's whole being was a pit of secret despair. Ever since she could lisp, Alamelu had prayed for a husband—prayed to receive a husband noble as Rama the god, and to be to him a wife like Sita, his faithful mate. The grandmother herself had taught her those prayers in true Brahmanic form, and had daily and vigorously seen to their practise.

Furthermore, each day of her life Alamelu had heard every function of sex discussed without reserve or limit, until her mind was steeped in conviction that sex-use alone was the reason and end of female being. Not to marry, she knew, were perdition thrice confounded. And yet, as her own time approached, black agonies possessed her.

It began two years before when Rajammal, her beloved elder sister, then lately sent to her husband, made her first visit as a wife to her father's house. Rajammal's match had been brilliant as to caste and fortune, and she, beautiful child, had gone to its consummation rejoicing. But the Rajammal who returned after six months' wifehood came as a broken thing.

The tale she told was a tale of degradation as well as of pain. And little Alamelu, clinging passionately to her sister's cold fingers while the listening women lamented, felt the knife in her own heart. "The men of his house were ever wife-slayers—had never mercy!" the women wailed on.

After Rajammal's departure, the short home-visit done, Alamelu brooded always on her dear one's woes. Over and over, phrase by phrase, her faultless memory rehearsed the shame she had heard, while the terrors of her sister's mind transfused her own.

Hideous shapes and scenes took form in her brain, awaiting only their moment to stand forth and strike her stiff with fear. By day she dwelt apart in that grim picture-world. By night her sister's voice, shrieking for pity, destroyed her rest.

"Alamelu is pretty enough, but she does not grow. Rather, she declines," observed the household after a time. "Past nine and she looks scarce seven. She jumps and trembles at every little sound. She has not the courage of a mouse. Will a husband be pleased with that?"

Then, "He may," it decided comfortably. "Some do. Who knows!"

Whereat Alamelu, shivering afresh, crept close to her own mother's side and hid in the folds of her veil.

But of that which obsessed her she spoke never a word. Not to anyone on earth.

Nor did the mother, who tenderly loved her, know what to ask or what to do. Was she, too, not part and product of the Room—and a mere voiceless, creditless thing, mother only of girls?

YET even the weakest of slaves will think; and often, behind the mask of silent and submissive melancholy, Alamelu's mother speculated on the greatness of the old Mother Dowager. She also, after all, was a woman; how then had greatness come about?

But the process, in fact, had been as logical as common. Long years ago the Dowager too had been sent, a child wife, from the arms of loving parents to this same old house beside the temple. Here, according to immemorial custom, the mother-in-law of that day had at once set about breaking her to harness. No more laughter, no more play, no more free chatter and song, no more liberty to speak to or before the powers of the household, except by special command to speak; no right to rest, no right to love, no right to sympathy. Instead, child though she was, she must serve the whole household as, save the widows, the lowest of its members; must drudge at domestic labor, sure of sharp abuse, often blows, for every childish lapse or mistake; and equally sure never to receive for work well done one crumb of praise from any creature. Sure, too, of frequent slanderous beratings in the presence of guests in the house. And always sure of her husband's demands upon her frail body.

In stolen moments of weeping, during those bitter years, the child wife had vowed that, should the gods grant her a son who lived and became the head of the family—should she herself ever thus become the autocrat of the inner house, she would remember her own sorrows of today and show mercy to all child wives sent home to her keeping.

But, bit by bit, the law of compensation asserted itself. When her son was born alive the spirit of self-assertion awoke in her, and with it, naturally enough, a budding allegiance to the code that, until that day, had victimized her. Does not the code decree that the one end of wifehood is to produce a male child? Having now fulfilled that end, by the code's own virtue she had acquired merit. And credit, in however little measure given, was balm to her bruised heart. Her son grew to manhood, and as he grew her credit grew with him, thanks still to the code that so decreed. And when at last, at his father's death, her son became head of the family, and she, his mother, the Autocrat of the inner house, what wonder that the code which had at last rewarded her pains with authority and honor—what wonder that this same code, with all its iron-fanged laws, all its cruel tyrannies, should have become the adoration of her life?

Not hard of heart was she—not cruel by pleasure, as was the Autocrat who had killed her own childhood; yet none the less surely had she become high priestess of every jot and tittle of the cult.

So passed a year, day twin to day for Alamelu. And then, out of the shadows, shone a ray of almost unbearable light. Rajammal—Rajammal the beloved—Rajammal, of whom no word had been heard in all these weary months, was coming again on a visit; coming in a grand big automobile, new-bought to the glory of her rich husband.

Darling Rajammal—though only for a day—was coming home! Alamelu could touch her, could take her hand, could feast her eyes upon her, could listen and see for herself whether the gods had heard her prayers, had relented, had restored health and happiness and given peace!

The day dawned. The rose-pink limousine rushed hooting into the street; with one last roar of horns and grinding of brakes pulled up at the door. A heavy-swathed something, lifted out, was carried up the stairs, tottered into the Room and, with a wail, sank into the outstretched arms of the women.

Scarce need of words, and yet, when the lamentations of greetings had subsided, words came—words in gasps, between pauses filled with outcry from the sympathetic wives. Words, and wails; silences, and tears.

"Behold, the men of his house were ever wife-torturers! It is in their blood," echoed the women as before. "Merciless they are, merciless they will be. Alas for all women! Alas! Alas!"

And Alamelu, crouching at her sister's side, her burning cheek against that ice-cold hand, listened speechless through it all, while each base detail scorched its image upon her brain.

But no one, in the general emotion, noticed Alamelu. Why should they? Where else should she be? And yet it was then that she formed the great resolve of her life. Desperately she strove with fear. She *could* not! She *must!*

At last the knell of parting struck. With gentle hands the women raised their half-fainting guest to clothe her for the journey—and on the spur of that dread sight little Alamelu, tottering to her feet, stumbled across the room to prostrate herself before the Arbiter.

"O most reverend Mother of my Father"—the childish treble wavered high—"thou hast heard the measure of my sister's woes, which pass the power of flesh to bear. Tell us, is there no mercy anywhere? Must she return to her husband's house?"

Amazed, the old woman gazed down upon the child, so little and so passing timorous, so greatly to have dared! Amazed and silent, almost as if pitying.

Then she spoke, kindly enough, yet with the sternness of death:

"Child of my child, and heir of the common lot, come hither. Give me thy hands between my hands. Put all heresy and rebellion from thy heart. Now listen while I recite our law that ordereth all women, which to break were to incur the torments of eternities untold.

"*There is no other god on earth for a woman than her husband. The most excellent of all the good works she can do is to seek to please him by manifesting perfect obedience to him . . . Let his defects be what they may, let his wickedness be what it may, a wife should always look upon him as her god . . . If her husband abuses her grossly, she shall lay hold of his hands, kiss them and beg his pardon . . . Let all her words and actions give public proof that she looks upon her husband as her god.*

"Child, thou hast heard once for all. Know now that the house of my son, thy father, is a house of honor, of obedience to the most high gods. Brahman women we be, and living or dying, *we keep the code.* Thy sister, therefore, since her lord requireth it, returns to his house tonight. So be it. Go."

But Alamelu scarcely heard the last few words.

Afterward, when the flurry of departure was over and the Room had quieted down, Alamelu's mother came to the child, raised her in her arms and brought her slowly back to consciousness.

"Never mind, my pet, never mind!" she coaxed. "Thy sister but works out her Karma—her fate. There is no other path. It were no true love to interfere—but only an offense to the holy gods."

And then, as the child's heavy sobs wrenched her frail body the more, came the thought to divert her.

"Listen, my jewel," cooed the mother. "Listen and be cheered. For thy father, this very day, hath fixed thine own marriage—and famously well. Nothing can stop it now. Thou goest to thy husband this very next month. And a fine big man he is, stouter than thy father, and rich withal, and he will load thee down with splendid gems and beautiful raiment, and thou shal bear brave sons and——"

"But *who* is he?" As if in foreknowledge of doom, the child started erect to ask the question, her every muscle tense and quivering, her eyes like the eyes of a wounded deer.

"'*Who* is he?' '*Who?*' Why—why——" The mother stammered, hesitated, stared blankly back, as if she herself now first confronted the fact. Then: "Oh, my little one! Oh, my dove! Oh, my tiny, tiny flower! It is true! *Thou art his fifth mating and he the elder brother of thy sister's lord!*"

With one helpless moan, she clasped her child in her arms.

Clinging Vine? Ha!

By O. O. McIntyre

(That once sturdy oak)

I AM beginning to knit a wrinkle or so about us men-folks. Something terrible has happened. Not only do we not amount to much any more but we seem to be growing more helpless every day. Sometimes I don't think we will last for another generation.

Women are living longer and doing bigger things than ever before. They are blithely swimming channels out of which limp men are dredged, beseeching someone to get a doctor. They are flying our oceans.

They are showing more endurance and beating men at golf and tennis. They are heading our banks, becoming governors of our states and mayors of our cities. And share this among you, they are even raiding our speak-easies.

Only recently the president of a New Jersey medical society spoke right out and said the women had become the stronger sex just as though that was something hot. I had a notion to telegraph him bicycles were no longer a craze either.

Any man not entirely purblind long ago has realized that in an important business deal these days the feminine decision is a powerful, if not a deciding, factor.

No longer is woman's place in the industrial world encompassed in: "Miss Timmins, please take this letter!" Pallid young men with polished nails are now taking the dictation.

Woman has her place on the boards of directors and she may be called upon overnight to swing up the gang-plank to buy a mine in South Africa. Why, even those who want a bootleg drink are instructed to "knock three times and ask for Violet."

I can trot you around in a six-block area outside my workshop and point out a dozen highly successful commercial enterprises—from selling automobiles to flowers—that are owned and capably directed by women. Young and good-looking, too.

Visit any of the smart luncheon places in New York and you will see more modestly dressed women closing up big deals than débutantes flowered in orchids just trying to show off.

Women have usurped man's place as desk pounders. They talk straight from the shoulder and with the voice of authority. They won't be bluffed. And come to think of it, how long has it been since you saw a lady faint?

Try to approach any of the high-powered female executives these days with a little of the old taffy and see where you get—other than out.

I can remember that when women were just creeping mouselike into the business world it was considered cute to send the Brummell of the staff to deal with them. He was the Romeo to charm the Juliet at her desk, and he often did. But today he receives something that has all the earmarks of the raspberry.

And in the meantime what has been happening to the men who have suffered the invasion—the lollypops! From where I sit they seem to be hanging to the ropes and whining for aspirin. I for one expect them to be counted out at any moment. In fact you may find them under the table in almost any drinking-bout with the ladies—completely out.

Those lads who used to shake the rafters with their booming voices now come into the office soaping their hands and whinnying to Miss Soandso, the general manager, for their day's orders.

I've heard all about women's rights, the feminine movement and other tosh but they do not explain this phenomenon which is relegating man to second place in almost every field of endeavor.

THE unvarnished truth is, and shoot if you must this old gray head, that real red-corpusc ed manliness is becoming a lost quality. I for one am not able, ha, ha, entirely to laugh off the fact that "the Nance" and "the Pansy" have become a part of our every-day conversation.

Just this morning at breakfast I saw a man leaving the dining-room in his mincing *mignon* way, and as he passed, Eddie Cantor observed: "He must have come out of the woodwork!" But to me it wasn't so funny, for I recognized in this diluted milksop the last of a gallant strain. His forefathers had blazed trails across the continent and gone around the Horn in wind-jammers. And there he was—just a Willie off the pickle boat.

So we have it coming to us. We can't go on this way forever, painting lamp-shades and wearing handkerchiefs in our cuffs. The fact is, it is no longer the fashion for a man to be robust and virile. The idea is to be pale and interesting and perhaps lisp a little.

Almost all of us have at some time or other witnessed the depressing spectacle of some beefy, overgrown lummox coming into a well-filled room only to sneak off into a corner and spend the evening fumbling with his hands and blushing. And we find out the big sap has a "mother fixation."

What he needs is a swift, well-placed kick and a twelve-hour-a-day job.

His Last

By Robert Hichens

THE Reverend Tom Ellis, chaplain of D—— Prison not far from London, was unusually pale and restless on that Friday afternoon in November. A big stalwart fellow—he had been a well-known footballer and Oxford "blue" before he went into the Church—with rather blunt features and straight honest eyes, he usually looked self-possessed and, though sympathetic, unemotional. He was in fact a particularly masculine type of clergyman, quite a man's clergyman, whereas many of those who devote themselves to the "calling" may be dubbed not libelously women's clergymen. But that day his pale face was emotional. Apparently he couldn't keep still. His big muscular hands were perpetually in motion. And it was quite evident that though he was shut up alone in his study in the chaplain's house within the precincts of the prison he couldn't settle to anything.

It was just four o'clock, but already the evening was falling around the prison. Very soon it would be as dark as night. There was a "black" frost outside, but the chaplain's study was warm and cozy. A large fire was burning and near it there was a tea-table with cups and plates for two. The teapot had not been brought in.

Tom Ellis stood at the window. But the coming-on of darkness seemed to affect him disagreeably, for suddenly, with a brusk movement, he pulled down the blind, stepped back and then drew the thick curtains.

"That's better!" he muttered.

He went over to his writing-table, sat down by it and put his head in his hands. He stayed there for a moment, then got up and went to his book-shelves. After running his hand along the book backs he took down a Bible, carried it over to the fire, opened it and began quickly turning over the leaves. Now and then he stopped for an instant and evidently read, then turned more leaves. He murmured a text, another, seemed to hesitate like a man saying to himself, "Will *that* do?" shook his head and continued on his pilgrimage through the sacred book.

He still had it in his hands when the study door opened and a slim girl of about twenty-two, with brown hair and sensitive brown eyes, came into the room looking anxious.

"Surely it's not tea time yet!" exclaimed the chaplain, like a man unpleasantly startled.

"It is, dear. It's a quarter past four."

And at that moment a maid came in with the tea.

When she had gone Tom Ellis tapped on the Bible cover with nervous fingers.

"Isn't it awful, Millie? I can't get any good out of this. It's the first time. But I can't!" He laid the Bible down. "I've no appetite," he said, looking at the tea-table with something like hostility.

He took out his watch. "Yes, it's twenty past four!"

"You must have your tea even if you don't feel inclined for it. It can't make you feel worse and may make you feel a little better."

"Oh, no! That's impossible. But I'll drink the tea. I simply couldn't get any food down."

He sat down by the table opposite her and smiled ruefully.

"In all my life, Millie, I've never had such an awful feeling as I have now. I didn't think I could feel like this. I'm not a nervy man as a rule. But today I feel helpless, absolutely helpless. And not only that! I feel guilty."

She gave him his cup. She didn't try to persuade him to eat. The mere sight of him made her know that it would be useless.

"Oh, but why guilty?" she said.

¶ *"I can't play the middleman between*

"I do! I feel guilty because *I'm* not going to be hanged tomorrow morning."

"But Tom dear, that isn't reasonable," his wife said, very gently.

"Isn't it? I'm not so sure. I'm not so sure."

"How can it be? You haven't committed a crime."

"No, not yet."

"Not yet! What do you mean?"

Night *on Earth*

Illustrations by
Sydney Seymour-Lucas

God and you, Hartley," said the chaplain. "I can't!"

"Oh, I dare say I never shall commit what they call a crime. But still—I can tell you this, Millie: when I go into that man's cell in a few minutes I shall have that guilty feeling intensified. I know I shall. There's a look he has—he's not a bad man, Millie. He's a murderer but he's not a bad man. I feel he's no worse than I am, and not half so bad as a lot of fellows I met when I was working in London.

"If he were obviously a ruffian perhaps this wouldn't have such an effect on me. But every time I see him I have the feeling—'You're no better than he is. You're in no way superior to him. Perhaps you're even inferior. What earthly right have you to go to him as if you were his superior and *minister* to him—as they call it?'"

"But I'm sure you never——"

"Of course not! That would be hopeless. But the mere fact of my situation and his makes me feel as if I were a brute and a Pharisee. And of course today it will be worse still. Tomorrow he'll be gone. He'll be on the other side. He'll *know*. What can I say to him? What's the good of the Bible?"

"Oh, Tom!"

"Millie, we can't, we simply can't be conventional today! At any rate I can't! Not with this just in front of me. I can't throw texts at him. Many texts are quite beautiful. Nobody knows that better than I do. The Bible is full of glorious things, things to shake a man. But—no, I can't throw the Bible at him as if *I* had a right to. And as to praying with him, I feel I can't do that either. Before I ever took up this work I sometimes read in the papers that in the evening before an execution the prison chaplain prayed with the condemned man. And it seemed to me all right that it should be so. It seemed to me that the chaplain and the condemned man had done the right thing.

"But not now! And then I read perhaps that the chaplain pressed the condemned man to confess, to make full confession of his crime. And that seemed to me fairly right and natural too. But do you think I could ever ask this poor fellow—no, 'poor' isn't the right adjective either—this fellow Hartley to make a full confession to *me?* Never! Never!"

He put down his cup and jerked out his watch. "Half past four! Millie, I don't know how I'm going to get through with it. I don't indeed."

His wife refilled his cup. She noted, with secret gladness, that the tea was strong. She gave the cup back to him. He took it mechanically.

"Hartley won't make any confession to me. I'm certain of that. He's not the man to do it. There's something—Millie, I'll tell you something that I haven't told anyone. There's no harm in your knowing but don't ever speak of it."

"Of course I won't."

"No; you're not a feminine sieve! It's this. I'm quite sure, positive, that Hartley isn't sorry for having done what he did. He meant it. He made up his mind to do it. He did it. And he wouldn't have it undone. I know that."

"Has he said so?"

"No. But I know that it is so. Hartley has done what he considered was the right thing to do."

"Then he is morally warped?"

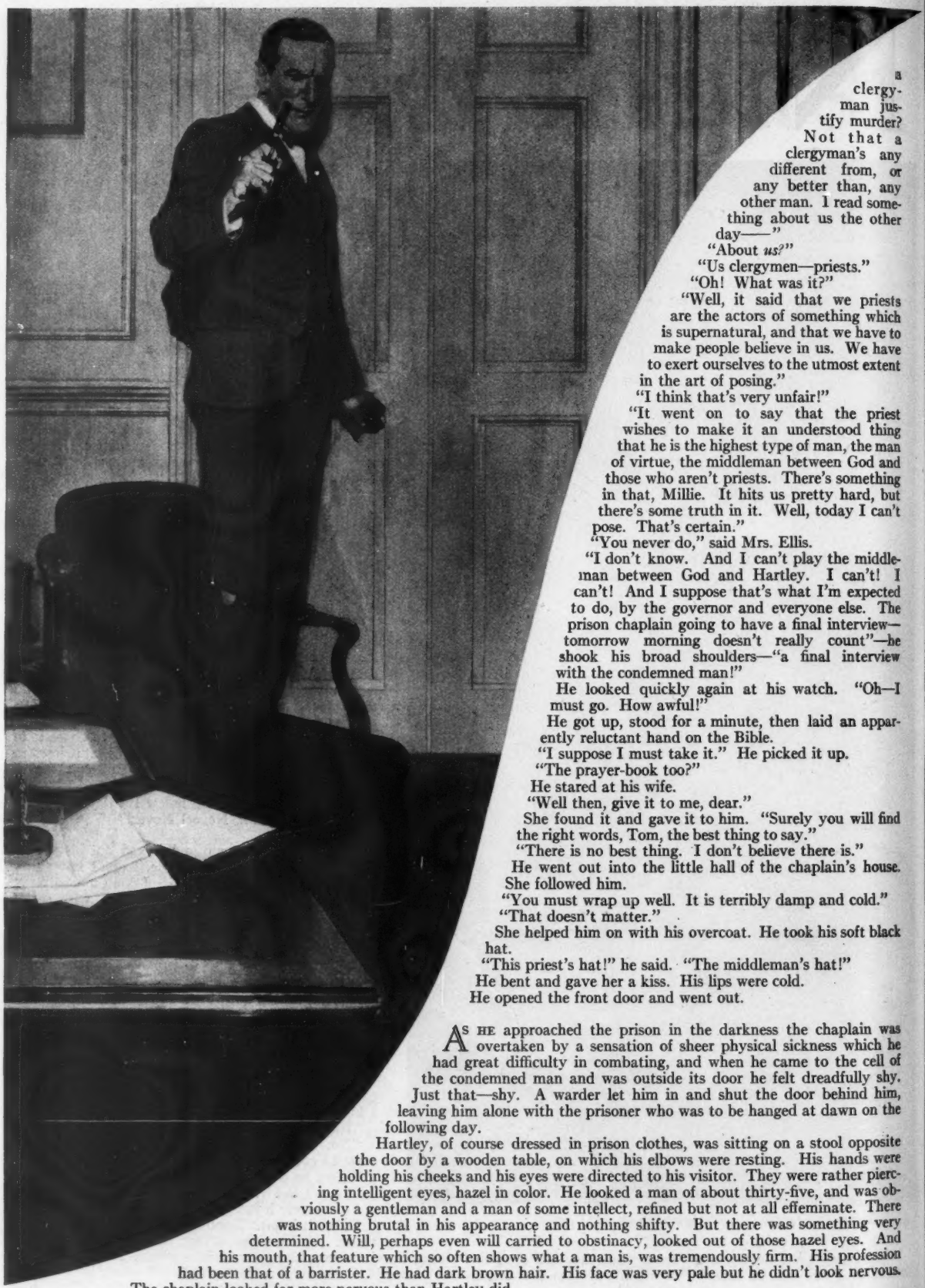
"I don't feel it."

"But surely it must be so—murder!"

"I don't know. I don't know. I don't know anything. All I can say is that Hartley strikes me as a brave man, a strong character, a man whom, if I met him out in the world, I should be ready to trust. Of course he murdered the Harley Street man, Doctor Baines, Lionel Baines. That's not in question, never has been. The question is, what was his motive? No one knows. All he has ever said has been, 'I had a sufficient reason.'"

"But how can there be a sufficient reason for murder?"

"I don't say there can be. I don't justify murder. How can



a clergyman justify murder? Not that a clergyman's any different from, or any better than, any other man. I read something about us the other day——"

"About *us?*"

"Us clergymen—priests."

"Oh! What was it?"

"Well, it said that we priests are the actors of something which is supernatural, and that we have to make people believe in us. We have to exert ourselves to the utmost extent in the art of posing."

"I think that's very unfair!"

"It went on to say that the priest wishes to make it an understood thing that he is the highest type of man, the man of virtue, the middleman between God and those who aren't priests. There's something in that, Millie. It hits us pretty hard, but there's some truth in it. Well, today I can't pose. That's certain."

"You never do," said Mrs. Ellis.

"I don't know. And I can't play the middleman between God and Hartley. I can't! I can't! And I suppose that's what I'm expected to do, by the governor and everyone else. The prison chaplain going to have a final interview—tomorrow morning doesn't really count"—he shook his broad shoulders—"a final interview with the condemned man!"

He looked quickly again at his watch. "Oh—I must go. How awful!"

He got up, stood for a minute, then laid an apparently reluctant hand on the Bible.

"I suppose I must take it." He picked it up.

"The prayer-book too?"

He stared at his wife.

"Well then, give it to me, dear."

She found it and gave it to him. "Surely you will find the right words, Tom, the best thing to say."

"There is no best thing. I don't believe there is."

He went out into the little hall of the chaplain's house. She followed him.

"You must wrap up well. It is terribly damp and cold."

"That doesn't matter."

She helped him on with his overcoat. He took his soft black hat.

"This priest's hat!" he said. "The middleman's hat!"

He bent and gave her a kiss. His lips were cold.

He opened the front door and went out.

As he approached the prison in the darkness the chaplain was overtaken by a sensation of sheer physical sickness which he had great difficulty in combating, and when he came to the cell of the condemned man and was outside its door he felt dreadfully shy. Just that—shy. A warder let him in and shut the door behind him, leaving him alone with the prisoner who was to be hanged at dawn on the following day.

Hartley, of course dressed in prison clothes, was sitting on a stool opposite the door by a wooden table, on which his elbows were resting. His hands were holding his cheeks and his eyes were directed to his visitor. They were rather piercing intelligent eyes, hazel in color. He looked a man of about thirty-five, and was obviously a gentleman and a man of some intellect, refined but not at all effeminate. There was nothing brutal in his appearance and nothing shifty. But there was something very determined. Will, perhaps even will carried to obstinacy, looked out of those hazel eyes. And his mouth, that feature which so often shows what a man is, was tremendously firm. His profession had been that of a barrister. He had dark brown hair. His face was very pale but he didn't look nervous.

The chaplain looked far more nervous than Hartley did.

"Good evening, chaplain," he said, without moving.

"Good evening," said Tom Ellis.

"I see you've brought your good books with you," said the prisoner.

"I thought perhaps I ought to. I had half a mind to leave them behind me. But then it seemed to me that possibly I might want them."

The chaplain laid his Bible and prayer-book on the table, pulled up the only chair there was in the cell and sat down. For a moment there was complete silence. During that silence the chaplain felt a great desire to be terribly frank, as a man is scarcely ever frank, and to speak to the prisoner as he had just been speaking in his study to his wife. This feeling of desire made him realize how very seldom a man is absolutely frank with another man, how he is held back from absolute frankness by a multitude of tiny inhibitions, how insincere the intercourse of one man with another usually is.

He broke the silence by saying, "Hartley, I've come here. It was my duty to come here. But I don't know how to act, what to say, how to be. I'm at a complete loss. I've been dreading this interview all day. I've been on the rack with nerves. I want to be of some good. I want to be of some help. And I don't know at all how to be. Conventions are useless, hopeless—utterly hopeless. There are a whole lot of conventional things I might of course say. There are things, conventional things, I might do. I might read the Bible. I might pray. I might ask you to pray with me. But I simply can't. Somehow I should feel like the typical parson if I were to say or do the conventional thing. And I know with you it would be no sort of good. It wouldn't go down with you. But there's more in it than that. It wouldn't go down with *me*."

"No?" said the prisoner, looking at the chaplain steadily.

"No. Look here, I've just been having tea with my wife."

"Tea with your wife! That sounds strange to me. That any fellow should be able to sit in his house by his fire and have tea with his wife! That seems strange."

"It must. I say, I feel like being tremendously frank with you this evening. Will you mind if I am?"

"Not a bit. Why should I? I'm in a thoroughly frank situation. No pretense about it at all."

"Instead of praying and reading the Bible I should like to tell you what I've just been saying to my wife. Shall I?"

"If you feel you can by all means do."

THEN Tom Ellis gave the prisoner the substance of the conversation he had just had with his wife over the tea-table, concealing nothing. As he talked Hartley's face showed a gradually increasing concentrated interest. His eyes never left the clergyman's face. He leaned a little farther over the table. It was evident that his whole mind was absorbed in listening and weighing up what it received from the lips of his companion

The chaplain, once launched on his confession—for didn't it amount to that?—left nothing out. His memory of the conversation just over was absolutely sharp, absolutely clear. He repeated it almost word for word. He felt a curious relief and even pleasure in repeating it, the sort of relief and pleasure a man may feel on a torrid day in stripping off his clothes for a bath in clear water. At last he came to that almost fierce exclamation of his, "I can't play the middleman between God and Hartley. I can't! I can't!"

When he had spoken it he paused for a moment. There was perspiration on his forehead. He took out his handkerchief.

"I went away then," he at last added. "Just as I was going out my wife—she's a good sort, but thinks too well of me—said to me, 'Surely you will find the best words, the best thing to say.' And I said, 'There's no best thing.' And then I came here."

"Well, chaplain," said the condemned man, after waiting a moment, "there was a best thing. And you've said it."

"No? Have I though?"

"You have. I knew you were coming, of course. I knew you were a good sort of fellow, having seen you already. But I wasn't looking forward to your visit."

"No, of course not."

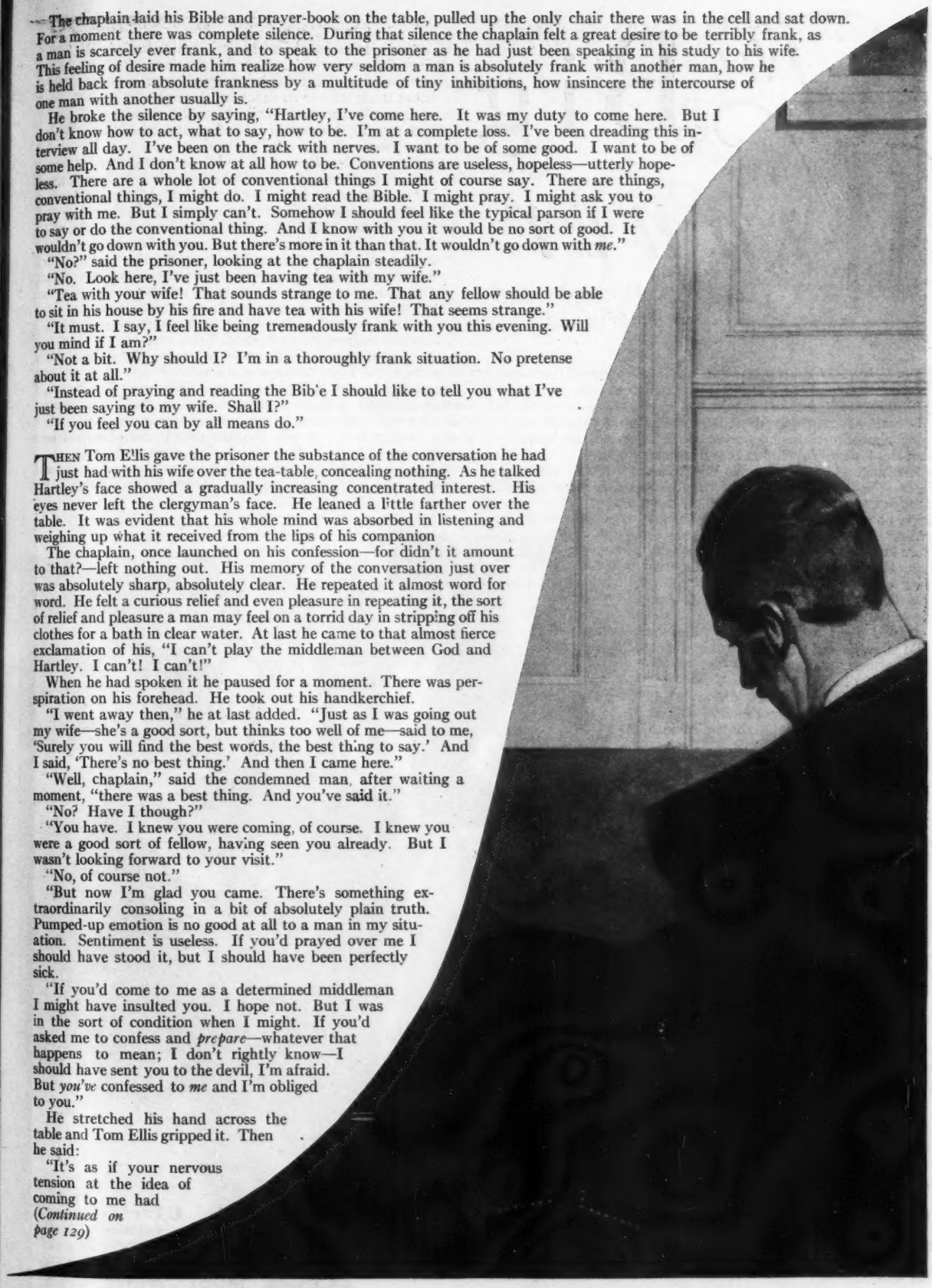
"But now I'm glad you came. There's something extraordinarily consoling in a bit of absolutely plain truth. Pumped-up emotion is no good at all to a man in my situation. Sentiment is useless. If you'd prayed over me I should have stood it, but I should have been perfectly sick.

"If you'd come to me as a determined middleman I might have insulted you. I hope not. But I was in the sort of condition when I might. If you'd asked me to confess and *prepare*—whatever that happens to mean; I don't rightly know—I should have sent you to the devil, I'm afraid. But *you've* confessed to *me* and I'm obliged to you."

He stretched his hand across the table and Tom Ellis gripped it. Then he said:

"It's as if your nervous tension at the idea of coming to me had

(*Continued on page 129*)



"I took counsel with myself and I resolved to do what my manhood seemed to bid me do, for my manhood told me that it lay with me to do justice. I went to see Baines. He was tremendously startled on seeing me. I had brought a revolver with me. I didn't say anything. It spoke for me."

The Big Winner

Illustration by
Henry Raleigh

INSTALLED in an easy chair in a dark corner of that somberly lighted bar—a quaint contrast to the brilliantly illuminated, somewhat garish restaurant adjoining—Tresholm became suddenly tense, assailed by a wave of tantalizing, almost torturing memories. He bent forward, his lean face strained, his eyes fixed upon the approaching figure.

A strange flood of memories this, to haunt the brain so suddenly—the pungent perfume of the Campagna herbs, the April sunlight flooding the plain, even to the outskirts of the city, the dark and splendid outline of St. Peter's itself, the music of those hasty words, the longing of her dark eyes, then the thundering of hoofs, the crack of the huntsman's whip—off again into the mild distraction of the hunt! But oh, that perfume, how it clung!

It was Lena who recognized him—a child when he had left Rome. She caught at the arm of her companion.

"Margherita, see, it is Signor Tresholm!"

He came forward then. The world of sweet fancies and memories had slipped back where it belonged. He smiled into her surprised, beautiful eyes, and raised her fingers to his lips in approved fashion.

"Princess," he murmured.

"You, Andrew!" she replied.

The seconds possessed their full measure of bitter sweetness. Lena claimed her few words, and the princess turned towards their companion—a somewhat weary-looking elderly man.

"Duke," she said, "let me present one of my dear English friends—Mr. Andrew Tresholm—the Duca di Michani. Signor Tresholm was at his Embassy in Rome when my husband interested himself in politics—five, six, alas, seven years ago."

The two men shook hands.

"I knew your chief very well, of course, Signore," the duke acknowledged.

A waiter and the manager himself were hovering in the background, anxious to welcome such distinguished clients. The princess turned to Tresholm.

"You are not by any fortunate chance alone?" she asked . . . "Yes? Then do join us. Indeed, if you will you will relieve me of some anxiety. Here, it is difficult to explain. This little enterprise of ours is undertaken much against my will. You would be of great assistance if you would join us."

"I will do so with pleasure," Tresholm accepted. "I must warn you, though, that I seldom dance."

"Yet I seem to remember," the woman murmured, "when the music was to your fancy, there were few who danced like you."

"It may be for that reason," he rejoined, "that today I dance but seldom."

She flashed a little glance at him, and people who saw it turned their heads to look at her, for she was indeed beautiful. Arrived at their table, to which they were escorted by the manager and the head waiter, Lena floated away almost at once with her escort. The princess smiled.

"Lena is the sister of my heart," she acknowledged. "Always she understands. Now, before we speak of anything else, dear friend, before I bring myself to realize how happy it has made me—even this brief meeting—let me tell you of this embarrassment in which we find ourselves. I came here tonight, because of it, in fear and trembling. With you, however, I feel safe."

"Tell me, by all means," he begged and glanced at her.

Indeed, she was as beautiful as ever in her silver gown, her famous pearls, her shining dark hair, her flawless complexion and her exquisitely shaped mouth. In the old days, when she had been kind to the young English attaché, she had been acknowledged one of the most beautiful women in Europe. It seemed to Tresholm that the years which had passed had not even disturbed the bloom of youth. Her brown eyes were as eloquent as ever. Her fingers rested upon his coat sleeve in the old appealing gesture.

"Dear friend," she confided, "last month we announced Lena's engagement to Bartoldi."

"I read of it," Tresholm murmured. "In spite of our vow not to write, I nearly sent you a line."

"The affair seemed well enough. Bartoldi is poor, but Lena is overrich already. I knew little of the young man. Like most others, he was supposed to be gay. What would you have? He is only twenty-four. It was thought that marriage would be good for him. I begin to doubt it. Indeed, I am frightened."

"Tell me exactly why," Tresholm suggested.

"We discovered one unsuspected thing—he is a gambler."

Tresholm was watching Bartoldi closely. That almost fierce glitter in his eyes had gone.

A Story of Monte Carlo where Gambling *is* More than a *Game*

By

E. Phillips Oppenheim

Tresholm smiled slightly. The thought of his own reputation flickered into his mind.

"He must be too young for that to have become a settled vice. He is playing here?"

"Night and day—and disastrously. Disastrously, not only for his purse, but, I am afraid, for his character. Lena is in great distress. I dare not tell my husband, and the duke here has hated the Bartoldis all his life and can find no good word to say about them. We have no one in whom to confide, and we are in great distress."

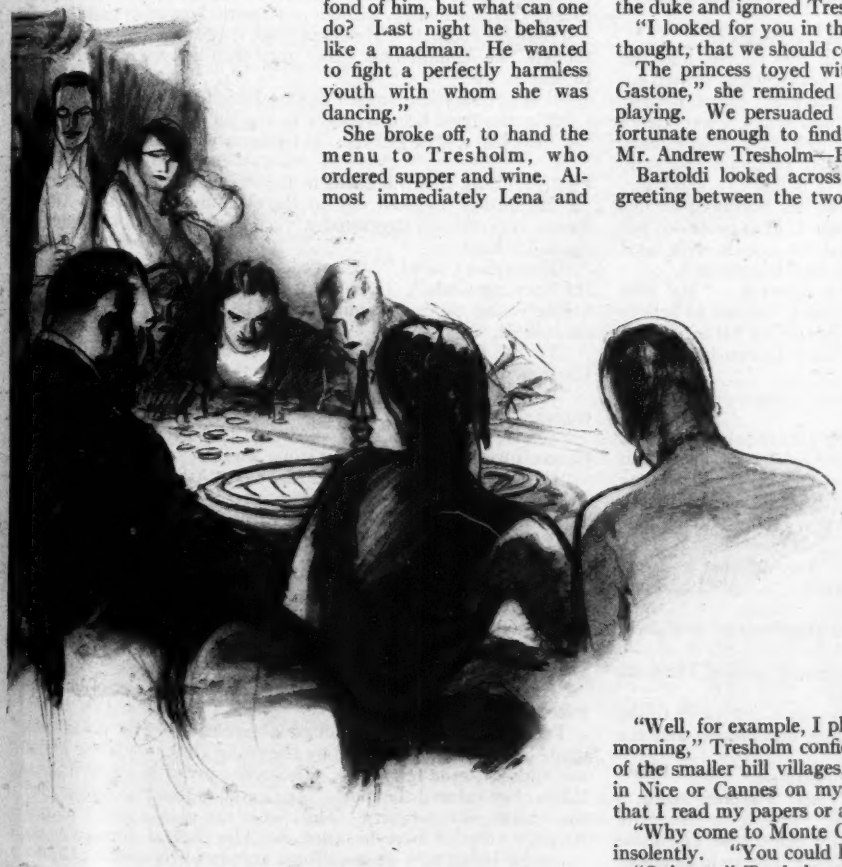
"Just how do things stand at present?" Tresholm asked.

"Gastone, as I told you, is not rich," the princess explained. "He comes here as our guest. He brought with him a hundred thousand lire for gambling. He has lost that. He has drawn another hundred thousand lire from home, he has borrowed some from me, and tonight he has borrowed from Lena.

"It is not only his money losses which are so distressing, but he himself is changing. Lena and I refuse to play at all, hoping that may have some effect. We came here last night with Michani and two other friends. Gastone arrived just as we were leaving. He behaved disgracefully. He quarreled with the man with whom Lena was dancing, and declared that until she was married she must dance with no one but him. He made a scene. I am afraid he was not quite sober. I was much ashamed, and a little frightened.

"Today he has obtained money somehow, and he is playing. As soon as he has lost it all, I fear that he will follow us here. He will perhaps make himself disagreeable. He is very violent, and I feel sure that he is drinking too much brandy. Lena is in despair. I know that she is fond of him, but what can one do? Last night he behaved like a madman. He wanted to fight a perfectly harmless youth with whom she was dancing."

She broke off, to hand the menu to Tresholm, who ordered supper and wine. Almost immediately Lena and



her escort returned to the table. Conversation—a pleasant farrago of reminiscences—became gay. The duke, approving alike of the caviar and the champagne, unbent. He danced again with Lena. The princess looked at her companion, and a little smile parted her wonderful lips.

"The dances are not the same, but the music—it remains. Andrew, you will dance with me?"

They danced, and he was back again in the flood of memories. There were a few whispered words, but the silence had its tumultuous charm. More than once he felt her cling to him—her slim, exquisite body yielding itself to his arms. When at last they sat down, Tresholm was a little breathless. It seemed to him that she was avoiding his eyes. Then suddenly she touched his sleeve.

"Bartoldi!" she exclaimed. "Look! In the doorway."

Tresholm turned his head and met the full gaze of the young man who had just entered. Bartoldi was very decorative, but he was not altogether sober. He stood there, gloomy, almost ferocious-looking. The princess waved her hand. He approached with deliberate footsteps. He bowed to the women, nodded to the duke and ignored Tresholm.

"I looked for you in the club," he said. "It was arranged, I thought, that we should come here."

The princess toyed with her fan. "At twelve o'clock, dear Gastone," she reminded him. "At one o'clock you were still playing. We persuaded the duke to be our escort, and I was fortunate enough to find here one of my dearest friends . . . Mr. Andrew Tresholm—Prince Bartoldi."

Bartoldi looked across at Tresholm with heavy eyes. The greeting between the two men was of the slightest. There was a smile, however, upon Tresholm's lips.

"The prince occupies himself a great deal with the game," he remarked.

"I do. And you?"

"As yet, I have not played."

"But surely you have been here for some time?" the princess asked.

"Three weeks," Tresholm confessed.

The young man was staring at him solemnly. "You have been here three weeks," he repeated, "and you have not yet entered the Casino or the Sporting Club?"

"Not yet. I shall play a little before I go. I find many other amusements here."

The princess laughed softly. "You were always an original!"

"Original indeed," Bartoldi muttered. "What other amusements has Monte Carlo?"

"Well, for example, I play tennis for two or three hours in the morning," Tresholm confided. "After that I motor out to some of the smaller hill villages, perhaps dine in some bohemian place in Nice or Cannes on my way home, and often I am so sleepy that I read my papers or a book and go to bed."

"Why come to Monte Carlo?" the young man queried, almost insolently. "You could lead that sort of life anywhere."

"Quite so," Tresholm assented. "On the other hand, Monte Carlo is a very amusing place, unless one is by evil chance a gambler. The climate is excellent, the scenery attractive, and one meets friends."

"I agree with Signor Tresholm," Michani declared. "I have not his energy, perhaps, but when I have lost five hundred francs in the afternoon, and five hundred in the evening, I seek to amuse myself elsewhere than in the gaming-rooms."

The music was once more alluring. Lena smiled at Bartoldi.

"We dance, Gastone, yes?"

The young man surveyed the room disparagingly. He muttered something in Italian and poured himself out some wine.

Tresholm rose. "Perhaps you will honor me," he begged.

She rose without hesitation. Bartoldi set down his glass.

"Lena!"

She affected not to hear him and would have hurried her partner off, but Tresholm lingered for a moment.

"Signor Tresholm," Bartoldi said, "I do not know who you are. The Signorina is my fiancée, and in Italy it is not the custom——"

"Pity we're in Monaco," Tresholm interrupted pleasantly, as he moved away.

THE princess leaned forward. "Gastone," she said, "it seems to me that we, who may be your new relatives, will have a little more to put up with than we expected. There is one thing, however, which I warn you I should never forgive, and that is your making yourself ridiculous before any dear friend of mine.

"You may make yourself at ease concerning Signor Tresholm," the princess continued. "He is an Englishman of distinguished family who was in the Diplomatic Service of his country when I knew him. Continue your supper, please. You have lost again, I fear."

"I have lost," the young man acknowledged sullenly. "I have lost all the money I could scrape together, and all the money they would lend me at the bar. Never was anyone plagued with such accursed luck."

"It is a little message from fate," the princess told him. "You are not meant to win. The man who plays against fate, plays hopelessly."

"Women know nothing about gambling," Bartoldi declared savagely.

"That may be why we win," was the suave rejoinder . . .

Tresholm and his partner returned in due course, and the supper-party, never a brilliant success, nevertheless drifted on without disaster. Towards its close, Tresholm found himself once more alone with his hostess. Lena and Michani were dancing, and Bartoldi had gone to the bar in search of an acquaintance.

"What am I to do?" the princess asked Tresholm suddenly. "I believe that Gastone is not so bad. It is just this gambling. And Lena, alas, adores him. Already he has borrowed all our spare money, and my hands now are tied. I have promised my husband I will lend him no more. What can one do with him? Advise me, dear friend. I want so much their happiness."

Tresholm smoked thoughtfully for a moment. "My first impressions of the young man," he confessed, "led me to believe that your sister would probably be the better for his loss. One must not judge hastily, though. You have known him longer than I. You find in him qualities?"

"Indeed yes, Andrew," she assured him. "Gastone has good in him. I can promise you that."

"In that case," Tresholm decided, "I will do what I can to help him. You have your car here, of course? Very well. When you leave, the duke can escort you and your sister. I will propose to Prince Bartoldi that he and I walk to the hotel. If I fail with the young man, I can at least let you know at the end of four days what I think of him."

Her fingers deliberately sought his. "You are just as sweet to me as ever, dear Andrew," she whispered. "If only I had had the courage in those days!"

He shook his head. "Your place, dear Margherita," he sighed, "was always in the great world."

They left soon afterwards. On the pavement outside, Tresholm offered his cigaret-case to the young man.

"Shall we walk?" he suggested. "It is only a few yards to the Paris, and Michani is sufficient escort for our hostess and the Signorina."

The young man assented without graciousness.

"Had bad luck at the tables, haven't you?" Tresholm asked.

"Infernal," was the disgusted assent. "It is all a matter of capital. I could have got it back, but I can't raise any more money. The old prince is a miser, my lawyer is away in England, and not one of my friends is out here."

"Upon certain conditions," Tresholm proposed gently, "I will be your banker to the extent of, say, a million francs."

"You will what?" Bartoldi exclaimed.

"I will lend you a million francs," Tresholm repeated, "but on my own terms, mind."

"I will pay any interest," the young man declared eagerly.

"I am not concerned about interest," Tresholm assured him. "If I lend you this money, you will give me an I.O.U. for it, and pay me back the exact sum, but—you won't like my terms."

Bartoldi glanced at the clock, still visible in front of the Casino.

"Could we step round to the Sporting Club?" he suggested. "We could have a drink anyway, and there might be a chemie table going."

"Certainly not," Tresholm refused. "These are my terms. You may rely upon me to keep my word—the princess will tell you, I think, that I am not likely to break it."

"The terms then, if you please."

"It is now," Tresholm reflected, "Tuesday morning. The sum I mentioned will be at your disposal on Friday at midnight. The terms are these: that between now and then you do not attempt to gamble; you do whatever I choose."

"Any restrictions after that?" the young man asked.

"None at all," Tresholm assured him. "At midnight on Friday, the money will be at your disposal. You can gamble with it, pay your debts with it, or do whatever you like, and you can return it to me when it is convenient."

"You are not going to ask that I do anything impossible during the four days?" the young man ventured.

"Nothing whatever. Most of the time I shall spend with you."

They turned into the Hôtel de Paris.

"I thank you very much, sir," Bartoldi said. "It is so arranged then. Tomorrow morning, I am at your service."

"Turn up at half past ten in tennis kit," Tresholm enjoined.

Bartoldi was a slow starter at tennis on the following morning, but improved considerably towards the close of the séance. Tresholm, who had won the first three sets, was obliged to fight hard for the fourth, and lost the fifth. They wandered off to the Royalty for cocktails with the princess and Lena, who had been interested spectators. The princess took Tresholm's arm.

"Dear friend," she remonstrated, "I hear that you have offered to lend Gastone money, without any restrictions as to gambling."

Tresholm nodded. "He doesn't get it till midnight on Friday though," he reminded her, "and until then he's on his honor not to play at all."

"It is not very long until Friday midnight," she sighed.

"Miracles have been wrought in less time," Tresholm replied. "Mine is just a little gamble. If I lose—well, I can afford it."

THEY drank their cocktails in the sunshine, and on a sudden inspiration motored out to Beaulieu for luncheon. Afterwards, the princess suggested a visit to Cannes, but Tresholm shook his head.

"If you don't mind," he begged, "Bartoldi and I want to go to the Sporting Club."

The young man's eyes glittered. The princess and Lena were astonished.

"To the Sporting Club!" the latter exclaimed. "I thought Gastone was not to play till Friday."

"We aren't going to play; we're going to look on," Tresholm confided.

"Surely," Lena pleaded, "you would be better away from the place altogether—or rather Gastone would."

"I'm not so sure," Tresholm replied. "Anyhow we'll look in there for a short time."

At a few minutes past four, the event for which Monte Carlo had been waiting took place. Tresholm mounted the steps of the Sporting Club, accompanied by Bartoldi, and turned into the Bureau.

"Got to get my ticket," he explained.

The young Italian stared at him incredulously.

"Do you mean to say that you haven't even taken a ticket out?" he demanded.

"Haven't been in the place since I arrived," Tresholm confessed. "Come and sign for me."

Tresholm's appearance caused a sensation. His ticket was made out in breathless speed by the senior clerk, while the junior one rushed to the telephone. The news spread in all directions. When they entered the rooms, the croupiers stood up and craned their necks with curiosity. The chef of the plaque roulette table covertly counted over his capital. The chef at the trente-et-quarante board sent at once for a supply of five-mille plaques. The man whose appearance had created such a sensation, however, entered the gambling-rooms modestly. He made no attempt to change any money.

His companion stood with his hands in his pockets, his eyes on the board.

"*Quatorze*," he groaned, as the spin was concluded. "Signor Tresholm, for heaven's sake, let me have a mille. I must back seven and twenty-nine after fourteen."

"What on earth for?" Tresholm demanded. "In any case, you know that under our conditions you are not playing."

"And you? You will not play either?" Bartoldi asked, a little bewildered.

"No, not at present."

The next number was thirty-four, the next thirty-five, the following one six.

"You'd have lost your money, wouldn't you?" Tresholm remarked casually.

"Look at that Dutchman," Bartoldi whispered. "He must have eighty mille there."

Tresholm nodded. "Clever fellow!" he murmured. "Let's watch some of the other tables."

They wandered down to the far end of the room. When they came back, the Dutchman at the plaque table was changing a bundle of mille notes.

"Soon lost his eighty mille," Tresholm observed. "Jolly interesting, isn't it? Let's look at the chemie."

The chemie game was dragging wearily along. At each table, the croupier glanced round almost wistfully at their approach. Tresholm remained blandly indifferent.

"Time for our first cocktail," he suggested to his companion.

"Thank heaven!" the other replied.

They sat down and smoked cigarets in a corner of the bar.

"Queer thing at that table that's just broken up," Tresholm remarked as he sipped his cocktail. "Eight people went to cash in their chips, and there wasn't a winner among them. Cagnotte had the lot. Jolly interesting to watch, all the same! Drink up quickly, and we'll get back to the roulette."

WHEN the time came, the young man rose unwillingly. Things at the table had changed. The Dutchman was nervously fingering the last of his packet of mille notes. A newcomer had collected a pile of plaques. They watched for a time and then walked down to the other tables. When they came back, the Dutchman had increased his stock by a few plaques. The newcomer was cashing mille notes.

"Must play badly, these fellows, I think," Tresholm observed. "They never seem to keep it. Let's go over to the Cercle Privé for an hour."

Bartoldi frankly yawned. "Why do you not play?" he reiterated. "Anything is better than doing nothing."

"I never possessed the bump of philanthropy," Tresholm answered dryly.

They wandered down the passage, crossed the lounge of the hotel, passed through the swing doors and strolled towards the Casino. A small crowd of people collected to watch them. They were met in the vestibule of the "Kitchen" by Gustave Sordel himself.

"So you have found your way here at last, Mr. Tresholm," he greeted him, with a welcoming smile.

"A very brief visit, I am afraid," Tresholm confided.

"If you will tell me which table you're going to play at, I will see they have plenty of money," Sordel suggested.

"I'm not sure that I'll do more than look on today," Tresholm replied.

Sordel hurried off with an incredulous shrug of the shoulders. They passed through the "Kitchen," stopping to watch the play at some of the tables.

"Always gives me the hump, this place," Tresholm remarked. "To think that some of these broken-down, miserable-looking men and women were once decent folk. Came here, lots of them, with plenty of money, good homes and all the rest of it, and then set themselves down to play against a certainty. Imbeciles, of course, but one can't help feeling sorry for them!"

They wandered on to the Salles Privées.

"Let's have another cocktail before we watch any more," Bartoldi proposed. "These people are getting on my nerves."

Tresholm assented readily enough, but as soon as the cocktails were consumed, he led the way out of the bar again.

"There are a couple of plaque tables in the Schmit Room," he said. "Quite high play, I believe."

Bartoldi followed his companion without enthusiasm. At first the sight of one of his numbers appearing produced in him a fit of restlessness. After about an hour, however, he scarcely made an observation. Every now and then he glanced at the clock.

"We are all dining with you, are we not?" he asked Tresholm. "Is it not time we thought about dressing?"

"Ten minutes more."

They stayed for a quarter of an hour. It was Bartoldi who led the way out of the rooms. As they mounted the steps of the Hôtel de Paris, the Senegalese porter came forward with his broad grin.

"*Monsieur a fait sauter la banque?*" he demanded eagerly.

"I haven't played," Tresholm answered.

The man stared at him without comprehension. In the lounge, Monsieur Robert, the manager of the hotel, came hurrying forward.

"At last, Monsieur Tresholm, they tell me that you have entered the lists!" he exclaimed. "What fortune? The Casino is perhaps mortgaged to you?"

Tresholm smiled. "I have just been looking on," he confided. "I haven't played."

"You could watch and not play?" the other gasped.

"Why not? I find it amusing enough."

"All these people seem very interested in you," Bartoldi remarked curiously, as they mounted in the lift.

Tresholm smiled. "I have a reputation," he explained, "which as yet I have not attempted to justify."

Dinner was distinctly a cheerful meal. Bartoldi was a little tired and nervous, but he improved in humor and appearance as the evening went on. The princess was puzzled.

"I do not understand," she told Tresholm frankly. "Gastone tells me that instead of keeping him away from the gaming-rooms, you have pressed him to accompany you there, and on Friday you are lending him all that money."

Tresholm nodded. "I am gambling," he confessed.

She made a little grimace. "You have the right to, without a doubt, but Gastone—he will only lose your money."

"The luck may change."

It was eleven o'clock before they left the dining-room, and everyone was in excellent humor. Lena turned towards Tresholm.

"Why shouldn't we all go straight to that little Russian place and dance?" she suggested. "Gastone doesn't mind."

"Just one hour at the Sporting Club first, please," Tresholm begged.

"And I thought you didn't play," the princess intervened reproachfully.

"It's a wonderful game to watch," Tresholm rejoined.

They made their way through the passage silently. The princess drifted into the chemie room. Tresholm, with his hand resting lightly upon Bartoldi's shoulder, took up his old position at the roulette table. There were more people playing and the gambling was heavier.

"Twenty-nine!" the young man exclaimed irritably. "Oh, if only I could back the seven and the fourteen."

Tresholm remained deaf. Twenty-five turned up, then nineteen, followed by twenty-seven. An English nobleman collected a great pile of ten-mille plaques.

"Over two hundred thousand francs he's won while we've been standing here," Bartoldi murmured feverishly.

Tresholm nodded. "Let's watch the other table for a time," he suggested.

They strolled around. In half an hour they returned. The Englishman was cashing a check. He looked up and nodded as Tresholm passed.

"What's become of all those plaques?" the latter asked.

"All gone," was the frowning response. "They spin too quickly."

"Yes, I suppose that's it," Tresholm agreed, half to himself. "They spin too quickly. They don't give you a chance to keep your winnings."

Lena leaned forward and passed her arm through his. "Margherita wants to go," she pleaded. "Everyone feels like dancing tonight."

"What about Bartoldi?" Tresholm asked.

"I'd like to go if you're ready," the young man assented, almost eagerly.

"Just half an hour more," Tresholm stipulated.

The princess' eyebrows were slightly upraised; Lena looked puzzled.

"So long as Gastone doesn't mind leaving," she whispered, "why do we not get away?"

Tresholm smiled. "The next twelve numbers," he begged her. "Just twelve spins."

"But you don't play," she expostulated. "Why do you like watching the numbers that turn up?"

"Because I don't play," he answered cryptically.

Even Bartoldi sighed with relief when they left the Sporting Club a short time later. There were still signs of strain about him, but he danced with spirit, and of his own accord inquired about the morrow's plans.

"Tennis at ten-thirty," Tresholm told him. "Two decent fellows want to make a foursome. And Thursday morning—what about a foursome at Mont Agel?"

"I should love it," Lena declared.

"Alas, it is so long since I played," the princess sighed.

"Nevertheless, we will give them a game," Tresholm promised . . .

"I wish I knew just what your idea is, Andrew," she said to him a little later, when they were alone at the table. "Of course I know that you have promised to lend Gastone some money, and that is what makes him agree to do everything you suggest, but why don't you keep him away from the tables altogether? Surely that would be best. This afternoon, and part of this evening, the poor boy was standing there in agony."

Tresholm nodded with satisfaction. "You noticed that too, did you?" he observed. "Good! The young man is to have this money I promised to lend him at midnight on Friday. After that, I shall try to explain."

She laid her fingers upon his hand. No one else in the world knew so well how to caress with a touch.

"Dear Andrew," she begged, "Lena is so worried. She is afraid you don't realize what this gambling may mean to him."

"You know what they call me here?" he asked abruptly.

"I know," she admitted—" 'the professional gambler.' It was a *blague* of yours when you arrived."

"Nevertheless," he went on, "there is perhaps a little truth in it. As a professional gambler I must know something of the psychology of this—shall we call it habit or vice? I am the physician. Bartoldi is my patient. You are the amateur who intervenes. Dear lady, shall we dance?"

She came willingly enough into the clasp of his arms, and again he thought of those great bunches of Roman violets, their purple glint and their April fragrance.

TRESHOLM glanced at his thin gold watch and passed his hand through the young man's arm. "Come along into the bar, Bartoldi," he invited. "It is midnight on Friday, and your period of probation is up. Time for us to arrange our little business."

The young man, who had been standing patiently looking down at the roulette table, turned around with alacrity.

Tresholm led the way into the inner portion of the bar, ordered two whisky-and-sodas, and drew out a formidable-looking packet from his coat.

"Here you are," he announced. "There's a hundred mille in each of these—ten of them.

Get as much fun as you can out of it. It ought to last you a few nights, at any rate."

The young man smiled. "You don't seem to believe in anyone's winning, Mr. Tresholm."

"Oh, I dare say they do sometimes," was the casual reply—"if they have to leave in a hurry or something of that sort, just after a run of luck. We've been watching for four afternoons and four evenings, haven't we?"

"Watching till I am blamed sick of the sight of the ball," the young man declared vigorously.

"Well, we haven't seen anyone win who kept his winnings, have we?" Tresholm observed.

Bartoldi stopped a young man who was passing.

"Here's the sixty mille I owe you, François," he said.

"That is excellent," the other exclaimed, in some surprise, as he pocketed the money. "You have been winning, yes?"

"I haven't played for the last few days."

Bartoldi excused himself and made his way to the bar, summoning Joseph to a conference. Joseph approached, glum, and with regrets already framing themselves upon his lips.

"I will take my I.O.U.'s, Joseph," his patron said. "Sixty mille, I think."

The sun broke through the clouds. Joseph's famous smile illumined his face.

"The I.O.U.'s are here, Monsieur le Prince," he said, producing them.

Bartoldi tore them up. Tresholm was talking to the princess and Lena, who were just leaving the room with the Duca di Michani.

"Margherita," Bartoldi announced, "I owe you fifty thousand. *Voilà*. And you, Lena, thirty thousand. You have room in your bag, I hope. Now I have only one creditor."

"My dear Gastone!" the princess exclaimed. "Now I shall be able to play again."

"You are sure you wouldn't like to keep this a little longer?" Lena asked wistfully.

"Not for a second," he assured her.

"I was suggesting to the princess an hour or two at the Carlton," Michani proposed.

"Well, we've gone there for several nights," Tresholm observed. "Tonight I think we ought to stay for a little time to see Prince Bartoldi play."

Michani indulged in a significant grimace. There was distress in the princess' face. Nevertheless, they all trooped out to the roulette table. As though instinctively, Tresholm and his young companion stood where they had watched the game hour after hour for the last four days. Tresholm's eyes followed the whirling of the ball.

"Nineteen," he announced. "I should never have thought of nineteen. What are you for, Bartoldi? Maximums on seven, fourteen, twenty-nine, I suppose?"

Lena's hand stole through the young man's arm.

"I may stand by you?" she whispered. "I do not disturb?"

Tresholm was watching his companion closely. Bartoldi's attitude was that of a genuine spectator—if anything a trifle bored. He held a packet of notes in his hand, but he was whispering to Lena and they both laughed. Then he leaned forward to look at the table and watched the croupiers intently for a few seconds.

"What a silly game!" he exclaimed suddenly. "I say," he added, turning to Tresholm, "do you mind if we go on up to the Carlton? You and I have to play against those fellows at tennis tomorrow at half past ten, so we ought not to be too late."

The little procession passed down the stairs, Lena's arm through her fiancé's, the princess' head close to Tresholm's.

"But you are a magician, dear friend," she murmured.

Later in the evening they found themselves alone for a few minutes.

"Ever since I knew you, dear Andrew," she said, "you've been helping people out of trouble. There was your second secretary who had the affair with Signor Cortoni's wife. And then——"

"Don't make me out too much of a busybody," he begged. "Dear Margherita—you permit?"

"Margherita, and nothing else, for always," she whispered.

"Then, Margherita," he went on, "believe me, this little episode has given me real pleasure. It is a hobby of mine to speculate upon human nature and its byways, of which gambling is one. I figured to myself that, after the first agony of watching a game of chance when one was hopelessly without the means of joining in, the flatness of it would begin to depress. That was my theory.

"Afternoon after afternoon, night after night, we have watched that stupid mechanical toy, and every time the young man became more bored. At first he suffered, but only for a short time. Since then, I think he has felt all the surfeit of the cigaret-smoking youth set to watch over a tobacconist's shop and given *carte blanche*. By comparison, the tennis we arranged for him, the golf, the companionship of your delightful Lena gained every hour in value. Tonight I am certain he was honest. The game did not attract him. The poison had gone. I am proud of my patient."

"And you, the wonderful physician!" she murmured. "Is there no one who can pay your fee?"

Then the lights went down; strange shadows crept through the place. The music which began like the rustling of leaves, the sighing of a south wind, stole into form. Without a word they rose.

"The last thing the true physician thinks of is his fee," Tresholm confided.

Her lips almost brushed his in that subdued light. "So the patient has to offer," she whispered.

A Real Good Girl *by Nina Wilcox Putnam* (*Continued from page 47*)

very church on the Sunday immediately following the receipt of the money.

I also asked a blessing on the editor, on all struggling authors, on Oswald, and luckily, before I forgot it, on grandma, my father and mother and all my relatives. In fact I became so much interested in my prayer that Aunt Lily had to tap me on the shoulder when it was time to sit up again.

How long the service seemed after that! The only interesting thing occurred during the collection when Willie tried to hold out his nickel, but was caught in time by the vigilant Aunt Lily and made to disgorge.

Then at last the releasing strains of the Recessional burst from the organ like a flood of joyous light, and the congregation straggled irregularly for the doors. I was among the first to reach them, but already Oswald was out of sight.

Sunday dinner at grandma's was a formidable affair, and the consuming of it occupied a good portion of what would otherwise have been an idle afternoon. During its ponderous progress from the fried chickens, which dear Oswald had so obligingly brought us, to ice-cream and rhubarb pie, little cousin Willie had to get up twice and run around the table in order to shake his dinner down.

But with the last morsel crowded away the deadly silence of Sunday afternoon settled down upon the house. The family vanished. Even Gussie and Willie, replete with food, were quietly occupied with volumes of "Pilgrim's Progress" and Foxe's "Book of Martyrs," respectively.

For my part, I began anew my surreptitious search for the Christian Friend, hoping against hope that it had been mislaid by Katie. But my excursions into unlikely places revealed nothing except the new ping-pong set, which grandma had concealed, out of the way of Sabbath temptation, in the bottom of the linen closet. And so, finally, I drifted into the parlor and looked at the steel engravings in a special edition of "Tales from Shakespeare."

I was deep in contemplation of Cleopatra, who, wearing everything but heavy underwear, and very likely that as well, was making a present of the latest thing in laurel wreaths to a gentleman in a species of kilt who was alleged to be Mark Antony, but who looked not unlike my Oswald, when I was aroused by a low and sweet "Ooh-ooh!" just outside the window. I closed the volume with a bang, for there, leaning on the fence, was Edie Easterbrook, new hat and all, waving to me to come out.

I obeyed with alacrity, for a dignified walk was among the sanctioned occupations for the day, and so presently we set off upon our usual Sunday excursion around York Square and down Ashman Avenue to the cemetery.

"Oh, Edie," said I, "I'm nutty about your lid! Those openworks are simply all the rage, and I was dying to see it better in church!"

"What?" she replied laughingly. "Even when you knew *he* was there?"

"Oh, my dear! Hasn't he a face like a stained-glass angel?"

"Nina, what would your people say if they knew?"

"What can they know, when he and I will never meet?" I replied bitterly. "Swell chance of that!"

"Do you think he—he cares?"

"It's all too tragic and hopeless for me to say," I replied darkly. "Like Dante and Beatrice, you know! We have never spoken, but we have looked!"

"Have a gum-drop, dear!" said Edie sympathetically. "They are very comforting!"

"Ah, Edie, you can get comfort from such childish things because you have never been in love!"

"Yes, I am still waiting for Prince Charming!" Edie replied serenely.

I looked at her keenly, marveling at her ignorance, and feeling, by reason of my sad, secret love, vastly superior. However, Edie had achieved a new summer hat, and as yet I had not.

It was on the tip of my tongue to tell Edie all about my essay and how close I was to possessing a similar head-gear, but something held me back, and instead, I inquired if she had seen a copy of this week's Christian Friend. But she hadn't. Her family took the Clarifier, a rival religious weekly, and so I held my news until I could appear with the evidence, and the talk turned to more serious subjects.

"Oh, gosh!" I said. "I hate Sunday—it's so long!"

"Why, Nina Wilcox, what a thing to say!" exclaimed Edie.

"But you can't *do* anything!" I persisted. "For instance, I don't see that playing a little ping-pong is any real harm!"

"But nobody plays games on Sunday!" Edie's protest was almost a wail. "Don't tell me you advocate Sunday sports! Why, if people played ping-pong and tennis on Sundays we would be no better than Europeans!"

This was rather a poser because of course we were better than Europeans. Anybody knew that! Still, my mind had started working and I was not willing to accept defeat so easily.

"Oh, I don't know!" I said sarcastically. "I can't see that a little game of ping-pong would make us talk with a French accent!"

"Oh, but Nina," said Edie solemnly, "do you know what a European Sunday *is*?"

"Well, not exactly," I was forced to admit.

"Well, I do," said Edie. "My Aunt Florrie has been to Europe, and she told me. Would you believe it, over there they go to church in the morning and get absolved of their sins and then for the rest of the day *they do exactly as they like!*"

"I don't see any great harm in that!" I said

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FELS-NAPTHA SOAP —THE GOLDEN BAR WITH THE CLEAN NAPTHA ODOR

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recklessly, although my careless manner concealed a slight secret pang. "What if they do play a little ping-pong or sing a gay song or two? What of it?"

"Nina, you brash thing!" cried Edie. "But they don't do only that; they go to bull-fights!"

"Only in Spain!"

"That doesn't matter, it's all the same!"

The conversation was getting pretty deep. By this time we were inside the cemetery and had found our favorite seat on the tombstone of somebody's ancestor. I dug the ferrule of my red parasol into the turf as I answered thoughtfully, for I felt I was in up to my neck.

"Edie," I said at last, "either it is a right to do a thing, or it is a wrong. It's not the day you do it on. For argument's sake, take ping-pong. If I play it on Sunday, that's a sin. If I play it on Thursday, it's not. Now I feel that I either ought to give it up altogether, or else play it on Sunday, too!"

For a long moment Edie had nothing at all to say. Then bravely she mustered her forces and came back to the defense.

"Well, I suppose it's all a matter of whether you are religious or not!" she said.

"I'm just as religious as you are, Edie Easterbrook!"

"But you don't believe in Sunday!"

"Of course I believe in it!" I said. "I—I think the way we keep Sunday could be reformed, that's all! We eat too much, Sundays, and that's a lot worse than playing ping-pong! Of course I don't say we should play cards, or anything like that!"

"Our family don't play cards!" said she coldly.

Fortunately at this point a diversion occurred, averting what had very nearly become a serious breach between my best friend and myself. For some time past the shadows on the grass had been lengthening, but in the fervor of our discussion we had lost all count of time, and now the clanging of a distant bell announced to us that the closing hour was at hand. Another five minutes and the iron gates at the entrance of the cemetery would be fast shut, and here we were at the farthest corner!

Dropping all differences and united once more by the common bond of fear, we picked up our skirts and ran for all we were worth, tearing down the mossy paths, leaping over graves, upsetting flower-pots, such was our horror of being locked in for the night. But hurry as we might, it was to no avail, and we reached the entrance, panting, too late. The great iron gates were locked fast, and Mr. Snod, the guardian, was gone for the night.

AT FIRST the full horror of our situation was numbed by incredulity. There was a seven-foot wall all around the cemetery, which, owing to its situation in the heart of the city, would otherwise have been invaded by undesirables during the night. I clung to the iron bars of the gate and stared hopelessly at its spiked top. Edie was already beginning to cry helplessly. The cemetery gates gave upon a wide park; passers-by were scarce in this neighborhood at any time, and at this hour all well-conducted citizens would be at home, getting ready for supper.

"Oh, Nina, Nina, what shall we do?" whimpered Edie. "It's all *your* fault, talking about such horrid things. We are locked in for punishment!"

An unpleasant pang shot through me at her words. Perhaps I had indeed brought down the wrath of heaven by my rebellious speech. I was sick with fear at the prospect of spending the night in this dreadful place. But Edie's collapse forced me to be brave.

"Hush up!" I commanded. "We have simply got to get out, that's all. Come and see if there isn't a low spot in the wall, some place!"

But there wasn't. Trembling and weeping, Edie clung to me as I dragged her past headstones and across the iron chains which divided the plots from each other, skirting the damp wall in vain search for an exit. The sun was sinking rapidly, and the pine trees on the main drive made horrid whispering noises.

Cold chills chased each other up and down my spine, but I kept on grimly, stopping every now and then to call "Help!" in a small, thin voice. Edie's clinging hand was a dreadful impediment, for her terror was by now so great that she scarcely could walk.

At last we came upon a vault built close to the wall. Next to it was a small monument with an angel atop it: a nice medium-sized angel whose outspread wings of marble offered a fairly substantial foothold. I paused before it with the recklessness born of despair, while Edie collapsed on the dewy grass.

"Edie Easterbrook!" I said commandingly. "I am going to climb up that angel to the roof of this tomb, so we can get on top of the fence, and you are coming with me!"

"Oh, Nina! I can't!" she whined.

"You've got to!" I replied grimly. "Come on, now, I'll go first and lend you a hand!"

Then shamelessly raising my skirts to my knees, I attacked the ascent. Every button on my tight kid boots strained to bursting. My corset creaked and a whalebone snapped and stuck into my middle. Hairpins showered from my head and one slithered down inside my collar as I felt my hat slip over one eye. But I made the grade.

One foot on the angel's lap, my hands fast about its neck; then a slow hoist to its wing, and in another moment I was seated upon the mossy roof of the tomb, hauling Edie up after me by main force. We sat side by side, panting and gazing disconsolately at the street, a good seven feet below us. After all that effort we were no better off than before.

"Edie, we'll have to jump!" I announced.

"Never!" she shrieked. "I'd kill myself! No, you'll never get me off this roof! I shall die right where I am!"

I gazed despairingly into the last streaks of sunset which hovered ominously over the western horizon. In half an hour it would be pitch-dark. But the drop to the sidewalk certainly looked appalling. The street was as empty as the Sahara Desert, and a deep gloom settled upon me, like the depression of a nightmare.

Then, just as I had reached a point of utter hopelessness and terror, a miracle occurred. Upon the evening air a melody broke with silver sweetness. The tune was whistled, but the words fitting it were tenderly familiar:

> If you lak-a-me,
> Lak I lak-a-you
> And we lak-a-both the same . . .

Somebody was coming round the corner—and such a somebody! It was Oswald's whistle, not a doubt of it, and in another second he came into view, very natty in his gray pegtops, and accompanied by a stalwart masculine friend! Would they look up to where Edie and I crouched on the tomb-top like a pair of disheveled Loreleis? In a panic lest they pass by unseeing, I raised my voice.

"Oh, er—youhoo!" I croaked feebly.

Oswald looked, startled into silence. Not so his friend, however. "By cracky, peaches growing right on the wall!" he exclaimed. Then Oswald recovered his voice.

"Shut your trap!" he commanded angrily, and turned to me. "Miss Wilcox!" he cried. "How ever did it happen? Were you locked in?"

It was the voice of a gallant knight in armor riding to the rescue of his lady-love. And as a matter of fact few knights could have had a steeper wall to haul anybody down than that which confronted our rescuers. Just how it was to be accomplished was rather a facer.

"I'm afraid you'll have to jump, miss," said Oswald; "but don't be afraid, I'll catch you!"

I felt myself blushing to the roots of my hair. How on earth could I jump without showing my petticoats, and perhaps my lower limbs? But there was no alternative. Gingerly I squirmed to the edge of the wall, tucked my skirts around me as tightly as was possible, held out my arms, shut my eyes and jumped.

In an instant his arms were fast about me. Yes, the incredible had happened. Oswald was clasping me to his breast! Only for a second, however. Then he released me, smiling, and steadied me by one elbow while I recovered my equilibrium.

I suppose that the other young man received the hysterical Edie in her downward flight, because presently she stood beside me, but I was completely oblivious at the time. All I knew was that I stood beside the great love of my life, and we were talking—commonplaces about our mishap, no doubt, but ah! how filled with significance!

Very respectfully the two rescuers escorted us homewards. What if Oswald's grammar was a little weak? Plenty of great men had had humble beginnings! Anyway, he was a hero, and now I was in a position to prove it to the family. It was the most wonderful luck imaginable and my heart sang with happiness. About a block from our street, Edie, ever cautious and conservative, caused a halt.

"It's been simply corking of you both," she said, addressing the men, "and I can never thank you enough, but don't you think it would be wiser if we—we said good-by here? Our families——"

LIKE a true gentleman, Oswald took the hint at once. "Sure pop!" he cried. "We don't want to be muckers and get you into any trouble. We'll skiddoo right now! Much obliged to have met you!"

"Oh, Os—oh, Mr.——" I stammered, holding out my hand. "You have been too, too kind! Thank you a trillion times!"

He took my hand a trifle awkwardly, as did his companion, and then Edie and I made a hasty retreat homeward through the falling dusk, my head in a whirl from wondering how I could manage to find out Oswald's last name and induce grandma to invite him to the house.

I said good night to Edie at her gate. "Well, so long, Edie!"

"Olive oil, Nina! See you tomorrow aft! Mum's the word!"

"Yes indeed! Good night, dear!"

"Good night!"

Edie swung through the gate, and I walked the length of York Square, at the far end of which grandma's house loomed ghostly in the afterglow of the sunset, like some Greek temple turned Puritan—which indeed was exactly its case. The front door stood open as I entered restrainedly, putting my red parasol quietly into the wrought-iron stand.

And then I caught sight of nothing less than the Christian Friend, lying open on the card-tray. With a smothered cry I leaped upon it. Here at last was the list of prize winners for the week. Eagerly I read it, my heart sinking as the search failed to reveal my name. There must be some mistake! I went over it again and again.

Oh, merciful heaven, it was too, too awful! A Miss C. D. G. Jones, of Fall River, had won my coveted prize! Her horrid effort, entitled "Hawthorne, America's Fairest Blossom," was printed in full. But of me there was not even an Honorable Mention!

Disappointed, I threw down the paper and mounted to my room. It was dreadful of course, but after all, what was a wretched literary career compared with a Home? Before the shining vision of my hero, Oswald, and the glorious if somewhat hazy happiness which the future now undoubtedly held for us, all lesser emotions paled.

Once upstairs, I flung my hat upon the bed with a gesture which sent authorship or any other such unwomanly occupation to the winds. Then I set about the reparation of my toilet, strolling finally, comb in hand, to the window, where at once I stood transfixed, for there in the garden below stood Oswald.

I could hardly suppress an exclamation of delight at this evidence of his devotion. He had been so concerned about my welfare that he could not resist watching beneath my chamber! Oh, sweet heavens above!

I hastily put out the light and crept back to the darkened window, all prepared to indulge in I knew not what sentimental passage, when something terrible happened. Out from the lighted back porch stepped that hateful Katie,

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the housemaid, and in another instant she had joined Oswald in the shadow of the lilac bushes. Not only joined him, but they were kissing!

With a smothered shriek I turned away and flung myself face downward on the bed. I could bear no more. I felt suddenly soiled and broken. Love and career both were gone within one fatal half-hour! It was a punishment, I could see that plainly now! All this tragedy was the result of my sacrilegious rebellion against Sunday.

In an agony of spirit I slipped to my knees and pleaded for forgiveness. I acknowledged that it had been wicked of me to cast eyes upon a young man of whom I positively knew Mama would strongly disapprove, and I promised never to do such a thing again. I took back every word I had said about Sundays, every single, solitary word of it.

I explained that I didn't really mean it, that I must have been crazy, and that never, no, never, never, never would I say or even think such things again. I admitted that my punishment was a just one, and I added that I would thenceforth stop sniffing, wash the teacups properly and make no excuses whatever about staying home from church, not as the result of any bargaining but because it was right that I should do so.

Then, determined to bear the twin crosses of my disappointment and my broken heart like a Christian Soldier, I arose and bathed my eyes, put on a clean collar and, with a greatly chastened spirit, descended in response to the supper bell. At no more distant time than it took to reach the foot of the stairs, my reform was rewarded. Uncle Ned, looking oh, so contrite, was awaiting me there, and, incredible sight, he was holding my manuscript in his hand.

"Nina, I'm all cut up!" he greeted me. "But I forgot to mail this, and I just found it. I'll let you slay me, if that will do any good!"

"Oh, no! I wouldn't do that!" I said apathetically. "But it's too late, now, to send it off."

"Not on your tintype, it isn't!" he declared. "The minute I found the envelop I rushed and got the paper out of Mother's room; and the next competition is on English authors, so yours ought to fit in just right!"

Relief flooded me like a warm light. After all, I had my Art left to me!

"Honest Injun?" I asked.

"You bet your boots!" said Uncle Ned.

"And will you really mail it this time?"

"You can bet your life!" said he. "I'll do it right after supper. See, the stamps are on it!"

It was plain that God in His infinite mercy was giving me another chance, and with grateful heart I entered the dining-room to join thankfully in the grace over our cold meat and apple sauce.

Strictly Business *by Wallace Smith*

(*Continued from page 77*)

the sun blurred his vision. Then he recognized the speaker and a wide smile broke across his boyish face.

"Why, Lastro, you old son-of-a-gun! Where did you come from?"

"I am on a business trip, *amigo*."

"I didn't mean to be nosey. I was just surprised. It's none of my affair."

"On the contrary, it is quite your affair, Don Guillermo."

"Well, dog my cats, I haven't seen you since the day you raided our mine down south and I took a shot at you."

"Your aim, pardon me, was deplorable that day."

"I was excited, I guess. You know, I never could understand why you didn't have me shot."

"Ah, one overlooks many details in a campaign. And then, although it is not a good reason, you had been of help to me at Aguascalientes."

"Anyway, I'm glad you dropped in. Come back to the house and have some breakfast. Gee, Helen will be glad to meet you. I've told her all about you."

"All? Then I'm afraid your wife will not welcome me."

"She'll be tickled to death. Come on."

"First, if you please, we will talk a little business," said Lastro. "You have forgotten my first question, about getting shot—for twelve hundred and fifty dollars."

"Your proposition interests me," grinned Howard. "That is, if you are to pay me. Otherwise I'm not in a position to deal with you."

"You jest," said Lastro, "and I am serious. I tell you I come with an offer to kill you, either from the back or front."

"Now, who would pay that much to have me killed?"

"Can you not guess? Surely you are man enough to have many enemies. Think of *one*."

"Perkins?" asked Bill Howard.

Lastro nodded.

"Honest? Did that old coot actually try to get you to settle me? I suppose I better strap on my six-gun and go right over there and have a talk with him."

"You are selfish, *amigo mio*," said Lastro. "What of me? Remember, I am without funds. And twelve hundred and fifty dollars is a good deal of money when a man has not a single peseta."

"You're not telling me anything. Still, I ought to go over and throw a scare into that mangy rat. Did he tell you why he wanted me bumped off?"

"Señor Perkins did not seem to think it was necessary to inform me. And I was not especially curious at the moment. Besides, I thought I understood."

"He's always hated me."

"Señor Perkins seemed to think Mrs. Howard would be better off as a widow."

Howard instinctively stiffened. Then he leaned despondently against his horse's shoulder.

"At that," he muttered, "Perkins may be right."

"I cannot agree with you, Don Guillermo. I watched from the hill a little while ago as you said '*adios*.'"

"Do you know where I was going? When you found me sitting here—resting?"

"Not on a pleasant journey, I gathered."

"I was going down to the bank to try to raise some money."

"Doesn't Señor Perkins own the bank?"

"That's why I was—well, kind o' resting here. I know there isn't a chance of getting that money. Perkins has got me just where he wants me. Ever since Helen and I were married he's been laying for me. You see, that old horned toad had a crazy notion Helen would marry him. But I can't understand his wanting me killed just now. If I don't get this money I've got to give up the ranch—and he'll be rid of me for good."

"But getting rid of you, permit me to state, is only an incident."

"Oughtn't that satisfy him? To force me out after five years of back-breaking work? When I'm just on the point of making the ranch pay—and pay big?"

Lastro spoke very slowly. "Señor Perkins remarked that Mrs. Howard need not remain a widow long."

He smiled at Howard's halting grasp of the words and at his swift reaction. Howard jerked into the saddle.

"I won't wait for a gun. I'll go over and strangle that slimy old vulture with my bare hands."

Lastro had made a little signal. Coloso was at Howard's bridle.

"You forget that you invited me to breakfast," said Lastro. "Also that I have a financial interest in Señor Perkins. Come, we will eat. And after breakfast you and I will have a little talk."

Helen Howard was feeding the chickens. The hound pup was scolding her. She had tied him to the corral fence because he insisted on helping her with the chore in the chicken yard. His puppy yawping broke into joyous yelps and he ran to the end of his rope.

Across the yard three horsemen were riding.

"Honey, I've brought company for breakfast," called Howard. And as Helen came toward them: "This is my old *compañero*, Coronel Lastro."

Lastro bowed low. Helen sent a swift, unbelieving glance to her husband. But she had recovered from her surprise when Lastro straightened from his ceremonious bow. Her blue eyes smiled back into the dark eyes that regarded her quizzically.

"If I can't find the proper words to greet you," said Helen, "remember that it's the first time I have met a legend face to face."

"And like all legends," returned Lastro, "one that is only half the truth."

"I think I shall know which half to believe. You see, my husband has told me all about you."

"I dared come in spite of that, Señora. The *buen Dios* help our reputations when our friends start boasting about us."

At the door of the ranch-house, Helen looked again into the dark eyes that searched her own. She used a pretty phrase of his country.

"Enter your house," she said.

When Lastro left the ranch at sundown Bill Howard rode a little way with him.

"Are you sure you need only three thousand, *amigo*?"

"That'll meet everything and put us on our feet."

"You will leave the arrangement to me?"

"I don't know why you should do it for me."

"I am not entirely unselfish. When I have done this, I shall ask one favor. Will you grant it?"

"Whatever you ask, Lastro."

"*Bueno!* I return by sundown tomorrow."

As they parted, Howard asked:

"Say, why did you tell Helen it wasn't true? I mean when she asked you about the time you executed those nine *federalistas* at Laguna."

"It wasn't true."

"Why, I've heard that story twenty times."

"There were only seven *federalistas*."

When he and Coloso rode alone again, Lastro sighed. As if the sigh were a signal, Coloso spurred his horse alongside.

"I am afraid, my rhinoceros, that I become sentimental. It is with some difficulty, I fear, that I shall avoid being the wrong kind of villain."

From his sash with slim, graceful fingers he took the little enameled vial.

Perkins strode up and down the veranda of his ranch-house. The lamp in the room behind him was not lighted. Each time he reached the far end of the veranda he paused and listened, looking into the dark.

"Maybe he's done it already. If he has, I'll give him just a thousand. He can't holler. He don't dare show his face. Not with that ten-thousand-dollar reward for him. And nobody'd believe him even if he did talk."

He stopped in the middle of the veranda.

"There's an idea! Cripes, I never even thought of *that*, not even when he mentioned it himself. Ten thousand—that wouldn't be a bad stroke of business."

From the south, on the night breeze, came the faint *cr-r-eak* of saddle-leather. A horse whinnied. Perkins tiptoed to the edge of the veranda, straining his eyes to penetrate the dark.

"You were expecting me, Señor Perkins?"

Perkins whirled around with a gasp as the voice came from behind him.

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"I—I thought—I thought I heard your horses out yonder."

"You were not wrong, my friend. Coloso is yonder with the horses. I thought it would be more fitting if I came alone on foot to keep my appointment."

"Did you—did you do it already?"

"You are nervous, Señor Perkins."

"Me? I ain't nervous."

"I am glad. Because we have important matters to discuss. And I do not like a man to be nervous who has just strapped a revolver under his coat."

"Well, you can't blame me, can you? It's a ticklish business and I don't know you very well, when you come right down to it."

"You don't know me at all, Señor Perkins. But let us go in and light the lamp."

Perkins took two matches to light it. He cursed an unfelt draft to cover his clumsiness. Turning from the lamp he found Lastro delicately adjusting the jade ring before the long mirror.

"Our victim," said Lastro, "declines to be shot for the figure you quote."

"Say, this is nothing to joke about."

"What is more," added Lastro, "he said that it just went to show what an old skinflint you are."

"You don't mean to tell me you actually talked to Howard about—about this?"

"Certainly, my friend. It was business. You are a business man. You must understand. I had your what-you-call bid and I went to see your competitor."

"Why, you're double-crossing me! You——"

"Are you very quick on the draw, Señor Perkins? If not, I advise you not to keep your hand so close to your revolver. I do not think you dare use it but my excellent Coloso might misunderstand."

He glanced toward the window. The dull face of Coloso, fantastic in the yellow light of the lamp looked into the room. Perkins sat down abruptly on the sofa.

"Do not be so upset," Lastro almost purred. "Believe me, I was very what-you-call discreet."

"The deal is off, Lastro. I won't have anything more to do with it."

"As you wish. That will make it simpler for me."

"Why, all Howard has to do is ride into town and tell the sheriff."

"Ah, no. Did I not say I was most discreet? Señor Howard cannot very well tell the sheriff because Señor Howard is himself a conspirator. He also made me a business offer. He said he would give me two thousand to kill *you*."

"What?"

"He remarked that it was more than the job was worth. But he didn't haggle."

"Ha, ha!" The laugh was not convincing. "Now I know it's a joke. Howard ain't got two thousand dollars."

"But he will have money in twenty-four hours."

"Howard's broke and can't raise a two-bit piece in this county."

"I think you are mistaken, Señor Perkins. But perhaps money isn't my only consideration. Remember, I have seen the exquisite Señora Helen."

"You can't get away with that, Lastro. Not on this side of the border you can't."

"I have suspected before that you read the wrong kind of books."

Perkins glanced toward the window. The huge saffron face stared in without emotion. The dull eyes were turned toward Lastro. Perkins' left hand gripped the arm of the sofa.

"See here, Lastro, you can't bluff me. I won't stand for it. It's blackmail, that's what it is. I brought you here to do this little job and you're trying to shake me down. I won't stand for it, d'ye hear?"

Lastro's black eyes searched up and down Perkins' lanky body with cool speculation. It was as if he were selecting a spot where a bullet would do its work with maximum efficiency.

"You don't scare me none. I tell you I'm through with you and you don't get a cent!"

Lastro's stare rested on the buckle of Perkins' belt. He nodded to himself, absently.

"Two thousand dollars," he murmured. "Too bad. I expected more."

"Go to the devil, will you?"

"Assuredly, my friend. Would you care to turn around?"

"What? And give you a chance to shoot me in the back?"

"Precisely. I give you your choice."

The saffron face at the window was smiling.

"You couldn't get away with it, Lastro."

"You wouldn't be here to know, Señor Perkins. I am a poor man and two thousand dollars is a good deal of money."

"Listen, Lastro—let's talk business."

"Ah, business!"

"Listen: Howard ain't got two thousand cents. Now, I've kind o' lost interest in killing him. Tell you what I'll do. We'll call it off and I'll give you five hundred dollars and you can go away from here with nothing on your conscience."

"Pardon? *My* conscience? Surely you do not believe Lastro has a conscience?"

"Seven hundred and fifty, then."

"Stand up, Señor Perkins."

Perkins unfolded himself stiffly, and stood.

"You have amused me," said Lastro, "and so I permit myself to be lenient with you."

"You'll take the five hundred and go away?"

"You said seven-fifty."

"All right, seven-fifty."

"No, Señor Perkins, that would not be good business. But I will be lenient. I will allow you to reach for your gun."

"Reach for my gun? What for?"

"To shoot me first, if possible."

"But I ain't——"

"Don't thank me, Señor Perkins. It is nothing. I remember what you said in our first conference about the white man's way. So draw your gun."

"And have that thug at the window shoot me?"

He looked toward the window. Coloso was not there.

"Ready, Señor Perkins?"

"Listen, Lastro——"

"One!"

"——I ain't a gun-fighter."

"Two!"

"You wouldn't really——"

"Three!"

Perkins collapsed to his knees. It was not meant to be the conventional attitude of supplication. His knees just gave way and folded up.

"Don't shoot, Lastro! Don't shoot! Put that gun away. I'll give you whatever you want."

Lastro looked down on the pleading figure.

"Señor Howard was right. It is not worth two thousand to kill you. But to let you live? Ah, that is worth more. Let me see—three thousand——"

Perkins, still on his knees, watched him in pathetic terror.

"No, five thousand. Is it worth that to live?"

Perkins gulped and nodded, weakly.

"*Esta bueno!* Yet I wish to be fair, to give you time to consider. Coloso and I with your permission will stay here tonight. Tomorrow morning, if you still are inclined, we will settle matters."

In the morning Coloso cooked breakfast for his master and their host. Perkins was the conversational one at the meal. He was like a man awakened from a nightmare; who has just realized that it was only a bad dream.

"Well, you certainly put it over, Lastro. I always thought that I was a smart business man but you've showed me cards and spades."

"You will get the five thousand, then?"

"I'm going down to the bank pronto. Yes, sir, you sure put it over."

"Cash?"

"Of course. You ain't taking any chances of me stopping a check, are you? Cash. Five thousand. And I tried to bamboozle you into taking five hundred. Think of that!"

"Yes, think of that," said Lastro. "We'll

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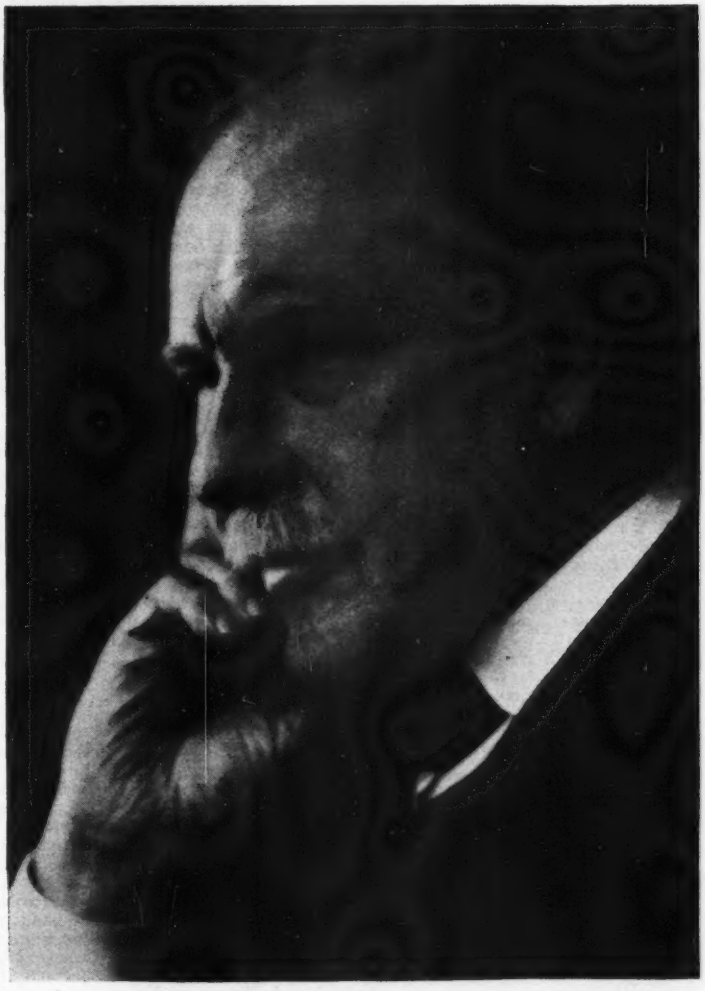

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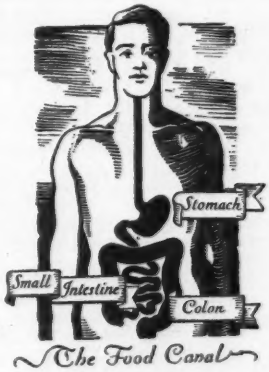

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meet back here at sundown to conclude our little negotiation?"

"Let's see. Wouldn't it be better to meet up at the fork of Two-Bear Creek? On the east end of the ranch? That'd be better."

"*Bueno.*"

"At sundown. That'll be business."

"What-you-call strictly business."

Lastro and Coloso watched him ride toward the town. Coloso's puzzled eyes were on his master. Lastro sniffed the tips of his fingers and looked again to where Perkins had disappeared behind a veil of shimmering dust.

"When a miser is good-natured about losing money," said Lastro, "honest men had better bury their gold."

PERKINS rode his horse into the town and straight to the office of Sheriff Longtree. He was in the sheriff's office for an hour.

"We'd better get about six men for the posse," said Sheriff Longtree.

"Get a dozen. It'll be safer."

"Posses cost money. Got to pay the boys, y'know."

"I'll pay 'em out of my own pocket."

"It ain't exactly like you to be a spendthrift, Mr. Perkins."

"It is an investment. Don't we get the ten thousand dollars reward?"

"You're always a business man. You better get that five thousand in cash, too."

"Is that necessary? You boys can just jump him at Two-Bear Creek. I don't have to be there, do I?"

"Wa-al, y'see if we catch him taking the money we got clear evidence that he really threatened your life, like you say, and tried to blackmail you."

"But there's a price on his head now."

"Yeah, but that's below the border. We got to have charges against him on this side. Just to hold him, see? It's legal that way."

"All right, but you'll be there with a dozen men before sundown?"

"An hour before. We'll have the place surrounded pretty. And we'll have enough guns to shoot him full o' holes."

Two hours before sunset, and five miles from Two-Bear Creek, Perkins rode into a tangle of chaparral as high as a mounted man's shoulder. When he rode out of the chaparral two men rode with him. They were just to the rear, one on each side. Perkins sensed them at once. He looked around in a panic of emotions, not halting his horse. Lastro smiled from his left. Coloso's reflected smile was on the right. Perkins' effort to appear surprised was fair. But his simulation of pleasure was a failure.

"Oh, hello, Lastro. I didn't expect to see you here."

"Of course not. But I remember another what-you-call appointment, some distance away. And I thought we could transact our business here."

"Ain't you going to Two-Bear Creek?"

"This is business, Señor Perkins, not pleasure. Any other time I would be pleased to meet Sheriff Longtree and his men. It might be amusing."

Coloso had brought his horse abreast of Perkins. At a nod from Lastro the giant took Perkins' revolver from its holster.

"It is not that I fear you will try to shoot me," explained Lastro, "but just in case you might fire to warn the funny posse."

Perkins looked at him quickly.

"And now, Señor Perkins, we conclude our little deal. The money, please, if you are still inclined."

Perkins, with a sob, cut at Coloso with his quirt. He threw himself forward, dug in his spurs. The horse leaped into a mad gallop.

Lastro smiled. His fingers curled around the butt of his revolver. He aimed leisurely at the fleeing figure. Then he shook his head.

"No, they would hear the shot," he decided. "And I do not wish to be hurried in what I have to do."

Coloso was whimpering beside him.

"Fetch him!" he said.

Coloso's horse sprang in pursuit. The giant figure would have dwarfed any horse it sat. This one was a big-boned animal, yet as it raced after Perkins' horse it seemed that Coloso was lifting his mount forward between his legs, like a monstrous bird of prey carrying an animal in its talons.

Coloso overtook Perkins in a delirious drumming of hoofs. He leaned sideways, wrapped one of his gorilla arms around Perkins and snatched him from the saddle. He threw him across his own pommel; as he did so, he flung his mount against Perkins' horse with a peculiar sidelong swipe. Perkins' horse, stumbling free of its rider, tangled its front legs and came down in a heap. It struggled to its feet and stood dazed, with drooping reins.

Coloso rode back to his master, carrying Perkins as a faithful retriever brings back the game in a mannerly triumph.

"Drop him, my animal," said Lastro.

Coloso dropped Perkins. He lay sprawled on the ground, face down. Only once he moved, as if to burrow still deeper in the dust.

Lastro made a grimace of distaste.

"Of course, as you suggest, Coloso, we might strangle him."

Perkins groaned.

"But no, it is not worth while."

Perkins' face, pallid and streaked with dust, looked up slowly.

"You ain't—ain't—going to kill me?"

"It would be too pleasant for you. I let you live so you may always wait for the day when Lastro comes again."

Perkins slid into a sitting position.

"The money, Señor Perkins."

"It's in my shirt."

"I know that. Your hand went there instead of to your revolver when we met. But you must hand it to me of your own will. Lastro is no robber."

Perkins got to his knees and fumbled in his shirt. He brought out a bulky package of bills, staggered to his feet and handed the money to Lastro. Lastro began to count the bills.

"And you are satisfied with our business deal?"

"Well, that's a kind o' funny thing to say."

"You think that five thousand is too high a price for your life?" Lastro frowned.

"Oh, no, I'm plumb pleased." Perkins said, quickly.

Lastro renewed his counting.

"I am glad you say that. We business men like our customers to be satisfied."

"I'm satisfied."

"And I will throw some excellent advice into the bargain. Attend me, Señor Perkins. Do not think again of what-you-call bumping off Señor Howard. The worst rival is a dead rival. To the woman the memory of his virtues is too imperishable. A living rival may always be outdone. *Bueno*, there is exactly five thousand."

He signaled to Coloso. Perkins cringed as the giant approached.

"Be patient," said Lastro, genially. "It is just a little formality."

Coloso tied Perkins' hands behind him and put a gag across his mouth. Then he joined his ankles with a rope, leaving just enough play between them for Perkins to move forward half a pace at a time.

"It is because I do not wish to leave you tied up and helpless, with night coming on," Lastro explained. "After all it is no worse than hobbling a horse. You will be able to reach Sheriff Longtree by midnight."

Perkins gurgled something behind his gag. Coloso mounted and rode after his master.

Behind the rise of ground near the Howard ranch Bill Howard was waiting. It was sundown. The desert sky burned with crimson and gold. Through the colored dust rode Lastro and his faithful slave. Bill Howard rode to meet them.

"Behold," said Lastro, handing him the money, "a most irregular melodrama. The play ends with the villain triumphant."

"Lastro, you're a wonder. How you ever raised money in this county——"

"That ancient saying," declared Lastro, "about looking a gift horse in the mouth was invented by persons who gave horses for presents. Say no more, *amigo mio*, but be assured that it was a business transaction."

"And why should you do it for me?"

"I didn't do it for you, exactly. I have been very selfish."

"You're coming to the ranch for supper, aren't you?"

"But no. The play is ended. The villain must exit."

"Helen will be terribly disappointed."

"Will she—really, do you think?"

"She sure will. Say, she's done nothing but talk about you since you were here."

"What does she say?"

"Funny about women, isn't it? I mean the slants they get. She says she feels that you're lonely and sad. She says she can tell by the way you laugh."

Lastro laughed now, softly.

"I am sorry, Don Guillermo, but Coloso and I cannot stay. We have a long way to go. Tell Señora Helen that I kiss her lovely hands."

"But where can I reach you? I'll want to pay you."

"I am already paid."

"I can't let you do that."

"Ah, yes, there is one other thing. Remember, you promised to grant me one favor."

"Name it."

"You will find five thousand in that package."

"Five? But I only need three thousand."

"You will need the rest to carry out my wish. Use it to take your Helen for a little visit to New York. It will be good for her. This is a harsh country for a woman and she has been five years on the ranch. New York, then."

"But she won't——"

"I have your promise. *Adios, amigo!*"

The moon rose like a shield of burnished bronze. Under its light the desert bloomed with black impossibilities. The gentle wind lifted a thin sweet smell from the dust.

Two riders guided their horses through the maze of cactus. Lastro reached to his sash and his fingers made meticulous ritual of the perfume vial.

"You understand, eh, my enormous one?" said Lastro. "And you will not blame me too much? It was not very amusing, was it, Coloso? Not even with the ridiculous Señor Perkins. Alas, my plots work out too well. I lose interest in them even as I create them. If only somewhere in this stupid world someone would be worthy of my villainy."

COLOSO was dozing in the saddle, his nose buried in his *sarape*.

"But surely, my big bear, you did not think—as Señor Perkins did—that I wanted *her*, Señora Helen. What need has Lastro for a woman? Other men use a woman as a mirror to give them back their own strutting image to admire. Lastro needs no such mirror. He sees himself clearly enough — alas, too clearly."

Coloso's forehead was corrugated with a melancholy puzzlement.

"I am—*Dios* pity me!—sentimental. It is after all my great failing. A sentimental villain. Absurd, is it not! Yet I have done what I have done merely that a girl with yellow hair and blue eyes shall have a not-too-unpleasant memory of me.

"The eyes of Maria de la Luz were black. They saw into my heart, too—and pitied me. And I whisper her name and kneel before my memories."

In the far dark a coyote's yipping rippled in a specter circle around the riders.

"But come, Coloso. We must not grow sad. A sentimental villain may be a clown. But only in books must clowns weep. Come, we laugh, especially at ourselves. Soon Lastro will find some more money. Only next time it will be, as that comical Señor Perkins says, strictly business. And you shall have a new leather jacket with silver buttons, for those broad, patient shoulders of yours."

This Madness *by Theodore Dreiser* (*Continued from page 85*)

which she had concealed there. These books and the cigarets proved the last straw.

Her father had not even dreamed how far out of the world of himself and his wife his daughter had moved. Result, an emotional storm that discolored her home relations forever. Not that the house was rent and she driven forth. Far from it. Her father was not of that stripe.

But the bond of affectional relationship that had endured unbroken, though strained, was now permanently changed. Not that he would not, but he could not understand the mind of a woman or girl that could follow such works with interest, even contemplate them as things possible to read.

According to her, he considered that her mind was now permanently soiled. She was different from the remainder of the fold; did not really belong in their clean precincts. But his profound religious scruples would not permit him to act uncharitably. Even now she was not to be driven from his home. He did not even upbraid her with sharp words, but instead, selecting a number of the books he had found, carried them to his study and locked them in a drawer.

When she returned he called her into the room and brought forth the books—"La Terre," "Nana," and some others. Unfortunately, several of them contained illustrations after the manner of Rops.

"Daughter, I found these in your room," he said, and waited, expecting her to say something. When she did not he added: "I did not know that you had departed so far from our faith. That is what comes, I fear, of this craze for education. I have nothing to say to you but this: take these books and anything else of this kind from under my roof. I will not say that you must not keep them somewhere else. You have money of your own and have passed out of my control, as you know. But I do not want them under my roof, and as long as you remain here you will not object to complying with my wishes as to that."

He spoke calmly, she said, and yet, though a man of considerable physical strength, his hands trembled.

I will not present much more of this home situation, described to me at length on this occasion, except this as to what followed.

Her life, as she told me, despite all her advantages, appeared to be slipping away in vain, futile inquiries. She was becoming desperate when she came across my books. And, unlike any of her other experiences, she said, she felt she had found someone who could and would understand her, who might like her, her beauty and her mind, and for whom she could do something in repayment for anything that might be done for her, and even if little were done for her.

I began to understand now that strained, sad, brooding look in her eyes at moments; also that preternatural, exotic gaiety at others. She was, temperamentally, a brooding, troubled, thinking spirit, with a capacity for delight which, as I was to find, was quite hypnotic. She could actually, at moments, put her sense of delight in things on another, on me.

But what a person to come to for solace, I thought. I, who saw life about as she saw it, but without that exclusive, excessive mood in regard to perfection, the desire to attain and retain it.

Yet there is this to be noted in connection with many women, even those of a varietistic turn: they are, far more than men, likely to hold steadfastly to what they admire, to wish instinctively not to sin against it, to place the sacred flame of affection in a still small place, a windless, untroubled atmosphere, and there to worship it alone.

The male spirit, governed by the male instinct, is restless and tramps the world. It will not, unless restrained by affection or passion, long be still.

For myself, at that time in particular, I was almost incurably varietistic, or if not that, I was by no means satisfied as to the wisdom of a single binding contact for me.

Swirling about me were veritable shoals of those who were seeking varietistic contacts and experiences. Not one but many women interested me, and for various reasons. During the preceding three or four years there had been many who had hunted me, presented themselves, in the hope that their charms and moods might match my current interest.

It was no little thing, under such circumstances, for a woman to approach me with the thought that in this case some binding, enduring relationship might spring from a single contact.

And yet such was Elizabeth's hope, if not belief, I am sure. She had probably not formulated the idea exactly, but something of the sort was in her mind.

And now, having presented herself to me in full, a complete if brief portrait, there was the problem of this proposed union. She had decided, at last, that I was acceptable to her. There was nothing for it except to go forward along the line of the original mood which had brought us together.

With a bored and yet enticing animal gesture, intended solely to affect me, she exclaimed: "Oh, well, I don't know whether I believe in higher education for women at that. What has it got me? I'm not really interested in all the books I read. Primarily I'm interested in life, and books only reflect life; they aren't life."

"Quite right," I agreed; "but it's getting late. Suppose you come to my rooms for a little while. We can continue this discussion there."

She merely sat and looked. While dining she had been drinking a little, one of her little hands barely managing the tall brandy-and-soda glass. Up to this time, and during her long recital, her face had been rather pale, the expression one of intellectual and ethical concern. Now of a sudden her cheeks were flushed, her eyes moist. She was really radiantly beautiful. But she said nothing, merely looked, and now and then moved her lips in a pursing, pouting way.

I recall so well the childish innocence of her face as she walked into my suite; the way she paused to look around; the uncontrollable critical mood in which she captured everything.

"The tall French mirrors," she remarked, and went to study herself in one. Then she examined some pictures, taking off her hat finally and brushing her hair. I went to a cupboard for a drink. That brought, she stood beside a writing-desk, while I looked at her.

"You're not angry with me for the way I acted this afternoon?" she said, coming over to me.

"Not at all."

"You think I'm dreadfully inexperienced?"

"Well, you seem so innocent, and yet you make me stand a little in awe of you. I didn't think you were quite as intellectual, quite as incisive as you are. I thought you were more emotional."

"The power-loving male!" she exclaimed. "They never vary. I ought to be brainless and clinging, I know. Oh, dear! Everything is against me, I see!"

"Oh, nonsense! And don't be artful!"

She looked at me oddly, sympathetically. I had seated myself in a chair and she came over and sat on the arm of it. "But you know that what I feel for you is so much more than respect. I have trifled and trifled, and now here I am of my own free will. Can that mean anything to you?"

"I think you are almost too beautiful, and so different that I am confused. I don't know what to think, but I know that I am fascinated, a little spellbound. Do you want me to say more than that?"

And in the process of time, and by slow degrees, we came to see each other's worlds, I hers with all that that implied as clearly as she saw mine. And in spite of her denunciation of it always, I was rather charmed by it. It was so serene and stable.

I often wondered why she chose to wander away from it so definitely; why she could not find enough in it to entertain herself. But in spite of this difference in origin and quite often in conclusions, we seemed to get on very well, had very much intellectually in common.

From the first I was completely fascinated and captured by her mental force, her intellectual courage and sincerity, her artistic grasp of essentials, and the sense of romance, of color, of beauty that seemed to control her.

At times a mood of despair assailed her because of the meaningless and seeming futility of things. At other times she seemed to think, and rightly as I saw it, that the hour, the moment, the creature comforts and possessions of life, were enough, almost all.

"Give me a large satisfactory dish here and now," she once said to me, "and you may have all the speculations and conclusions. I prefer to live now, at the proper hour, in the proper way. The rest can go."

And yet, although she realized full well that love was a painful and sometimes destructive illusion, and that too often, as she insisted, it was the shadow of one's ideals superimposed upon some base clay model, about as one might clothe a wooden dummy with a lovely garment, still, by and large, she held that love was all. Give only the illusion of love, its pangs, its dreads, and let the rest go.

And following our first meeting she was, plainly, seeking an introduction to those pangs and terrors, for in spite of anything I might do, she insisted upon superimposing her ideals upon me. With all my defects of temper and temperament, my crotchets, my notions, my irritabilities and my sullen moods, as well as my inconsequential gaieties and instabilities of fancy and affection, I was to her a Prince Charming.

Always, beginning with this first day, she appeared to worship me after her fashion, and yet the same worship was combined with a body of criticism and a soundness and forthrightness of spoken understanding and even ridicule that were by no means pleasant or easy to face.

From the first she seemed to understand and to estimate me more accurately than anyone with whom up to that time I had been in contact. Indeed, it was not long before I found her almost too cynical, too acrid and biting, where life and I were concerned. She began to sense and point out things in connection with myself which up to that time I had not had the brains to gather. I was entertaining thoughts in regard to myself which were not true.

And yet with all this there went a something which held me fairly true, as the pole the needle. It was the charm of insight, of humor, of tolerance, of wit, of good nature and long-suffering, of faith, of genuine sweetness of heart, of pity, and a fine and noble scorn of all meanness and sordidness of soul, of cruelty and useless, pointless, colorless vanity and arrogance.

I used to marvel at one of so much genuine artistic and practical wisdom setting aside her days and her own personal interests, whatever they might have been, to put those at the beck and call of such an errant, curious, changeful and uncertain jackanapes as myself.

The mystery of admiration! The mystery of fascination! "What is it this woman sees in me?" I used often to think. "Assuredly this is the mystery of mysteries, when I know what a fraud I really am, and when she well enough knows what an unstable person I am."

For at the very beginning I had said to her, when I felt that she might be mistaken as to my mood: "But how can you take the attitude

that you do take? How can you assume that because you like me as much as you appear to I can or will like you to the same extent? You arrive, criticize me severely, and then suddenly decide that you do like me, and that without giving me any chance to explain what my own point of view is. How do you know, for instance, that there are no other women in my life, perhaps many, or that I or any man could care for you as much as you would like to be cared for?"

"Well, I don't know," she replied. "Are there so many other women?"

"Several, anyhow, just now."

"And do you care for them much?"

"Well, I like them very much, all of them."

"Not the same thing at all. Anyhow, it's a silly question, for if you had really cared a great deal for any woman, you would not have been bothering to write to me, that I know."

"Right!" I replied. "Sound and true. So you consider this a free field and no favor?"

"No, not that exactly. I'm not so sure that you can care for anyone long. I trusted to the mood of the occasion, though. We all do. You never can tell what good turn fortune may do you. I thought, for instance, that you might like me in spite of yourself. I guessed that my mind and my beauty might appeal to you, for a time anyhow. That's why I spoke of my beauty in the first place. The thing to do in such a case as this is to put oneself directly before the one you want, as I am doing now. I knew you'd like that, too.

"I knew that you had been married, of course, and had left your wife. I knew you couldn't write the books you write without knowing women. And besides, you like women. So I can't see but what my chances are as good as those of the next woman." The corners of her mouth went up, and she indulged in a soft, cynical, defiant, jesting gurgle. I laughed too.

And for over a year and a half Elizabeth and I shared life. No inconsiderable portion of my time went to her, my very closest and most intimate life. We breakfasted and dined together almost daily for months.

What money she had, and this was not a little, she shared with me, paying for or providing many things which I never would have been able to procure for myself, yet for which, apart from her and her desire to go and do, I would not have sought—taxies, cars for outings, dinners at resorts far out in the country or by the sea.

In this respect she was generous to a fault. And though not obsessed, as are so many women, by the clothes mania, still she preferred to be well dressed, to have such things as kept her in countenance with herself and her mood concerning herself.

Shopping was no vice with her; it was a solemn if not an onerous duty which she fulfilled after much thought.

Apart from reading and the singing and playing which she did at odd moments, her chief interest or taste for the day, once she had reviewed my particular literary situation, was to read, edit and criticize the various chapters, papers or short stories on which I was working, and to dine and dance later.

SOMETIMES she was highly critical of my method of writing, and once, being irritated by a picture carelessly presented in a first draft, she exclaimed: "Such rot! Such truck! I should think you would be ashamed of yourself! If that's the best you propose to do, I won't read any more." And she threw the stuff down, not on the desk but into the wastebasket. I was furious, and in a huff left the place. But I had not gone a block before I heard her pattering heels behind me. She had followed, hatless, coatless, her light chestnut hair fluttering about her eyes.

"Dodar! For heaven's sake, come back!" she exclaimed. "Please! You know why I do it. You know why! I love you. I love your work. I want you to succeed. Oh, the worst that you do is immeasurably superior to the trash that is acclaimed today, and you know it. You know that I believe it. Please! It is for yourself that I do this. The stuff isn't bad. It's good, really. Fine! But you can do it better, and I want you to. You must! Come back, please do! You must!"

And all the while she was pattering along beside me, taking three or four steps to one of my angry long ones, hanging on my arm and looking up into my face. At last when I stopped she kissed my hands and my coat.

"Now, Betty, let me alone," I said. "I'm not going to let you make a scene here on the street. You're not going to make a fool of me. Let me alone! You get too smart."

But at last, in sheer despair of handling her without attracting a crowd, I had to submit and return. Once in the room she insisted that I was tired, that we should go for a drive somewhere and dine, and then in the morning, when we were both fresh, we could straighten it all out. She could show me the exact spots where changes were to be made. When I finally agreed, she danced about and sang, her eyes sparkling, and off we went. By morning, true enough, I was in a different and better mood, more amenable, and we worked the thing out together.

But this is a mere suggestion of the vivid and interesting life that now began for me in connection with her. It was summer. The weather was pleasant. We, or rather I, had a working apartment at Riverside Drive and 111th Street.

On the roof of this building was a summer-garden, with hammock swings. Below was the river.

Prohibition had not even been hinted at.

When she was so minded Elizabeth would drink until all the world looked rosy. And she liked what she called "little cocktail parties." If everything had gone well or if things were ill and I was discouraged, she would propose, about four-thirty or five, that we call it a day, shake some cocktails and go to the roof.

If there was no ice in the house—Elizabeth could not and would not cook or trouble with anything domestic—she would run to the nearest grocery or meat market, with which she had established a working understanding of some kind, and return with sufficient cracked ice for all her needs. Then she would mix enough drinks to last until dinner-time.

Sometimes we would have dinner at one of the resorts along the Hudson or the Sound or at Long Beach, to which we would proceed in a car charged to her account.

Once, as I recall, to my very great amusement, we met at one of these places an artist whom I knew to be an excellent dancer. Since Elizabeth was always eager to dance and he appeared to be not too much engaged with the party of which he was one, I signaled him. He came, and to my satisfaction, he and Elizabeth struck up a great friendship.

They danced and danced, until finally I suggested, teasingly, that perhaps I was one too many, that I had better make my way back alone.

But this had no effect. She was interested and happy, and so we hung on until three in the morning, when, being weary, I insisted upon going. At this she flew into a rage and called me a killjoy, said that I spoiled all her fun, that I might at least wait for her when she found someone she could dance with.

I pointed out the time and how long it would take to get back. At four we left, only to be followed by my artist friend, and among the cars parked about the restaurant, as well as on the pavement at 111th Street, these two danced, his little coat tails standing out straight behind, so great was their whirling speed.

Both were a little drunk and unusually gay. I chuckled, as did a lone policeman who came up to see what the trouble was. At last, as the sun was rising, they desisted, and Elizabeth consented to come into the house. It was typical of the flow of animal spirits that would seize her. Yet that she ever saw my friend afterward I doubt.

But if this were true of one side of her, there was another that was much less spirited. It was the side that related to herself, her thoughts and moods in regard to her past. For, for all her strength and insight, she could not help thinking of the indifferent and possibly uncalculated way in which her temperament, with all its vagaries and resistances, had been set down in so conservative a home only to give offense and bring grief.

Personally, she had longed for all that her home did not offer her, and now, in her twenty-third or twenty-fourth year, she was finding herself an outcast from it. In addition to this, and despite her zest for life and art, she had no faith in the ambitions of women outside a few selected fields—music, singing, dancing, the stage.

And her conventionally narrow home, the cold face that had been turned to all her thoughts in regard to music and dancing, appeared to her to have frustrated successfully her natural leanings in these directions. For she was assuming—at much too early an age, as I thought—that she was already defeated. In consequence, she was seeking, or had been, to retaliate against life and its abuse of her by a vast indifference, laughing at its primary canon that all people should strive and achieve.

"Strive!" she used to say. "Fiddlesticks!" And her lip was inclined to curl over the petty ambitions of most people, her own included. She had wanted to be a dancer. Well, she hadn't been allowed to become a dancer. What difference did it make in the long run? At the same time, it did make a difference.

ON THE other hand, her tentative approaches to and recessions from so many men, with the trouble she had caused them, grieved her a little. She had an ingrowing conscience as to that because she had inspired love and then mocked it.

And now, to cap it all, she had me and yet was by no means satisfied that she had me at all.

For in addition to at least one woman of whom I had told her in the first place as being then in my life, and whom she knew definitely from having seen her on the street with me and had chosen to admire and like from afar, there were others of whom she did not know exactly but of whose existence she had been becoming more and more aware.

For she was in and about my place enough to see and know how things ran and lay. She could not help seeing the volume if not the exact nature of my mail. She could not help hearing the telephone-bell and certain conversations, however modified or disguised.

Telegrams and special-deliveries, urgent invitations to do this or that, were occasionally handed in while she was present. Now and then on the street would be a recognition from some quarter, some group or some individual, that could not but prove disturbing.

One cannot deal with many women without some conflicts, and it was that situation which she was beginning to realize, in part at least, and not so very long after she had chosen to come to me. At first, seeing that I was truly and intensely interested in her, giving her the major portion of my spare time, the situation was not so irritating. Later, when the luster of this particular contact was beginning to tarnish slightly and other and newer personalities, however much less distinguished, had begun to appear, it was not so easy to maintain, nor was it by any means so comfortable for her.

But what an intense delight she took in living in New York even under these conditions! She had many relatives there, and I often wondered how she managed to evade them all, or if she did not, what explanations she made.

For one thing, she was always writing letters, rather long ones, as I thought, and then complaining over each one that she hated to do it. Today she just had to write her mother; tomorrow her sister. There was an old aunt in some peaceful little town in Connecticut to

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whom she had to write on an average of once a month. There was some property involved which this duty seemed to cover and protect.

And yet every time she had to write she would begin at least three or four days before with ten or fifteen "Oh, dears!" "Merciful heavens!" and "Tut, tut, tuts!" whenever she thought of the burden ahead of her, adding: "Oh, how, how I dread it! I can never think of a single blessed thing to say. I have to lie and lie. I'm studying music. I'm taking a course at Columbia. That poor old course! And how long I have worked this college stuff! Oh, dear! Oh, dear!"

Sometimes I might drift into her rooms of a morning or an afternoon and find her bent over her desk, scribbling away raucously with what seemed to me an atrocious pen.

"Now don't bother me, Dodar!" she would exclaim, waving a hand negatively, as much as to say: "Do anything but don't talk." Then she might add: "Sit down and read a book, please, or look out the window. I'm having the dickens of a time writing my mother. I must have five hundred more and I have to give some reasonable excuse for staying here."

Then she would turn to her work and scratch, scratch, scratch until my ears were annoyed. At last she would gather up the sheets, written all over in a large, round, sprawly hand, and say: "There! Lies, lies, lies! What a package of lies! And that's all I ever do write home. But I have to do something. I must get that money, and get it right away."

All her own money having been left in trust, it was necessary for her to borrow against it until she should be thirty years old, and the only person who appeared to be able to arrange it satisfactorily was her father.

Since they were decidedly distant and standoffish because of what had gone before and her present peculiar movements, she had to deal with him through her mother, who wrote her the most affectionate though colorless letters.

"Betty," I used to say, after reading one of these, "how can you say you hate such dear, simple people? They seem to me the souls of courtesy and simple good nature and faith."

"Oh, yes, I know all that. Please don't orate. I've had twenty years of them, and you haven't. And your soul hasn't been crushed out of you by commonplace people. I know they have their good points as well as their bad ones, but how does that help now?"

One of the things that always interested me about Elizabeth was her astonishing physical as well as intellectual vigor. She was honest with herself. She had few, if any, of the inhibitions and suppressions so common to women of her time and years; they were driven out, I presume, by her clear, strong brain.

Yet toward the close of the first year, finding myself a little bored by this too-constant association with one person, however interesting, I began to look about for those who might interest her, at least to the extent of taking her off my hands now and then. There were many who made every effort to make themselves agreeable to her. But to no result.

I was sometimes not a little astonished by the cool manner in which she would dismiss, once and for all, men whom I considered exceptional to a degree. "You needn't try to palm me off on anyone else if you're no longer interested in me," she once said to me, bitterly. "When the time comes that you don't want me any more, I can find someone, and if I don't I can live as I did before."

Will Elizabeth be strong enough to carry out her threat of finding someone else when she discovers that the one man she loves no longer wants her? The answer is in Theodore Dreiser's May Instalment

Red Heads *by Royal Brown* (*Continued from page 91*)

virtuous indignation, "that I was the sort that would hit a person and run."

"Oh, he did, did he?" commented her father quickly. "What some of those lads need is a good poke in the eye."

It was not the grizzled millionaire contractor that spoke but the Irish immigrant of thirty years before, always ready to fight at the drop of a hat when he and his were criticized, rightly or wrongly.

"He practically got one," Pat assured him. "I slapped his face, good and plenty."

This startled her father and plainly perturbed him a bit.

"I was mad anyway," explained Pat hastily. "You see, he came shooting up behind me in such a way that he forced me almost into the curbstone. I thought for a moment I was in for a smash-up."

Tom darkened again, swiftly. "That lad ought to be called upon the carpet," he said. "He——" He broke off, shifted abruptly to, "Did you tell Con?"

"I phoned him—it happened on the way home. He said he'd fix it up."

"And Con is the boy that can do just that," said Tom Collins.

In his voice was, as always, admiration. He had, for all his success and arrogance, an almost pathetic respect for what he would have called book learning. And Con would get somewhere with his. And—well, Con might be the man to manage Pat.

Pat was smart too. She'd get her own way and not be too fussy about the means, her father suspected. "I wonder," he mused as he dressed for dinner, "what *she* said to the cop."

Not that it made much difference. Con would get her off. The lad took to politics like a duck to water and he could pull strings.

As a matter of fact, Con phoned while they were at dinner. "Say," he demanded of Pat, "what was the idea of trying to race the cop after he blew his whistle, anyway?"

"Oh," retorted Pat airily, "that was because I didn't want it to be too easy for you to fix up."

"Much obliged; it wasn't," Con assured her satirically. "I had to promise the captain that you'd hold down to twenty hereafter when passing through his particular province."

"You shouldn't make rash promises."

"Is that all the thanks I get?"

"Oh, I suppose you'll put a bill in to Father——"

"I'd prefer to collect from you personally—Saturday."

"Try and do it," suggested Pat.

To her father she reported merely that Con had fixed it. That was no news to Tom—but it was still to be news to Larry.

He had had his swim and was finished with dinner too. He sat on the back porch overlooking Coogan's Cove while Kate put little Larry to bed. He was now in mufti, his soft shirt open at the throat and a pipe between his teeth. A personable youngster but with something on his mind, obviously.

As Kate, emerging and sitting down beside him, well knew. "What's bothering you, Larry?" she asked.

He puffed at his pipe for a second. Then: "I'm sorry I landed on you before dinner," he said. "But it was finding little Larry in the street that started me." He puffed again before adding, "An automobile killed a five-year-old girl on my beat this morning."

She gave a little gasp. "Did—did you see it?"

"No such luck," he replied grimly. "It was a hit-and-run driver and he got away. But I went to the house to get my report. The kid wasn't dead—still dying——"

"The poor mother," mourned Kate. "She must have been almost crazy."

"She was," he said.

No more than that. She knew the picture that was in his mind and that he was strongly moved.

He liked his job, normally. He had drifted into it, drawn by the adventure of it. There was no great future in it but he had not thought of that then. It had offered money enough for his wants and he had not foreseen having Kate and little Larry to provide for, then.

Still, they ate regularly and as for his job: "It gets you out in the open," was the way he put it, "and it's better than pushing a pencil or saying, 'Will you have your eggs wrapped up, madam, or take them in the altogether?' "

He had a line, had Larry, as Kate could have told you. And he was not as a rule too hard on those who exceeded the speed limits.

"They're all supposed to keep down to fifteen in the city, but few of them will and I don't blame them so much," he had explained to Kate. "We don't usually speak unless they're going over thirty."

Tonight, however, it was evident that he was in no such liberal mood.

"I nailed thirty-three speeding this afternoon," he announced, "and they'll all get a chance to tell the judge about it."

"And they ought to," affirmed Kate, with warm indignation.

His mind, however, was still working in its own groove. "One of them," he went on, "was going forty when I blew my whistle—and she tried to get away from me. I chased her ten blocks before I got her."

"Well, the nerve of her!" commented Kate. She gave him a swift glance. "Young, I suppose—and pretty?"

In spite of himself he saw Pat so. But: "I suppose some would call her that," was all he said.

"What did she say?"

"Plenty. And she expects to get away with it. Pull, I suppose—somebody will be calling up the captain." He glowered at the thought. "Well, that's one case they won't fix—even if I have to turn in my shield."

"Oh, Larry, they wouldn't make you do that!"

He made no answer save a pessimistic grunt and she was sorely troubled.

"If it wasn't for me and little Larry——" she began.

"Aw, shut up!" said he awkwardly.

The late July twilight was not far away; there was a surge of sunset color in the sky. It deepened and flamed, then died away. Even the railroad tracks were obscured in the gathering dusk; only the signal-lights revealed their presence and Coogan's Cove, so ugly by day, became touched with a mysterious beauty.

It was about nine now and Pat, finished with her dinner, had drifted over to the Smuggler's Cove Club. She was, at the moment, explaining to a group of her contemporaries—mostly feminine—why she had not appeared at the tea.

"Was he cute?" asked Agnes Legan, referring to Larry. "Some of them are, awfully."

"It wouldn't do you any good to know if he was," suggested her sister Moira unkindly. "Pat saw him first and——"

"And I," interjected Pat scornfully, "would be glad to present him to either of you. It wasn't a case of love at first sight—anything but!"

Agnes giggled. "You never can tell about that!"

But Pat could and did very definitely.

Nevertheless, she did think about him quite a lot. She wondered, for instance, what he would think about it when he discovered that he couldn't get *her* into court. She felt sure that he had been darned good and mad and she was glad of it.

Also she rather hoped she would meet him again. Just to see what he'd say or do. Of

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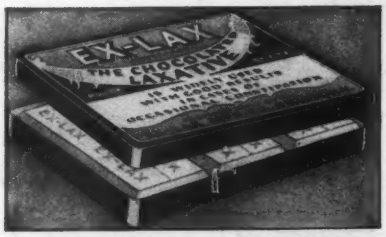

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TASTES LIKE CANDY

course if he recognized her—and she felt sure he would—he'd probably look the other way. Well, she'd attract his attention.

"I wonder if you can direct me to the nearest garage, Mister Officer?" she'd say. And add, "I can't imagine what has happened to this car. It ought to do eighty, and although I step and step on it, it won't go over twenty. It's an awful nuisance because I'm in a hurry, you see."

Pat could hardly wait to try that on him. But in the meantime, Saturday came and with it Con. Pat was not at home at the moment. Tom was.

"Come in," he invited, "and I'll buy you a drink."

This he proceeded to mix himself. No cocktails but a good old-fashioned high-ball. He was seemingly preoccupied by the proper proportions of this, but a man far less keen than he would have known that something bothered Con.

Characteristically, he asked no questions. "Here's to crime," he said, passing Con a tall glass.

Con took it, barely tasted it and spoke. "Speaking of crime, I'm afraid Pat will have to go to court."

Tom glanced at him. "I thought you'd fixed that up."

Con grimaced. "So did I. But the cop won't seem to see it that way. The captain asked him as a personal favor to do it but he won't. He," added Con, with evident feeling, "is stiff-necked as a mule."

"What's he holding out for?" asked Tom.

"It's not money," Con answered shortly.

"Offer it to him?"

Con hesitated. "Not directly—if that is what you mean." Con glowered. "I saw him this morning—he was off until noon—at his home. He lives with his sister over at Coogan's Cove. She's a widow, with one child, and he's taking care of her, I guess."

Tom said nothing, just sipped his drink. But he suspected there was more to this than Con was telling.

The fact—and Con definitely did prefer not to mention it—was that although his offer of money had been very indirect, Larry had been anything but indirect in his refusal of it.

"You get to a-place-much-hotter-than-Coogan's-Cove-is-this-morning out of here before I take a swing at your jaw," he had blazed.

It had seemed wise to Con to do so, if only because it would be bad business for a prominent young lawyer to engage in a rough-and-tumble, especially with an angry young six-footer who was red-headed and obviously in the pink.

"You can push this case if you want to," Con had contented himself with saying, "but I'll get your shield if you do."

He meant it—but he had said it on the way out.

Now, to Pat's father he said only, "Pat will have to appear in the lower court, anyway. She can take an appeal there and I'll see that it never reaches a higher court."

Tom finished his drink. Then: "Pat," he remarked, "won't like that."

Nor did she. It was almost six when she appeared. To prove that she was irretrievably spoiled and, that being so, so was Con's weekend. He left on Sunday morning although he usually stayed through to Monday.

"I pity the man who marries you," was his farewell.

"Well," she retorted characteristically, "I don't see why that need worry you!"

They had not, however, parted forever. They met again no later than the following Tuesday when Pat appeared in court.

To Pat, who had liked appearing as little as her father had prophesied, it was particularly annoying to discover that her case was but one of many and that she must wait her turn.

The first appearance of Larry before the court, minus his cap but still in uniform, had caused her to tauten.

The cases which he presented to the court moved swiftly, but even so it was after eleven when Pat's was called. She, inwardly furious if outwardly composed, pleaded not guilty and then Larry told his story. He said nothing about his slapped face or Con's efforts to fix the case. But they may have been in his mind because he added:

"There had been a child killed earlier that day at almost the same spot—by a hit-and-run driver."

"I object!" said Con, instantly on his feet.

The judge merely eyed him coldly; Pat hardly heard him. A child killed—she visualized that shadowily. So that, she thought, was what he had had in mind when he landed on her. He thought she was that sort. She was gladder than ever she had slapped his face.

Con was prodding her. "Stand up!" he whispered.

Pat stood up a bit bewilderedly, became conscious of the judge's cold eye upon her. And then he spoke, slowly and deliberately—and Pat could say nothing. Not then!

Nevertheless, she said plenty when she was back in her car again. Not to Con, who knew better than to present himself at such a moment, but to her father, who had also been among those present. He said nothing until Pat raged:

"And the judge took his word for everything."

"Well, you were going over forty, weren't you?" he interrupted. "And you did try to get away."

Logic was not what Pat required just then, however.

"It wasn't that at all," she protested hotly. "It was just because he wanted to get even with me. Do you think I care about the fine?"

"I didn't expect that would bother you," he commented dryly. "And if it's revenge you're after I'm thinking Con may get it for you yet. He's after the lad's shield himself, you know." He glanced at her curiously but she merely bit a furious lip. "And," he added thoughtfully, "I'll bet he'll get it. Con is smart—and he can pull wires with the best of them."

"If he doesn't get it," announced Pat flatly, "I'll never speak to him again."

Evidently Con had that idea. Pat heard not a word from him during the rest of that week—a week during which she was simply impossible.

"You always did have a mean disposition," Agnes Legan informed her, with the privileged frankness of a friend, "and it's taken a turn for the worse. What's the matter with you, anyway? You're perfectly murderous."

Tom might have diagnosed that had he been home. "The traffic cop is on her mind as sure as the hump's on the camel," he would have said.

Tom, however, was back at his job. "Another week here and I'd be in a strait-jacket to keep me from pulling the feathers off my thumb," was his explanation.

Friday night he returned, however, for the weekend. He was as uncommunicative as ever. He had a queer streak of secrecy in him. Even Mollie had never known all that Tom was up to.

"Hear from Con?" he asked during dinner that night.

"No," said Pat, and there was that in her voice that suggested she didn't want to hear from him.

Tom let it go at that. And on Saturday afternoon Con appeared.

This time Pat happened to be at home. There was no great warmth in her welcome, Tom noted, but Con was unabashed.

"Still sore?" he shot at Pat, with a grin.

"I haven't the slightest idea what you're talking about," she replied disdainfully.

"I'd hate to bet on that." His grin widened and he took a shining disk from his pocket. "Ever see that before?" he asked.

Pat's violet eyes widened. It was, obviously, a policeman's shield. "You—you don't mean that——"

"I told you," he reminded her, "that I'd get that cop's shield, and here it is. I'd like to

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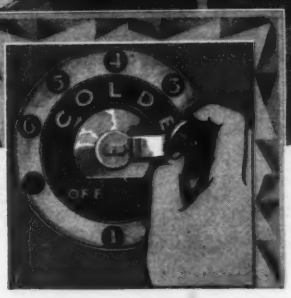

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2 Any Kodak, Brownie, Hawk-Eye, or other camera producing negatives not larger than 3¼ x 5½ inches (postcard size) and any brand of film, chemicals and papers may be used in making pictures for this contest. A contestant need not own the camera. The finishing, of course, may be done by his dealer.

3 Both ordinary contact prints, and enlargements not to exceed 7 inches in the long dimension, are eligible; but,

4 In the Special Enlargement Competition, prints having a long dimension of not less than 9 inches or more than 17 inches, are eligible. Entries in the Enlargement Competition are eligible for Special Enlargement Prizes only.

5 Prints shall be unmounted, but an entry blank shall be enclosed. Use the accompanying blank, obtain others from dealers; copy the form, or write Prize Contest Office, Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y.

6 An entrant may submit as many pictures as he pleases and at as many different times as he pleases, provided that the pictures have been made on or after March 1, 1929, and that they reach the Prize Contest Office, Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y., by the specified closing date.

7 Entries in the Child Picture Contest to be eligible for the March award shall be received at the Prize Contest Office, Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y., by midnight of March 31, 1929; and for the April award by midnight of April 30, 1929. The child in the picture shall not have passed the twelfth birthday.

8 A picture that is to be considered in the Child Picture Contest must be so designated on the back.

In the case of other pictures, however, the entrant need not, unless he wishes to, specify into which of the classifications his pictures should go. The Prize Contest Office reserves the right to change a classification for the benefit of the entrant. If not classified on the back by the entrant, the pictures will go into the classes in which they are most likely to win.

9 Each prize-winning picture, together with the negative, and the rights to the use thereof for advertising, publication, or exhibition in any manner, becomes the property of the Eastman Kodak Company.

10 No prints can be returned, except that entries in the Enlargement Competition will be returned upon request. All mailings are at the owner's risk. Do not send negatives until they are requested.

11 The decision of the judges will be final. In the event of a tie, the advertised award will be paid to each of the tying contestants.

12 All pictures will be judged 50% on subject interest; 25% on composition and arrangement; 25% on photographic excellence (correctness of exposure, etc.).

13 Mail pictures to Prize Contest Office, Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y.

14 An entrant may receive only one prize. In case the judges select any entrant for more than one award, he will receive the largest thereof. If he wins, for example, a $100 state prize in the Child Picture Contest, and if either the same print or another of his prints in the General Contest wins an award larger than $100, he will receive the larger amount. The Eastman Kodak Company will consider the purchase of desirable pictures even though not prize winners.

15 Winners of the state prizes in the Child Picture Contest for March will be notified as soon as possible after March 31, and for the April Contest as soon as possible after April 30, 1929; winners in the Special Enlargement Competition and all other classifications will be notified as soon as possible after May 31, 1929.

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11 *prizes of*	500.00	*each*
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This prize money will not be awarded for technical skill alone. You do not need to be an experienced picture maker to win. The bulk of this $30,000 will go to those who send in the *most interesting pictures* in each of 10 different classifications. Now is the time to get your camera into action. The opportunity to win a cash prize of anywhere from $2,500 down is knocking at your door.

Here is the way in which the $30,000 prize money is to be distributed. You may enter for each and all of the classes. Send in as many entries as you like. The more pictures you submit in this contest the better is your chance of being numbered among the 1,223 fortunate ones to win.

GRAND PRIZE—For the Best Picture of Any Type—The best picture of all of those submitted in the following classifications will be awarded a grand prize of $2,500.

STATE PRIZES—For Child and Baby Pictures—$11,400 will be awarded for the pictures showing the most interesting children . . . in both March and April $100 will be given for the best child picture in *each state* of the United States and *each province* of Canada,* making 114 prizes in all.

*District of Columbia counts as one state; Hawaii, Alaska and all other U. S. dependencies combined count as one state; the Maritime provinces of Canada count as one province. British Columbia and the Yukon count as one province.

Snap as many pictures as you want from babies to boys and girls who are beginning to think of themselves as young men and women. Maybe there's a baby right in your own family that could help you win first prize by a big margin. Not necessarily a beautiful child, but one with personality, character, "IT"—in eyes and smile and dimples. Maybe there's such a youngster next door, or next street, but no matter whose baby it is, get the kind of picture that shows it at its best.

Every picture of children that you submit stands a chance of winning the Grand Prize; or any of the 103 prizes in each of four other awards. And even if you don't come in for a share of the prize money you will, at least, have made an attractive picture to add to your collection. With a little patience, however, you can almost surely get a picture good enough to win. A striking close-up of a boy or girl; a group at play; youngsters laughing, sleeping; in every-day clothes, rompers, overalls or fancy costume. Anything goes as long as it is a picture of children, and if it has the least

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in Cash Awards

Grand Prize $2,500 . . . 11 Prizes of $500 each . . . 11 Prizes of $250 each . . . 125 Prizes of $100 each . . . 1,223 Money Prizes in All . . . for snapshots, time-exposures, enlargements . . . only strictly amateur photographers may compete . . . Every picture-taker has an equal chance to win!

spark of interest in it, don't fail to send it in. What looks to you like a "flop" may look like a "wow" to the judges.

This award gives you 106 chances to win: (1) You can enter the March contest for the best child picture from each state, (2) You can enter the April contest for the best child picture from each state, (3) The pictures that you have entered for the state contest during either of these months and pictures that reach Rochester during May are all eligible for the Grand Prize of $2,500 or for any of the one hundred three prizes in Awards No. 2, No. 3, No. 4, or No. 10.

AWARD NO. 1—Scenics—For the best picture of any city or country outdoor scene . . . a first prize of $500; a second of $250; a third of $100; 25 prizes of $10 each and 75 prizes of $5 each. Here's your chance to capitalize your ability to spot an interesting outdoor subject. Landscapes and marines, distant and nearby views, mountains and water, nearby bits of nature composition, travel subjects and street scenes.

AWARD NO. 2—Informal Portraits—Pictures made at from, say two to ten feet distance, for the purpose of showing a person's features . . . a first prize of $500; a second of $250; a third of $100; 25 prizes of $10 each and 75 prizes of $5 each.

AWARD NO. 3—Story-Telling Pictures—For the pictures telling the most interesting story . . . a first prize of $500; a second of $250; a third of $100; 25 prizes of $10 each and 75 prizes of $5 each.

Take a picture in which children, adults or animals do something—anything except looking at the camera. For instance, a puppy pulling at a baby's sleeve; children in any form of play; father proudly exhibiting the new car to a friend. There are any number of opportunities for you to take pictures like these.

AWARD NO. 4—Sport Pictures—For the best pictures of sports and games . . . a first prize of $500; a second of $250; a third of $100; 25 prizes of $10 each and 75 prizes of $5 each. It may be skating or coasting or skiing—or baseball, tennis, golf. Hiking, too . . . and boating, archery, polo riding—all serve as opportunities to make prize winning pictures.

AWARD NO. 5—Animal Pictures—For the best pictures of pets, live stock, wild animals, either at large or in zoos . . . a first prize of $500; a second of $250; a third of $100; 25 prizes of $10 each and 75 prizes of $5 each.

AWARD NO. 6—Nature Study Pictures—For the best pictures of flowers, birds, butterflies, leaves, rocks, spiderwebs, any nature subject . . . a first prize of $500; a second of $250; a third of $100; 25 prizes of $10 each and 75 prizes of $5 each.

AWARD NO. 7—Building and Architectural Detail—For the best exteriors of homes, churches, schools, offices, libraries, other buildings, or portions thereof . . . a first prize of $500; a second of $250; a third of $100; 25 prizes of $10 each and 75 prizes of $5 each.

AWARD NO. 8—Interior Pictures—For the best inside views of rooms, corridors, staircases, or other portions of homes or other buildings . . . a first prize of $500; a second of $250; a third of $100; 25 prizes of $10 each and 75 prizes of $5 each.

AWARD NO. 9—Still Life Studies—For the best pictures of art objects, curios, cut flowers, any still-life subjects in artistic arrangement . . . a first prize of $500; a second of $250; a third of $100; 25 prizes of $10 each and 75 prizes of $5 each.

AWARD NO. 10—Unusual Photographs—For the best pictures made at night; pictures of fires, lightning, storms, silhouettes; or any pictures that are unusual either as to topic or as to photographic treatment . . . a first prize of $500; a second of $250; a third of $100; 25 prizes of $10 each and 75 prizes of $5 each.

Special Prizes for Enlargements—$1,350—Any picture is a better picture when enlarged. For the best enlargements from negatives made on or after March 1, 1929 . . . a first prize of $500; a second of $250; a third of $100; 25 prizes of $10 and 50 prizes of $5 each. Your film dealer or photo-finisher will be glad to help you choose a picture likely to win. (See Conditions Nos. 2 and 4.)

Each of these big cash prizes will have to be won by somebody . . . why not you! Aim at the big money and you stand an excellent chance of winning it or of coming in for one of the smaller prizes. Don't miss this chance of winning a share of the big prize money. There is always the certainty of being rewarded with some excellent pictures you might otherwise fail to get.

THESE ARE THE JUDGES. Observe how diversified are their interests and how broad are their viewpoints and experience. You must admit that no fairer Board of Judges could be assembled than that represented here:

Madame Galli-Curci, internationally known singer; Miss Ethel Barrymore, leading actress; Howard Chandler Christy, noted artist; Clare Briggs, famous cartoonist; James R. Quirk, publisher, Photoplay magazine; Rudolf Eickemeyer, distinguished photographer, Medalist Royal Photographic Society of Great Britain; Hector Charlesworth, author, critic, editor "Toronto Saturday Night"; Kenneth Wilson Williams, editor "Kodakery" and photographic expert.

For the two Monthly Child Picture Contests, the following will be judges: James R. Quirk, Rudolf Eickemeyer, Kenneth Wilson Williams.

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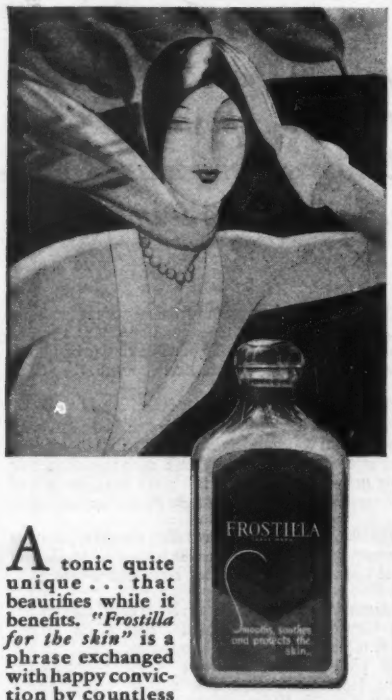
Do not place your name on either the front or the back of any picture. Be sure that each entry in the State Child Picture Contest is so designated on the back.

165

Why not a SPRING TONIC for your skin?



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Frostilla should be applied to face, shoulders, elbows, upper arms, hands and legs . . . in fact, to all parts of the body that have been subjected to cold and exposure.

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FROSTILLA *for* exposed and irritated skin

give it to you as a souvenir but I promised the captain I'd return it. In fact, I promised I wouldn't let it out of my hands, but if you'd like to examine it——"

He tossed it toward her, expecting her to catch it. Instead, she swiftly thrust her hands behind her, little-girl fashion, as if it were a beetle.

"I should think you'd be ashamed of yourself," she announced furiously.

Con's mouth opened incredulously. "Wh-what?" he stuttered. Then, recovering himself, "I thought that was what you wanted."

"Me? It was you that wanted it. I—I—you can take that shield back to the captain this minute. You——"

Her voice broke. She glared at him briefly, and then turned toward the house, leaving Con speechless in his bewilderment. He had quite forgotten Pat's father.

The latter stooped and retrieved the shield. "And how," he asked softly, "did you manage to get it?"

Con turned. "I said I'd make him quit, didn't I?" he retorted savagely. Then, "What's the matter with Pat, anyway?"

Tom gave him a swift, searching glance before speaking. "Women," said he, "are like that sometimes—queer." He was silent for a second. "I can remember once when—when her mother let a yell out of her as if murder was being done. I rushed into the kitchen to see what had happened. And there she was, up on a chair, with her skirts around her knees. In the corner there was a mouse, as scared as she, I suppose. But I never stopped to think of that. I grabbed the broom and fetched it a whack that knocked it dead before it could move. And then I turned back to —to Pat's mother——"

The words seemed to choke him a bit for the moment. But:

"She gave me the surprise of my life," he added. "'You big brute!' she blazed at me. 'What did you want to kill the poor little thing for?' And the next moment she was on her knees mourning the mouse."

He glanced at Con expectantly. But Con seemed slow to get the idea.

"Women are like that—the best of them," explained Tom. "And you can't argue with them. She only wanted, you see, to have him scared off—not killed, she said." He offered the shield to Con. "You might as well take it along with you—you can drop it with the captain as you pass."

"Now?" asked Con, surprised. "But——"

"I," said Tom very softly, "think you'd better go along."

It was now Con's turn to ignore the shield. He was, obviously, about to say something and, as obviously, he changed his mind. Instead, he entered his car, pressed the starter, thrust in his gear savagely and departed without another word.

Tom watched him go, an odd look in his eyes. Then he glanced at the shield he still held, and his enigmatic eyes softened. "Sure, styles and fashions may change but I guess women don't after all," he mused. "It was the spit of Mollie, the way she went at Con."

Pat did not reappear until dinner was served and her expression did not suggest that her disposition had improved.

Nevertheless, Tom ventured in where angels might have preferred to detour. "And why," he asked mildly, "did you blaze out at Con that way?"

Pat's pretty lips compressed briefly. She herself didn't exactly know the answer to that. It was all mixed up in her own mind. Still:

"I think Con went too far," she told her father frigidly. "I would have been perfectly satisfied with an apology."

"Oh, you would have!" commented her father. "Well, I can't see the lad that arrested you making that. He'd quit first."

This was Pat's own impression, as it happened. And, curiously enough, she would have despised him as well as hated him had he apologized. That was all mixed up in her mind too.

"I'm not thinking so much about him any way," she advanced virtuously, "but about the sister he is supporting."

"It's late in the day to be thinking about that," commented her father, and added, "It's a bad time to be out of work—things are slack."

Pat hesitated. Then: "You might give him a job," she suggested.

"Me?" he echoed. "I'm laying men off at the minute. Besides which"—he grinned unexpectedly—"it was me as much as Con that got him off the force."

"You mean you had a hand in it too?"

"I sure did. You wanted him off the force, didn't you?"

"I didn't!" she protested again. "I just wanted——"

"You," he broke in dryly, "should be more specific next time." He reached into his pocket and produced the shield. "But we aim to please. Take it back to him and tell him he can have his job if he wants it. I can fix that up too—if he does."

Pat rose, precipitately, though dinner was no more than just begun. "You mean me—myself—take it back?" she gasped incredulously.

"Well, Con won't—and neither will I."

"Nor I, either!" flamed Pat. "You can fix it up some other way."

"You," he interrupted, with a note of finality in his voice that Pat seldom heard but respected, perforce, when she did, "got Con into this to do your dirty work. Now you're expecting somebody else to clean it up for you. Well, nobody else is going to It's you or nobody—that's flat and final."

She gazed down at him. Wide-eyed, open-mouthed, outraged. "I won't!" she flung at him.

"All right then," he said equably. "Sit down and finish your dinner and quit your beefing about Con and—and me."

Pat, however, did not sit down. She left the room—and the shield, too.

This time, Tom let it lie. The maid brought it to him after he had finished dinner and asked him what she should do with it.

"Stick it up against the sugar bowl at every meal," he directed her.

And there it was, to the great interest of the servants' quarters, during every meal on Sunday. Pat ignored it. If anything, her mood was more murderous than ever, but it was at least no longer vocal.

The shield was still against the sugar bowl Monday morning when Pat breakfasted alone. It was there after Pat had finished and again in evidence during luncheon, which she had alone, her father having returned to the city. When Pat, with little appetite, had disposed of that, however, the maid burst into the kitchen.

"It's gone!" she announced excitedly.

"Did she take it?" asked the rest in chorus.

"She must have," said the maid.

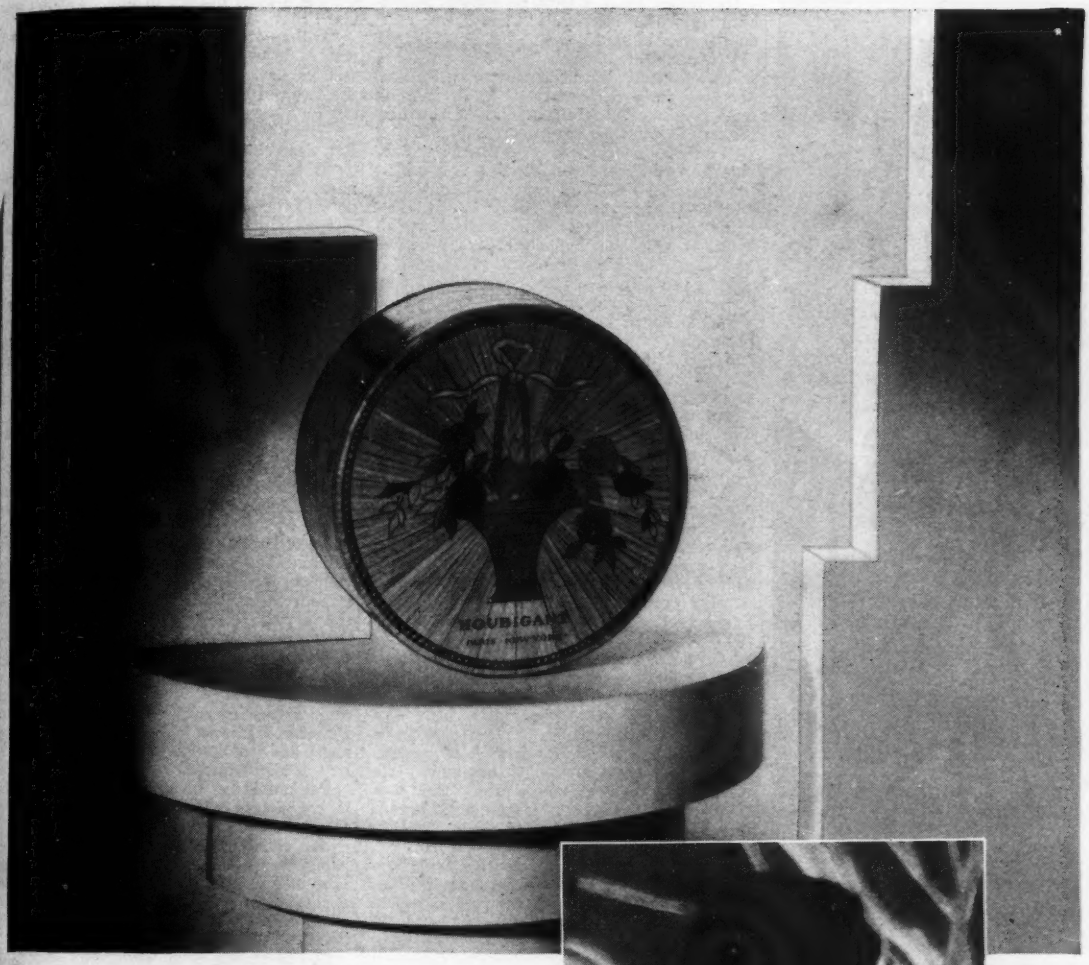
Pat had. In her own room she was now preparing for an eighty-mile drive. From her wardrobe she selected a hat, drew it down over her ears. She turned to the mirror, twisted her head and took a sudden dislike to the hat—though the mirror seemed enthusiastic enough over it—and threw it aside.

A second hat she selected suited her no better; it was saved from a similar fate only by Pat's sudden perception of her own ridiculousness. "What I'll probably need," she informed herself, "is a steel helmet."

Ten minutes later she was in her car. But for once she broke no speed limits, rather did her driving lag. It was almost six when her roadster finally came to a stop in front of the tenement-house that overlooked Coogan's Cove, to be surrounded immediately by a group of interested urchins.

Pat hardly saw them. As she approached the entrance she felt absurdly like Joan of Arc on the way to the stake. A man, collarless and in shirt-sleeves, stood there smoking.

"Mr.—Mr. Dugan?" asked Pat, in the voice of a breathless angel.



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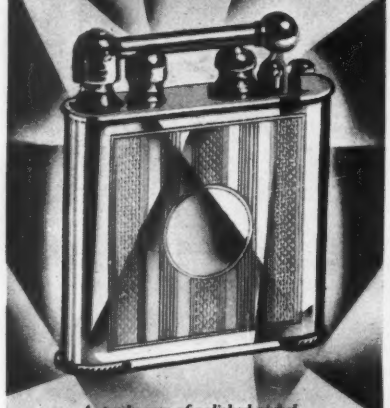

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He, taking his pipe from his mouth, waved back into the interior. "First floor—that door there," he said.

Pat managed to reach it. She knocked—and so, absurdly, did her knees and her heart. She waited and the door opened. Larry himself. He was no longer in the uniform that so became him, but he was not unpersonable.

"I—I—I came to tell you," stuttered Pat, "how sorry I am that——"

There she stopped. It wasn't, of course, at all what she had meant to say. But then, she had had no definite plan anyway. And he looked so surprised and so incredulous and—well, so curiously breath-taking.

That was in his eyes as he found his voice. "I—er—won't you come in?"

Pat, however, had already glimpsed young Larry standing wide-eyed and open-mouthed and, beyond him in the kitchen, young Larry's mother, not uninterested herself. And although Pat did not know yet just what she meant to say, she was quite sure she didn't want an audience.

"Won't—won't you come out to the car for a moment?" she suggested.

It was her idea that there they would have privacy. But she reckoned without the youth of the neighborhood. They were seldom privileged to inspect a car such as Pat drove and they were making the most of the opportunity.

"Hey, you young heathen," commanded Larry, "get away from there."

They fell back, with varying degrees of haste, the one at the wheel moving fastest. But they did not retire far; they remained not only in eye-shot but in ear-shot as well.

"Would you—could you ride a little way with me?" asked Pat in desperation. "There's something I want—to give you."

"I've never got around to having my life insured," he retorted with a grin. "And now that I'm off the force there's no death benefit if——"

"Oh, drive it yourself, then," said Pat.

He accepted the invitation with a swift, boyish alacrity that stirred something in Pat. The maternal, perhaps, though she looked anything but that.

"This," he announced, slipping into high, "is some car!"

"And," commented Pat, eying the speedometer, "you may think you're some driver—but the first thing you know some traffic cop will ask *you* where the fire is!"

He glanced at the speedometer and slowed down guiltily. "It runs so smoothly——"

"Tell that to the judge," suggested Pat maliciously.

She was quite herself again; as she spoke she reached into her hand-bag and brought his shield to view.

His eyes took it in incredulously. "Where did you get that?" he gasped.

"It's a long story," replied Pat. "Somebody thought I wanted it and got it for me. But I didn't really—and so I brought it back. Please take it!"

She wanted him to; that was in her voice and eyes. And never had she looked more breath-takingly lovely. He all but took it, automatically. Then:

"But what would I do with it?" he asked bewilderedly.

"Why, go back on the force again. That can be fixed up—will be, truly."

"But I don't want to go back," he protested—yet as if he feared to displease her.

"You—you don't want to go back!" gasped Pat. "Why——"

"I've got something a whole lot better," he explained. "That's why I left. It's with the Consolidated Construction Company. Seventy-five a week to start and——"

Pat's pretty head reeled. "The Consolidated Construction Company!"

Evidently he thought she never had heard of it. For: "It's one of the biggest contracting concerns in the city," he explained. "It——"

"It," said Pat, "is the biggest. I know, because my father owns it." She stopped short, sensing a swift change in him. "Didn't you know that?"

"I did not," he assured her frostily. "A man came in last Tuesday night, said he had seen me in court and liked the way I handled the cases. He said he was always on the lookout for young fellows he could use."

"Why, I'll bet that was Father!" broke in Pat, dazed herself.

"If so"—grimly—"he didn't mention his name. He talked a lot to Kate and wouldn't go into the parlor, saying that the kitchen reminded him of the days when he didn't have two spare nickels to rub together. Oh"—savagely—"he fooled me nicely!"

"Fooled you—how?" asked Pat.

"Your lawyer tried to fix the case one way, and all but got kicked out, so your father tried another way—handing me a job and getting me tied. Well, it won't work. He can have his job back."

Evidently he wasn't red-headed for nothing. Well, neither was Pat.

"How dare you say such things?" she demanded passionately. "You—you ought to be ashamed of yourself. My father wouldn't tell a lie for anybody. He—why, he must have taken an awful shine to you." She paused, struck by another and even more bewildering phase of the mystery. "Why, he himself told me to take your shield back and offer you your old job back," she marveled, striving to fathom that. "When he knew all the time that he had given you something better. I can't understand that."

Then, abruptly, she bit her lip—and blushed furiously. Did her father think that——

The thought snapped there. He, though some blocks from his home, had drawn up to the curb. He was not only red-headed but angry and stubborn as well, and being all that, he was about to remove himself from the car.

Pat caught her breath. "I," she began, her lovely voice breaking treacherously, "just tried to be d-decent and you're horrid."

She choked and stopped, close to tears—which was not like Pat. But then she had been under an emotional strain all day. Now, suddenly, she felt very sorry for herself. There were, in fact, tears in her voice if not in her eyes.

"I don't mean to be, truly," he assured her with great haste. "I—why, I——"

Another large audience of urchins had gathered. Becoming conscious of them, he swiftly slipped in the clutch.

It was after six then but Tom Collins was still in his office.

"You're smart, Con," he was saying, "and I don't deny it. Only this time you overstepped. I had an idea you might get the lad's shield at that and I wondered a bit about it. So I dropped in on him last Tuesday night and talked to him. I had it in mind that if he was as good as he looked to me in court I might hand him something myself—a better job than he had, and so I did."

Con might have spoken then but Tom gave him no chance.

"He turned in his shield of his own will—as you knew well," Tom went on. "Smart you are, my lad, but you're a liar as well. And a man that is smart and a liar too I don't want around me—nor Pat either."

Con came to his feet. "If," he began, "you weren't twice my age and half my size——"

He stopped there because Tom was also on his feet. Swift as a cat.

"Twice your age—and half your size, am I?" he bristled. "Well, my lad——"

At seven Tom was no longer in his office. He was over at Coogan's Cove and at peace with the world, for all that his left eye looked the worse for wear.

"Who poked you in the eye?" young Larry demanded.

"Larry!" admonished his mother sternly.

Tom winked his good eye at her, however. Then, to young Larry he said, "Oh, that was given me by a lad that had two bad eyes and a poke in the nose by way of exchange."

Young Larry, catching fire, doubled up his

little fists. "Uncle Larry is teaching me to box," he breathed proudly.

"You'll never regret it," Tom assured him. He looked up at Kate and added, "I've wished sometimes for one of my own like this lad."

Kate blushed—then frowned, a bit worriedly. "I can't think what became of Larry," she apologized.

"Well, perhaps he's detained on important business," suggested Tom.

"No; he went off with a girl. She was all dressed up like a million dollars and he didn't even have a coat on. He seemed to know her—though it's no one he ever mentioned to me. But he's been odd lately, mooning around like a man with a girl on his mind."

"That sounds like very important business to me," commented Pat's father dryly.

No one ever knew all that was in his mind but he seemed not at all put out, as Kate would have phrased it. He lingered on, sitting on the porch in Larry's accustomed chair.

"It's like the old days," he said to Kate. "I can remember——"

It was after nine then and Larry was obviously still detained by the business he was at. Important business—cosmic business.

They—he and Pat—had at last achieved a spot where they had no audience and they were now parked, which was as well, inasmuch as a man needs at least one arm to drive with and both Larry's were otherwise engaged.

"I've got a mean disposition," he was saying huskily.

"So have I," retorted Pat. "So we're well matched."

The hot July night encompassed them with its witchery, his lips were close to her hair, the hat which she had selected with such care lay on the floor boards under her feet.

"It's all so sudden," he murmured, "I can't——"

"Now you're stealing *my* line," she protested, but her lovely voice was lyrical. She glanced up at him, flushed and never so lovely. "But then it would be—with us. Red-headed love, you know."

His arm tightened around her. Still: "I'm mad even to think of it, just the same," he persisted. "There's not only you, who are used to everything, but Kate and the kid. I can't desert them."

"Who's asking you to?"

"Well, it's a riddle and what's the answer? I don't know."

"Ask Dad—*he* knows," she suggested.

"If you think," he began, getting red-headed, "that I'll——"

"Oh, be yourself!" she commanded. "Do you think Dad would pick out a lemon for me? Believe it or not, if he didn't think you were smart——"

"Me? I can be as dumb as they make them."

"You can," she agreed. "But—oh, shut up!"

And inasmuch as she lifted her lips as she spoke, he could not but obey.

His Last Night on Earth

(*Continued from page 99*)

rendered you amazingly clairvoyant, chaplain."

"What makes you say that?"

"More things than one. You read me with something that was more than intelligence."

"Did I?"

"Yes. You must have shocked your wife."

"Only for the moment!"

"Perhaps—but you must have. For instance when you said the Bible was no good, in connection with *us*, today. It isn't, not a bit of good. And your remark about feeling guilty! Sitting here before you came I had a feeling as if I were no more guilty than you and a lot of others. Not that I suppose you're anything but a thoroughly good man. At any rate I know now that you're a thoroughly

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good fellow. You've just proved it. But still I had that feeling and you fell in with it in a way that's remarkable.

"But where you read me with quite extraordinary accuracy was when you told your wife that you were positive I wasn't sorry for having done what I did to Baines, that you were positive I had done what I considered was the right thing to do, that I wouldn't have it undone. I wouldn't. Your wife—and that was very womanlike—suggested that I am morally warped."

"Well, you can understand that she——"

"I don't feel as if I was. But it's possible, probable perhaps, that most of those who are morally warped don't know it. So I won't risk any assertion about that. Morally warped! The discussion of exactly what that means would open up fairly wide issues, I fancy. And we haven't unlimited time before us tonight. So we'd better leave it."

"Yes—indeed!"

"But as, owing to you entirely, we've got down to man to man, as you've dropped the priest-pose, if you've ever had it, and as you've no intention of acting or trying to act as the middleman between me and my God—there's no one here to be shocked, so we can have the rare luxury of taking the clothes off speech—and as you've made *your* confession to me first, why, I don't see why I shouldn't make mine to you. Of course"—he smiled faintly—"not for the halfpenny papers."

"Of course I——"

"Of course. But you can tell some of it—only some—to your wife, if she doesn't repeat things. I leave that to your knowledge of her. I don't know her and it's too late now for an introduction."

Tom Ellis waited for a moment. Then he said, "Anything you say had better rest between you and me, I think."

"I've always had that sort of feeling about what's usually called a secret. But as I said, if you trust her you can tell her some of what I'm going to tell you now."

For the first time since the chaplain had come into the cell Hartley took both his hands from his face and sat up. His cheeks showed red patches from the pressure of his hands.

"Are you a man who reads much?" he said.

"I'm not a great reader. I don't consider myself an intellectual man. But I am fond of reading. I love a good book."

"Have you ever read anything, a sentence or two maybe, that has made a lifetime's impression on you?"

The chaplain sat still and thought hard for a moment.

"I've read books that have made a great impression on me, of course," he said at length. "But a sentence or two! There are things in the Bible, things in Shakespeare, that at the time I read them have quite bowled me over. But I don't know that I could say——"

"You can't. Your hesitation proves that. Well, I did read such a thing. A long while ago. I was about seventeen, I fancy. Ever read Burton?"

"Burton?"

"Richard Burton."

"You mean the man who went in disguise to Mecca?"

"Yes."

"I've read parts of the book he wrote about that journey."

"Never read his poetry?"

"I didn't know he'd ever written poetry."

"Well, he did. He wrote a long poem. And this comes in it."

Hartley leaned again on the bare table and in a low voice recited the following lines:

"Do what thy manhood bids thee do, from
none but self expect applause;
He noblest lives and noblest dies who
makes and keeps his self-made laws."

"That's—that's very fine! That's extraordinarily fine," said the chaplain.

"So I thought. It seemed to me—it came to seem to me when I found I couldn't forget it—the sort of thing one could take as one's life-motto. And I resolved to live by it. To live by such a command means a lot. It rules out so much. 'From none but self expect applause.' If a man narrows things down to that expectation he's done something."

"And did you do that?"

"With time I really dare to believe I did. Anyhow, but for those words, I'm not at all sure I should have shot Lionel Baines. Possibly I might have. Possibly I attribute to Richard Burton what I ought to attribute to my own temperament. But those words branded themselves into me. And I really worked to follow them. And I believe I did follow them, and in that moment in Baines' consulting-room more truly, more undeviatingly than at any other time in my life."

"Baines was a friend of yours, wasn't he?"

Hartley smiled, and it wasn't a smile that could easily be forgotten.

"For a long time I thought he was. My having supposed him to be my friend, my best friend, was what urged me to kill him. If you ever have time to run through the records of murders which have shocked the world I think you'll find that more than half of them have occurred—there must be two people, you see—between intimates. At my trial they were hard at it to find any motive I could possibly have had for murdering Baines."

"Yes, I know."

"You read an account of my trial?"

"Of course."

"You didn't discover any motive?"

"No."

"Make any guesses?"

"One or two, as I dare say others did."

"Did you guess that before I killed Baines I had discovered that for some time Baines had been at work getting things in train to kill me?"

The chaplain stared. His fixed staring gaze showed his profound astonishment. His big hands contracted on the table into tight fists. A muscle in his jaw trembled.

"Kill you!" he said.

"In a way not so difficult for a first-rate doctor as for some of us who aren't doctors. More especially as I was his patient at the time as well as—in my idiotic view of things—his friend. I'd been for some time going to Baines on account of some unpleasant, even distressing symptoms that had been caused by—Baines."

"Good Lord!" muttered the chaplain.

"Yes. Some motive there, wasn't there?"

"He was trying to poison you?"

"Gradually, yes."

"A well-known doctor!"

"Why should a well-known doctor be any different from a doctor not well known, or from any man not a doctor?"

"No, of course! But—but if it was so——"

"I tell you it was so!" said Hartley with sudden rigid grimness.

The chaplain gazed at him.

"I believe you absolutely. But then why didn't you have that fact stated at the trial?"

"I didn't choose to."

"But if you could have proved it I am positive you'd have been recommended to mercy."

"No doubt I should. And if I'd been tried in France instead of in England and had chosen to speak instead of keeping silence I should have been acquitted."

"You've given me a motive for what you did," said Tom Ellis rather slowly, and as if doubtfully, or even as if disappointedly. "It's astounding." He paused.

"Oh, I quite understand," said Hartley. "I quite understand. You don't find it satisfactory. Astounding but not quite satisfactory. It isn't a motive, strong though it is, that completely satisfies your—shall we say your moral sense? You want something more."

The chaplain was silent. He was looking distressed. "I don't want to judge," he said, falteringly almost. "I didn't come here to do that! On such a day."

"I know you didn't—I know!" said Hartley. "But what you want is Baines' motive, isn't it?"

"Yes, I suppose it is."

"Well, chaplain, if I tell you that, it must rest forever between you and me. If you want to you can tell your wife what I've just told you. But this—not!"

"I won't. I give you my word of honor on that."

"I take it. You're one I'm ready to trust. And since certain things have happened in my life I've almost lost the power to trust. In fact, I believe I had lost the power till you gave it back to me today by making such a clean breast of things when you came in here. You want Baines' motive. In giving you it I might almost say I give you the whole of mine. The other thing—what I told you—was only a part. You know I've got a wife."

"Yes. I thought—I supposed——"

"I know. You're wondering whether she isn't coming here today, aren't you?"

"It seemed to me natural if——"

"She can't come. She's had a complete nervous breakdown. She's in a nursing-home."

"I didn't see that in the papers."

"It's only just happened. She stuck it out almost till the last. But now, on the edge of the end, she's gone smash."

The chaplain felt shocked at the tone and manner of Hartley at this point in their interview but he did his best not to show it.

"She's not fit really to see anyone, I suppose. Certainly not to see me. I'm the last person——"

"But why?"

"You're surprised because there's never been a word, a suspicion against her. *That* again is, I believe, owing to Burton. It may be owing to my temperament but I don't think so. I put it down to 'Do what thy manhood bids thee do, from none but self expect applause,' and I don't think I'm far wrong. Well——" Hartley again put his hands to his face, leaning with his elbows on the table. His eyes glittered. "I had trust as complete in my wife as I had in my friend. Before all this I was the sort of man who really can trust. Lots of people have difficulty in trusting. They often have at the back of the mind a question-mark. You know what I mean. I hadn't with those two. I trusted all in all. No reason whatever that I can see even now was given to me by either of them for doubting them.

"I began to feel rather unwell. Before that I had had to consult my *friend* Baines for insomnia. He thoroughly overhauled me and found I needed injections. He made certain what he called 'tests,' blood and so on. And we started the 'treatment.' And then gradually things began to go really wrong. But he explained them away. It was the getting worse to get better. And perhaps you know that injections which eventually do good, great good according to the doctors, often produce at the time they're given very unpleasant symptoms. I had very unpleasant symptoms but I thought of course they were passing—until I found out."

"How? How?" asked the chaplain, leaning forward.

"Through the telephone."

"The telephone!"

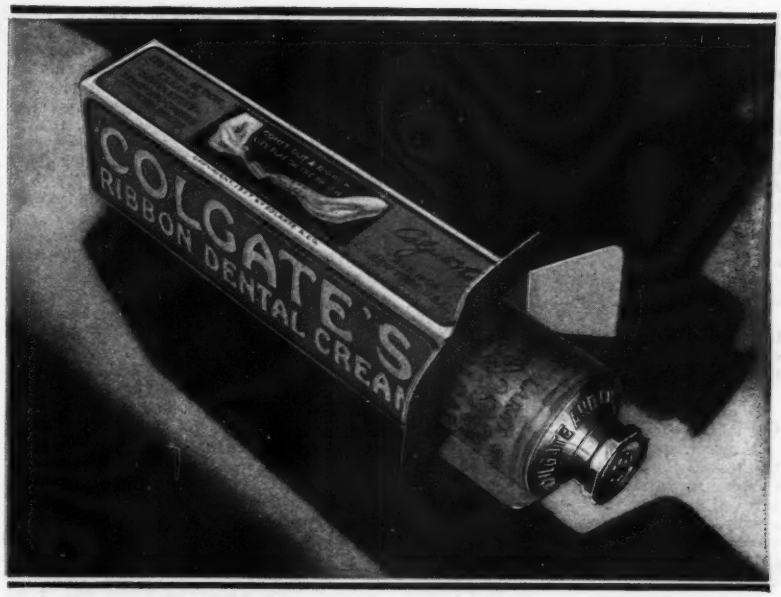
"It seems incredible, doesn't it? But is there anything that's incredible in connection with—haven't you sometimes called them in sermons 'God's creatures'?"

The chaplain felt the blood go to his face.

"Baines thought I was away from London. I had told him I had to go to Leeds on a certain day in connection with a law case. Of course I really believed that would be necessary. For reasons that wouldn't interest you the case was suddenly postponed. And I didn't leave London. But my wife did, unexpectedly. Her mother was taken seriously ill. So it happened that I, who was supposed by Baines to be away, was in London, and my wife, who was supposed by him to be in London, was away.

"Soon after she had gone—she went abruptly, at a moment's notice—I happened to be in our bedroom. We had the telephone there. Someone rang up. I went to answer.

"Perhaps you have heard, or noticed, that when two people very closely connected, as



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husband and wife, for instance, have lived together for a considerable time they sometimes develop odd, even remarkable resemblances. It may be in face. It may be in mannerisms. It may even be in voice. More than once people have remarked on certain likenesses between the intonations of my voice and the intonations of my wife's. Apparently too we had little tricks of speech that were similar. And remember this, that when anyone presupposes something—feels absolutely positive, let us say, that a certain human being can't be in a certain place at a certain time, and that another human being is in that place—he or she is in a condition absolutely prepared for deception.

"It was so at that moment with Baines. And it was he who rang up. I took the receiver and said, in the low voice I have always used at the telephone:

" 'Yes? Who is it? Who is speaking?'

"The reply was this, 'Oh, it's you, darling! Good! Of course he's gone, hasn't he?'

"I didn't at that moment recognize the voice that was speaking to me. But I did realize that someone was speaking about me to a person believed to be my wife. I realized that instantly. And there was something in the voice and in the wording of the question which gave me a shock, which put me tremendously on my guard.

" 'There's something "up" here that I ought to know!' That's what my mind said just then. And I answered, trying consciously to speak like my wife:

" 'Yes, he's gone to Leeds.'

" 'It's such a shame but I can't come tonight,' said the voice then. 'I'm kept by a serious case.'

"This time I recognized it for Baines' voice.

"He continued to speak rapidly, confidentially, in a very soft voice, as it seemed to me. I gathered of course that he was my wife's lover. Before he left the telephone I gathered something else—that he was deliberately making me ill and that she was privy to it. There was one revealing sentence."

Hartley stopped for a moment. He had been speaking with amazing, almost unnatural lucidity and absence of emotion. But now for an instant he looked tortured and when he spoke again his voice was clouded, seemed partially choked in his throat.

"It was this. Baines said, '*It* must take time, darling, but the end is sure!' And he added, after an instant of apparent hesitation, 'He won't suffer much, in fact very little.' In reply to that I almost whispered into the telephone:

" 'Thank God for that.'

"And then—for I felt I couldn't stand anything more just then—I said, 'Good night.' The answer was, 'Good night, my darling.'

"I had hardly spoken at all to him. Only three or four sentences. He had spoken too much—to me."

"How awful!" murmured the chaplain. "How awful!"

"Yes. That night I took counsel with myself. On the following day I was supposed to be at Leeds. I had an appointment with Baines for the day after that. Could I wait for that appointment? I felt that I could not. Another thing! I felt positive my wife would very soon telephone to Baines. She had gone off in a terrible hurry. She had a long journey before her—to Northumberland. I knew there was no telephone installed in her mother's house. But on the morrow she would surely telephone from the nearest postoffice to Baines.

"I felt I should like to prevent my wife from ever having another conversation with Baines, even through the telephone. And in case she telegraphed I wanted if possible to be beforehand with her. I took counsel with myself that night—all through that night—and I resolved to do what my manhood seemed to bid me do. In the night I felt a great pressure, as of my manhood pressing upon me, commanding me to do so and so. Any arguments I put up against my manhood seemed feeble, perfunctory and useless, weak arguments. My manhood told me that it lay with *me* to do justice.

"Next morning I went early to Harley Street and asked to see Baines. I was taken into the consulting-room. Baines, I could see, was tremendously startled on seeing me. I had brought a revolver with me. I didn't say anything. It spoke for me."

"You never told him? You never accused him?"

"I didn't say anything at all. I just went into the consulting-room and shot him dead."

The chaplain sat gazing at Hartley in silence.

"What do you think you would have done in such circumstances?" asked Hartley at last, as the chaplain said nothing.

"I don't know. I have no idea."

"I think I did the right thing. But I don't seek applause for it from anyone, least of all from a clergyman."

"Oh—please! You needn't consider me in that way tonight."

"No, I don't think I need."

"But your wife?"

"My wife?"

"Yes. What did you say to her?"

"Nothing."

"You said nothing about it to her?"

"When she came to see me—she came in terror to beg me to keep silence about what she of course knew I must have found out, though she didn't know how—all I said was, 'I did what I considered right and necessary.' That was all. I never discussed the matter with her, beyond telling her that I should make no defense and give no explanation of my motive for doing what I had done."

"How could she come to see you? How could you see her?"

"Her fear drove her to me. How could I see her? By that time I felt quite cold about it all. When she came in I looked at her as you might look at a puppet. And there were appearances to keep up." Hartley said the last sentence with concentrated irony.

"If I hadn't seen her, if she hadn't tried to see me, what would people have thought? What must they have thought? So she paid the necessary visits—except today. She's broken up completely now, I believe. But however ill she is I'm certain she'll never give anything away. I always fancied she was a soft woman but she must really have a nature of steel. Well, chaplain, that's all. The Burton game of my manhood's bidding is played out and tomorrow morning I pay."

"And—and you aren't afraid? You don't dread it?"

"In a way I do. But I'm full of curiosity. And I've nothing at all to live for. You can take this from me, chaplain: no one can really love life who doesn't retain in him some genuine faith in human nature. Any I had has been destroyed. So why should I want to stay on here? I've no faith in human nature left."

"I doubt that somehow."

"Why?"

"Because of the way you've spoken to me."

"I suppose I've got one or two needs still left. Perhaps tonight, though I didn't know it till you came, I needed to speak out. And you struck the right note when you first came in. If you'd tried to play the middleman—but you didn't. Thank you, chaplain."

The last words Hartley said to Tom Ellis before the latter went out of the cell were these:

"There's one thing more I want to thank you for."

"What is it?"

"Although you're a clergyman and I am a murderer you have refrained from quoting, 'Vengeance is mine—I will repay! saith'—you know the rest. You are indeed one in a thousand."

At eight o'clock the next morning Mrs. Ellis was sitting at the breakfast table in the dining-room of the Chaplain of D—— Prison. The maid had just set the coffee-pot down with the boiling milk.

"Shall I bring in the rest, ma'am?" she asked. "Or wait till the master comes?"

"Oh, you can bring—no, I think you'd better wait!" said her mistress nervously.

"Yes, ma'am."

"And directly I ring—oh, there he is!"

She got up with a start and stood as her husband came in. He was deadly pale, but looked calm.

"Am I late?" he said.

"No, Tom. I was just—you can bring in the rest now, Annie."

"Yes, ma'am."

The maid went out.

"It was all over, of course, long ago," said the chaplain.

"Yes. I heard the bell tolling and—and I saw the flag. Oh, Tom, how awful it is!"

She held on to the table and her face worked violently for a moment. Her husband came to her and stroked her hand.

"Where have you been since?" she said, through tears.

"I went to the chapel."

"Oh, yes—to pray."

"No, I haven't been praying, just sitting there thinking things over and getting a grip on myself."

"Poor man. How did he—how was——"

"He seemed quite calm. He looked ordinary."

"Ordinary!"

"Yes, quite. There was nothing remarkable about him, except, under those circumstances, his air of calmness."

"Did he pray with you?"

"No."

"Wasn't he a believer?"

"I don't know."

At this point the maid came in with breakfast. When she had gone out and shut the door Mrs. Ellis, pouring out coffee, said:

"But didn't he tell you whether he was or not?"

"No, he didn't."

"How strange! I can't understand it."

"Well, dear, you see I didn't play the part of a middleman to him."

"A middleman? Oh, yes—I remember."

"A middleman between him and God. He overpowered me."

"How? How could he when he was in such an awful situation?"

"Dear, I don't believe situations matter at all. All that matters is what sort of strength of soul there is in a man. There lies the manhood of a man. Hartley of course was a murderer. He acknowledged it from the first. But his manhood nevertheless was very strong, tremendously strong. I could never attempt to preach to such a man."

"But you were with him for such a long time last night."

"Yes. It was the most interesting interview I ever had with a human being."

"Interesting?"

"So interesting that the terror of it was eclipsed somehow."

"Couldn't you do him any good?"

"I think I did."

"I'm glad of that."

"It's strange," the chaplain said, gazing straight before him, "how every man has the need to be known as he really is. With all our deceptions and lies that need is there at the basis of every one of us."

"Then—then he confessed to you, Tom? Is that what you mean?"

"He allowed me to understand—why. And how very seldom we understand that."

"But how awful to break the law of God as he did!"

"Millie, that man kept his self-made law. It may have been wicked, but at any rate it was strong. And he kept someone's secret, too."

"Whose?"

"Millie, that lies, and will lie to the end, between him and me."

"How I pity his poor wife!"

The chaplain was silent for a moment. Then he said:

"He must have loved her."

The Poor Sport *by Rita Weiman*

(*Continued from page 51*)

eyes, that gleam of mischief like a kid stealing jam! And now he would be regarded as a seducer.

In the morning he awoke, flat on his back, groaning in a nightmare of pursuit by a regiment of women, all of them Lois.

Sun poured across his bed, filling his veins with compensating warmth. He went to the window. The place had been magically transformed. Beyond a wetly sparkling lawn ran an automobile road. Beyond that, a toy river swelled by the incoming tide. At the other side of this busy little stream, sand-dunes and vast pine woods marched toward the sea which seemed to encircle the entire landscape in its glistening arms.

Rush had a sense of limitless beauty, of sublime disdain for time and space.

Presently he wheeled about, ready for his tub, to face the discomforting knowledge that this room offered only pitcher and basin. He knocked tentatively. No answer. He knocked again, opened the door. The place had been vacated. Yet intimate feminine articles of apparel strewn about gave assurance that Lois had not fled with the dawn.

As he dressed, he caught sight of her strolling up the path from the river. Slant-brimmed vagabond hat tugged down over the right eye gave her a dash that was anything but unsophisticated. Her sweater suit was the warm yellow of ripe corn. Certainly, remarked Rush with relief, she did not look the victim of seduction.

They met at the foot of the stairs.

"Ready for breakfast?" he asked.

"I had mine long ago."

"Then sit with me, will you, while I grab a bite? Appearances—people might wonder——" His voice trailed off. "I take it you had a visitor last night," he put tentatively when they were seated.

"Yes. That dear old lady heard you say I was ill——"

"I know." Then, preparing for the worst, "Did you tell her we weren't——?"

Her low voice interrupted. "I'm not such a poor sport as that, Rush."

"Pardon. I merely wanted to inquire, because her husband and I had a talk downstairs."

"She told me you were together."

"And I thought it wise to make our stories jibe."

"She jumped at the conclusion that we're bride and groom. I let it go at that."

"Great guns! *I* led the old man to believe we'd been tied up for some time."

A flicker of amusement lifted the corners of her mouth. "Well, I guess you aren't the first bridegroom who's put that over. What does it matter, anyway? We'll be gone by this afternoon and never see them again."

Rush jabbed uncomfortably into half a melon.

"Look here, Lois"—his smile gave a friendly intonation to her name—"you mention being a good sport. Will you be one now—for me? I happened on a business possibility last night that's too big to let slip. I'm going to put it up to you. Man to man," he added as inspirational afterthought.

Briefly he outlined such portions of his conversation with MacIntosh as would enlighten her.

"You see my position. It's evident he's dissatisfied with his present representatives. This is the opportunity of a lifetime. Two weeks here—even one—may cinch it. Can't we stay?"

She frowned, answered with slow, thoughtful deliberation. "But you couldn't get away with it. How can you hope to be in close contact with a man and not have him find out something about your personal life?"

"Oh, that!" Rush waved aside the obstacle without attempting to hurdle it. "He hates New York. Only gets there once every few years. A 'divorce' for us won't take anything like that long."

His graceful persiflage passed without response. Lois turned her gaze swiftly to the sweep of sea, sand, forest, so serene, so secure in their permanence.

"You'd be basing success on a lie," she observed.

"Oh, come! My private life has nothing to do with my business integrity." And he laughed.

Without returning her gaze to him, she ignored the pertinent protest. "Suppose he sends to New York, inquires about you? He's sure to, if he thinks of trusting you with his affairs."

"Well, then, we might have just eloped. If the situation gets too hot, we can always be called back to town. Please."

He held out his hand. A brown, firm, magnetic hand. But she merely nodded and gave a husky decision.

"I could hardly desert you now. It wouldn't be a square deal."

Later he wondered why he had without hesitancy confided his future to a girl who could so readily use her knowledge as a weapon for blackmail. But then, Lois wasn't that sort. He had known her two years. Secretary and assistant to the man who handled Rush's advertising, her position with that firm was one of complete confidence.

In fact, he had grown to know her through numerous conferences when she personally assumed charge of his work. Of her family and surroundings he knew nothing. Yet instinctively he felt secure.

The MacIntoshes, rosy with excitement, were waiting for them on the veranda. Mr. MacIntosh, still in square-toed shoes and red tie, wore plus-fours and a sweater.

"Well, well, so the sun has won you over," he approved when told they were staying on. "We knew it would! How about a round of golf, young man? I'd like to show you the course."

Rush filled his rôle of honeymoon husband by sending a glance of inquiry toward Lois. She nodded.

"Go ahead. I'll have a look at the sea."

A car drew up with a chauffeur in livery. As they drove away, Rush saw the two women together, round pudgy hand clasping one that boasted the pseudo wedding-ring.

"I told the old boy we were elopers," he announced at luncheon. "Thought I'd better set that straight and avoid questions. He got a great kick out of it."

Lois said nothing.

"What's the plan for this afternoon?"

"Don't you want to golf again?"

"With you—if you care to. MacIntosh takes a daily nap."

Thus during two weeks of weather such as only Maine in generous mood can provide, Rush spent his afternoons with the lady who temporarily bore his name. They were not altogether pleasant hours. Not for Rush, that is.

He studied her stretched at length on the sand, purring at the feel of its velvet warmth; watched her plunge into the waves, laughing as her brown legs and arms cut through them; saw her swing a golf-club very badly, yet with beautiful swaying rhythm. She seemed to be having such a good time. Yet of herself, both literally and figuratively, she gave him nothing.

Their peculiar status of intimacy was a form of burlesque. Hang it all, why, having come away with him, should she take it into her head to erect a wall as solid as the one between their two rooms? She was so supple, so lovely to the sight—and touch—if things had been different now! The sharing of secrets in darkness . . .

"That's a great little girl you've got," observed MacIntosh one morning on the links. "I watched her last night at bridge. Plays like a man and loses like a soldier. And gosh—what pretty eyes! Looks like a foreigner. Are her people American?"

"French," hazarded Rush, drawing on visions of an impudent nose.

"My wife just loves the child. You know, we had two—girls—lost them both. She never got over it."

Something about the way the old eyes filmed made the younger ones look away. It wasn't pretty—putting over a hoax on such simple souls!

Just before going to bed that night, he knocked on the door between the two rooms.

"Lois," and as it opened slightly, "I gave you a French father today. How about it?"

"Irish. But don't ask anything else about him. I haven't seen him since I was eight."

"What happened?"

"He just walked out on us. Nearly beat my mother to death first."

"Lois"—he caught hold of the hand on the knob, drew her to his side of the door—"come in and tell me something about *yourself*."

She sat down in a chair he pulled forward. A sea-green Japanese kimono wrapped her body close. Black hair, just growing, touched shoulders like smooth ancient ivory.

"I haven't any history. My mother worked to support three youngsters until I was sixteen. Then I took over the job. My brother's pretty much like his father—shiftless. He's two years younger than I and won't contribute a cent, even when he has work, which isn't often. My sister's still in high school."

"What made you come away with me, Lois?" he asked suddenly.

She looked down. Silence for an instant bridged the chasm of speech. When she answered, it was almost as if the words were so many pebbles flung into that chasm for the mere purpose of sound.

"I—I owe you an answer to that, don't I? But I can't tell exactly. You see, I've never had a vacation; couldn't afford one. And the same thing day after day——" The words halted.

Rush knew they concealed deeper, more troubling thought. Vague sadness lay back of their impersonal note. He groped toward something closer. Understanding, sympathy—he couldn't tell what.

"Lois, you're—you're so darned attractive, there must have been men—plenty of them."

"Who wanted to marry me?" she supplied with a slow smile. "No; most of the men I meet in business are married. And the boys I know outside the office aren't—well, I can't explain it, but I'd rather be alone somehow."

"Are you—terribly alone?"

She looked up at him, started to speak. Then her lips closed tightly. When they opened, it was only to say:

"Don't feel sorry for me. I've played a beastly trick on you. But when I took you up, I hadn't a thought of it. Rush, please believe me!" Her hands went out, a gesture oddly humble.

Rush drew her from the chair into his arms. The music of her closeness throbbed against him. Stirring strains that should have thrilled into an unforgetable symphony. His senses stilled to everything but the exquisite rhythm, haunting as the lithe body held to his.

"Lois."

"Rush."

"We'll be leaving in two days. Don't let's look back and feel that we've cheated ourselves. It's not for me alone. We hold something sweet . . . it is sweet to you, dear, isn't it?"

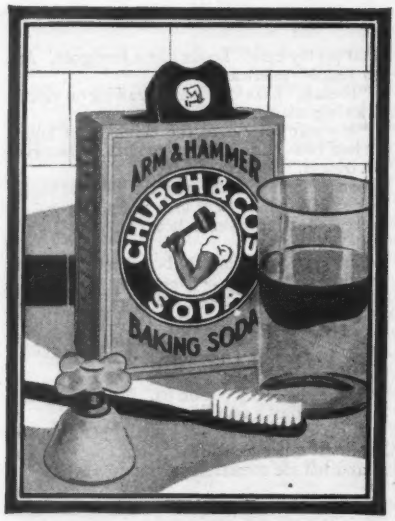
"Rush, please."

"I'm crazy about you. Kiss me! Won't you even—kiss me good night?"

The hands in his went icy. "Rush!" she whispered and pulled away. "I'm afraid to."

The door closed.

It happened so quickly that Rush found his empty arms tingling as though a possession had been torn from them ruthlessly.



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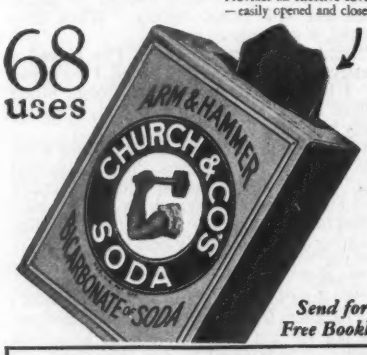

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For weeks that look of Lois' as she shut the door remained with him, baffling, insistent. And with it, the vision of two old innocents at the veranda steps to bid the young lovers good-by.

"You'll hear from me before long," said MacIntosh. "I like you, my boy. I like your honesty. No fake about you. You're the caliber an old fellow who's tired of the grind can depend on. If I had a son——"

His small round spouse tearfully kissed Lois. "Keep her happy," she murmured.

"And when you set up your own home," was the old gentleman's parting shot, with a twinkle and fondling of white mustache, "try one room instead of two. These newfangled notions have their drawbacks."

Alone once more amid the calm of bachelor independence, Rush found the complete confidence of MacIntosh more embarrassing than gratifying. The whole flavor of the thing became distasteful. To cap his discomfort, Lois appeared for no apparent reason to avoid him. After all, why? He had certainly sacrificed inclination to chivalry. It wasn't sporting on her part. He felt abused, hurt.

Night after night, he returned from the office out of humor, dressed, went to dinner, the theater, parties, with a sense of irritation like some indefinable itch. He found fault with employees, dismissed one girl unnecessarily; then sent for and reengaged her at increased salary. Good Lord, was he getting sentimental? His annoyance with himself balanced his impatience with others.

The climax was reached with the arrival of a wire from St. Louis:

> Am called unexpectedly to New York next Monday and look forward to renewing acquaintance with you and your charming wife. Telephone me at Waldorf Hotel. We can then settle certain matters discussed last summer. Mrs. MacIntosh regrets she will not be with me but joins in kind greetings.

Rush read the words with a distinct impression that they were winking at him. MacIntosh coming to Manhattan! He who emphatically stated that he never went near the place unless he had to. Did he have to now? Or was this visit for the more subtle purpose of investigating Rush, as Lois had predicted? In the face of this appalling danger-signal, he must see her, whether she wanted it or not.

He picked up the phone, voice none too steady. "Lois," he urged, "dine with me tonight. Please don't say no. I've got to see you. I'm absolutely on my ear."

The answer came back in firm gentle tones: "Why, of course, Rush."

"Would you mind coming to my flat?"

"Not a bit."

"At seven, then."

He hung up the receiver. Not a word of protest. After, weeks of evading his invitations, she had agreed in the most casual manner to dine in the privacy of his bachelor apartment. Would she as casually accept the proposal he knew he was about to make? Would he even find the courage to make it?

This last question, flashing its electric demand, stunned him. Rush Graves reticent with a woman? Laughable! Unbelievable! Shameful!

As he opened the door to her that night, the camera of memory clicked painfully to another occasion when she had pulled off her hat and peered into a mirror. Tonight the reflected eyes were untroubled as a lake. He waited until she turned inquiringly.

"Lois, I'm in a terrible jam——"

He halted.

"Rush"—she came closer—"what *is* the matter? Surely we don't have to be formal with each other."

"Why have you passed me up ever since we came back from Maine?" he exploded.

"Well"—she dropped on the couch—"is that the imperative reason you had for seeing me?"

"It's one of them."

"Then tell me the other," she demanded.

"Answer me first."

"I don't want to."

"Why?"

"It would mean too much explanation. And I'm not good at explaining. You ought to know that."

He took a pipe from the table, filled it slowly. "MacIntosh arrives in town Monday."

Her only answer was a quick intake of breath.

"He wired—expects to see me."

She sat silent, head bent. Rush could not read her expression. But the "I told you so" he had half anticipated was not forthcoming.

"What shall we do?" she put after a moment, swift glance surveying the room so that even then he could not see her eyes. "A little cretonne might fix up this place as though a woman lived here. We could take down those sporting prints."

"Even his wire mentions seeing my charming wife."

"Well, your charming wife might be called out of town."

"It won't do, Lois. You know it won't."

"It is a frightful mess," she admitted after a pause. "I don't know what else to suggest."

"I do." He took a long pull at his pipe. "Lois, will you be my charming wife?"

Their eyes met at last. In hers was no surprise. Only a desperately hurt look.

"Joking aside, Rush——"

"I'm not joking, dear. We'll be married tomorrow." The words fell against his own ears, inadequate, with the detachment of the Sixth Avenue "L" clattering half a block away. "Lois—I can't say it——"

"Don't!" She sprang up, away from the reach of his arms, and stood against the mantelpiece, staring into the empty fireplace. "Don't, please, ever insult me that way again."

"Insult?"

"Yes." She wheeled round. "I refuse to be used for business expediency."

"But I swear I didn't mean——"

"We've been too close," she broke in, yet her voice sounded somehow far off, "not to be honest with each other. What you offer is far less flattering than your invitation to take that little trip. Then, you wanted me."

"I want you now."

"You want success. You ask me to marry you because there seems no other way to get it. It's brutal, Rush." She stopped short.

"But girl, I'm off my head about you."

"Did you think of marrying me before that wire came from Mr. MacIntosh? Please let's tell the truth, even if it hurts."

"I don't know, s'help me, I don't! All I do know is that I've been lonely as a lost sheep ever since we said good-by at Grand Central. Isn't that enough?"

Her eyes met his suddenly with an odd wistfulness that was like inarticulate prayer.

"No; I'm afraid not. I'm afraid it's just natural. When a man's been off on a jaunt with a girl who's cheated him, he's bound to be intrigued by what things might have been like if she hadn't cheated him. Do you recall how many times you've told me you wouldn't marry the most irresistible woman on earth?"

"Oh, come! Every man pulls that line sometime in his career."

"But this isn't the time to retract it, Rush. You mustn't fool yourself. There must be a way of rescuing the ship. We've got to find it without letting you plunge overboard."

She said it with a smile. Yet he felt a sudden sense of humiliation, shaky, uncertain of himself. Shunted, side-tracked. Obviously he meant nothing to Lois. This, strangely enough, was the thought paramount. MacIntosh, his own future, dwindled in perspective against the sight of her rejecting him with that smile on her lips.

"Don't say any more about it, please." He turned abruptly, led the way toward the dining-alcove. "I can handle MacIntosh, I guess. Suppose I do lose out? It's not a matter of life and death."

He recalled the words four days later, driving down to the Waldorf. He was going to lose the

opportunity of a lifetime. And the fact that he had lost Lois sent its ratio to zero.

The MacIntosh suite occupied a corner high above Fifth Avenue. As Rush entered, his host rose from a seat near the window. The same red tie—or one perhaps a bit brighter. The same square-toed shoes. And of course the familiar stroke of mustache

"Well, glad to see you; glad to see you! How's your golf?"

"Not a chance to play since I got back." Rush shook hands.

"I'm not surprised. Just been looking out the window at that mess of people. This town is like a nervous woman, never settles down to anything. You and that little girl of yours ought to prefer living in the country, I should think. By the way, I've got a present for her from Mrs. MacIntosh." He disappeared into the bedroom and came back with a bulky package. "You should have brought her today." The white mustache drooped in very definite disappointment. "Come to think of it, I believe I'm here as much to see her as to have a talk with you." He pulled up a chair. "Now sit down and get out that pipe of yours."

Rush opened his tobacco-pouch, started to fill his pipe. Then he put both on the table and leaned forward.

"Did you make this trip especially to get in touch with me, sir?"

"That was my idea."

Rush got up, began slowly to pace the floor. MacIntosh sat with eyes alert to every move.

"Then before we go any further, there's something I've got to make clear. I thought it wouldn't be necessary—hoped it wouldn't, in fact. I'll admit I hadn't the slightest intention of telling you. But—well, you don't always understand why you do these things——" He broke off, turned, faced the man whose goodwill was worth a fortune. "Mr. MacIntosh, Lois and I are not married."

The old man sat perfectly still. One hand continued to glide over his mustache, an even, measured rhythm. The other held a long black cigar so that he could regard its glowing end. He said nothing.

"I could alibi myself all over the place," pursued Rush. "Tell you I've kept quiet for Lois. To protect her, I mean. But that would be bosh. As a matter of fact, even though we went away together, registered as man and wife, it ended there. And that wasn't my fault either."

"I hope not," said Mr. MacIntosh emphatically. "She's too darned lovely." And that was all he said.

Rush's jaw dropped in bewilderment. He stared at the lined mellow face which at the moment was absolutely unreadable. Its expression had not changed one jot.

"Young man," Mr. MacIntosh spoke, after carefully examining the tip of his cigar, "I haven't reached the place I occupy today without learning something of human nature. I'm an old stager—cut my eye-teeth long ago. You didn't take me in for a minute. Yes, maybe for a few. My wife, bless her romantic heart, she'd believe anything. But from the time you came downstairs with that two-room proposition, I had my suspicions. Young wife sick in a strange place—and do you ask for a doctor? No, sir; all you ask for is separate rooms! A few minutes later you're glad to join me for a chat—relieved, I might say." He chuckled reminiscently. "I told myself then, 'This is not all it's cracked up to be, Mac.' Surmise—yes, let's call it that. I knew something was wrong."

"But have I made clear," urged Rush, "that Lois regretted the whole affair——?"

"Her eyes did that. You don't have to. Some of 'em, boy, are born to do that sort of thing and think no more about it. They're the ones to *do* it. The others can't get away with it, even when they want to. I've met more than one in my day. And this last's the sort your Lois is. She wanted to, all right. But when it came to the jump, she couldn't. I'll bet, too, she's sorry she couldn't. The girl's in love with you."

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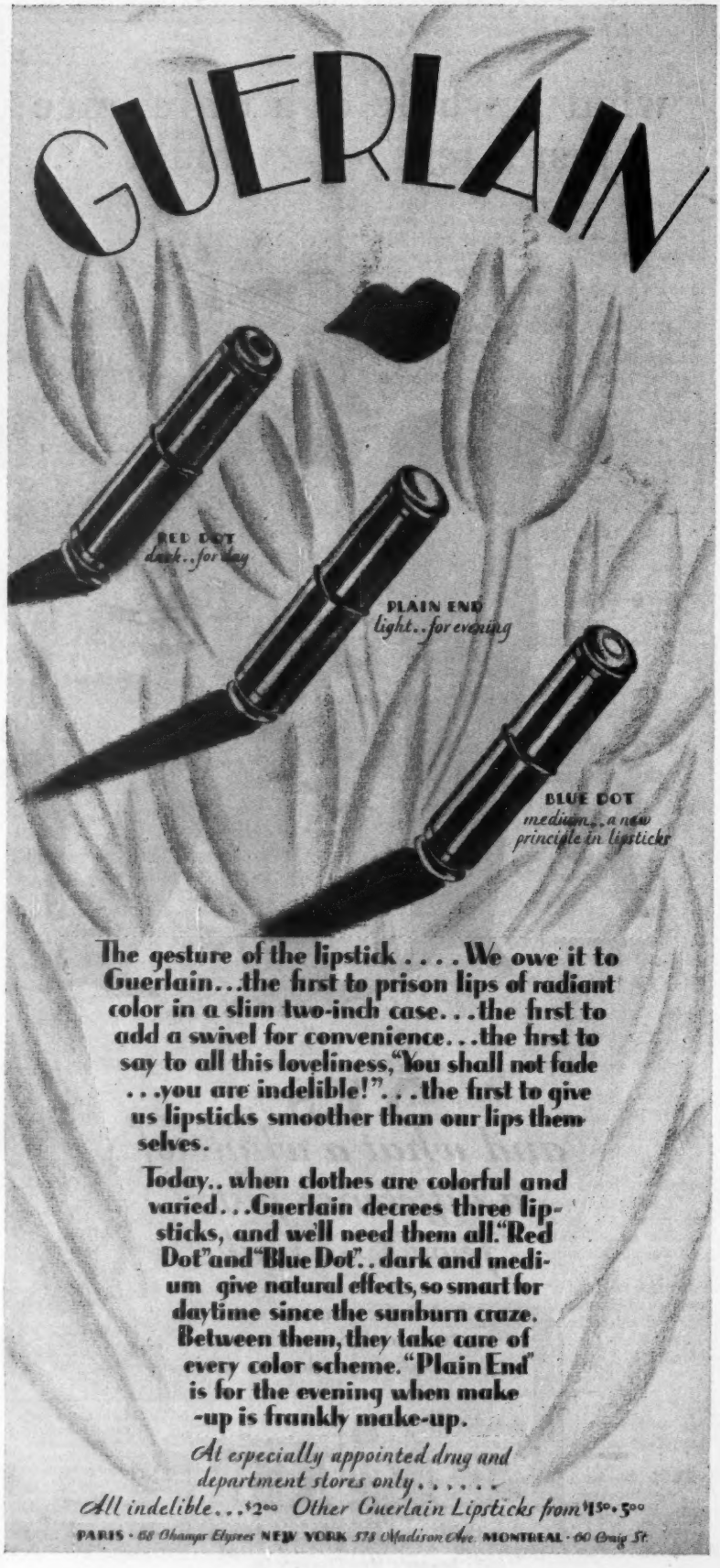

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Rush began to laugh, gruffly, with little humor.

"You're wrong there! I asked her to marry me and she turned me down."

"Was that—when you were away together?"

"No."

"Then—how long ago?"

"When I heard you were coming."

"Exactly." Mr. MacIntosh made a whistling sound. "I might have guessed it. Now look here, young man, maybe you think I came East to check up on your business standing. But I didn't. The pain in that girl's eyes has bothered me ever since I left Maine. By heaven, don't you know a good thing when you have it in your two hands?"

Rush Graves opened his two hands, gazed down. Hours on the dunes . . . brown limbs stretching on white sands . . . murmuring accompaniment of the sea . . . long silences . . . mingling of thoughts . . . sharing of beauties . . . silken touch of a green kimono . . . throbbing protest as his arms reached out . . . Gossamer memories. Gone—all of them. Emptiness!

"Don't you know she adores you, boy?"

Rush smiled grimly, examined his pipe. "She turned me down," he repeated.

"Of course she did. Pride, you idiot! Ever told her you love her? Just that—nothing more?"

Rush looked up. The gaze of the two men locked.

"What a fool I've been, sir!"

Mr. MacIntosh grinned confidentially. And for the first time, his caressing hand lingered on the red tie.

"Boy. I'm at an age where I have to take my thrills by proxy. I know something of women—if any man actually does. She's subtle! She won't come to you on any other basis but love."

Rush's irresistible smile — vanished four days—suddenly returned. "You really believe——?"

"Sure."

"Mind if I phone?" He paused; again their gaze locked fraternally. "You bet she's subtle! I'm in for it."

"You are," agreed MacIntosh. "But golly, how that kind can love!" He caught himself up quickly. "Call her now. And I'll be best man. I'm here to see this thing through."

—but, Doctor, What About Us?

(*Continued from page 57*)

interested in such a universal curse; why more of them aren't trying harder to find out what it is.

Many of the achievements and efforts of medical science during the past fifteen years relate to prolongation of life. The press records startling news about glands—and dramatic news about the fight against cancer. I have no objection to any of this work; all of it strikes me as very interesting. But it shows a trend of thought—or at least I think it does—toward fighting death rather than fighting suffering. As for myself I confidently expect to die some day and I really don't see that it will make a great deal of difference to me whether the doctors wrench from nature an additional ten or twenty years beyond fifty or whether they give me none at all. If those extra years were stored in me by nature, I'll take them; otherwise they are not an unqualified blessing. If the doctors neglect me at that period and I lose ten or twenty years they'll be coming off the end where they can best be spared.

I believe that almost anyone would agree with me that if for our first forty years the doctors could keep us reasonably free of the pain, inconvenience and lost time incident to what are erroneously called the minor diseases

we'd gamble willingly on the rest. That doesn't seem to be the physician's point of view at all.

If I were going to undertake a mighty work in the realm of medicine—or finance such a work—I am sure that I should give serious consideration to hay-fever as one of the most damnable afflictions of the human race, although I have never heard of its causing a death. It merely wrecks careers, that's all. I've seen it wreck three of the most brilliant men it has been my pleasure to encounter.

Most astounding of all the criticism that can be brought against the medical profession in this country, I think, is the fact that mortality in childbirth is greater in the United States than in any other civilized country on earth. Think of that! And as you contemplate the disgraceful fact remember that no other country has such extensive hospital facilities, or uses them for maternity cases to the extent that we do! The average cost of a baby in the United States must be not less than ten times the average cost in the rest of the civilized world. For three decades the American people have been urged to use their hospitals in maternity cases—and they have accepted the advice. But the death-rate among mothers has risen during this time. That is not only shameful, it is disgusting!

Meanwhile the costs rise at a rate to make one dizzy. When our first baby was born, in 1912, the doctor's fee was fifty dollars—and he was one of the best doctors in the state, enjoying a large practise. Nowadays a fee of from two to five hundred dollars is not at all unusual, even for people in quite ordinary circumstances.

The hospital in which our first baby was born charged thirty-five dollars a week for a large room with private bath and a private sun porch. Nowadays equal accommodations in a city—if you could obtain them at all—would cost from fifteen to twenty-five dollars a day. And the death-rate rises! My personal impression is that the information possessed by the best obstetricians in this country is not adequately disseminated and applied. I doubt that there are better obstetricians in the world than can be found in the United States, but there are not enough of these specialists to serve the entire population and too many of the general practitioners are not keenly interested in giving the best that obstetrical science affords. Keenly interested? Many aren't even casually interested. Hundreds refuse maternity cases. Even in medical colleges the study of obstetrics declines and is not adequately insisted upon.

After all, in the vast majority of cases the child will be born and the mother will live without a great deal of attention. Childbirth is vastly older than any of the professions—it is a normal function. Why worry? Of course, the hours of labor could be shortened—a great many things could be done. Most of them rather simple things. I'm not recommending anything new—all I urge is that the average good doctor ought to be almost as good as the best obstetrician. But the subject hasn't challenged the great body of physicians, in spite of the fact that maternity cases afford them no small proportion of their total revenue and support scores of hospitals. The doctors aren't adequately interested. That is the burden of my complaint. I don't ask them instantly to furnish miracles for every ache but I do ask them to give more serious thought and effort to the relief of pain in our most common afflictions. Birth is the universal experience of mankind. Therefore it isn't fair not to pool all of our information and skill in the service of motherhood.

The spread of scientific knowledge, nowadays—even among the doctors themselves—is associated more with salesmanship than with that lofty, ethical, fraternal sharing of information which should be the common practise of such an important profession. Some firm with a serum or antitoxin or new appliance to sell bombards the doctors with news about the scientific achievements upon which the new article is based, with such intensity that their

"The Old Grouch!"

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own polite exchanges scarcely can be heard. This is most unfortunate because the precious fruits of their experience in the course of a decade might very well be more important than any of the new inventions, since Pasteurs and Kochs don't happen every year.

Nowadays there is a serum or antitoxin for almost anything you can mention and I can name at least a few of them that aren't worth the bottles in which they are delivered. The ones I would name I have seen tried and I know that they gave no results. All of these, and others of which I personally know nothing, have been denounced as valueless or of doubtful or very limited value in such authoritative publications as the Journal of the American Medical Association. I don't wish to litter this paper with quotations but I have the data at hand and if any doctor wishes to question my general statement I shall be pleased to furnish the printed declarations of outstanding men in his own profession. Moreover, all of the serums I would include in such a list are still on the market, and, I assume, in fairly general use.

I don't see how anyone can doubt that commercialism is assailing the medical profession. The extent to which it has succumbed is, of course, controversial. Commercialism is assailing every group charged with the responsibility of advising us as to our physical welfare.

In this connection I recall the enthusiasm with which I supported the proposal that children in the public schools should have their eyes examined by oculists. I once knew a distinguished man who did not learn until he was eighteen years of age that the human eye was capable of distinguishing the individual hairs on a person's head. He was so near-sighted that he recognized people merely by general outlines, height and their characteristic movements. Only the accident of trying on a friend's glasses disclosed to him the horrible handicap under which he had lived for the first eighteen years of his life. Knowing his story, I thought it highly important that all young children have their eyes examined, and, as a newspaper editor, I warmly supported the campaign that introduced this practise which is now common throughout the country.

Recently, however, I have looked with jaundiced eye at the performances of some of these experts. I am inclined to believe that they think nearly everybody needs glasses. They don't seem to be looking any more for those rare cases of genuine neglect. I suspect that quite a few of them are busy selling glasses and the services incident thereto.

The professions which undertake to guard our physical welfare have been sacrosanct entirely too long. Privately we express our doubts about them—yes, rather frequently. But publicly we hesitate. And as for a layman's doing any such thing in the public prints, horrible! Well, the doctors and the trained nurses and the hospital executives are so remarkably pleased with themselves that if criticism is to be heard at all, a layman must undertake the thankless job. I have no desire to tell them how to do their jobs but I shall not hesitate a moment to contribute my impressions as to what their jobs should be. I wouldn't tell an architect how to draw his plans but I certainly shouldn't hesitate to tell him where I wanted my building and the uses for which I intended it.

The proposition I lay upon the table may be summarized in a very few words: pain itself is a disease, a curse, a destroyer. It is the business of doctors to fight pain no less than to fight death. The prolongation of life has only relative, not primary, importance. We are all going to die anyway: what we want primarily is as much freedom from harassing pain as we can enjoy. Given a fair measure of this, I'd take my chances on the rest. And in saying this I must not be understood as arguing against any researches now in progress. I merely argue for more—especially for more in fields which appear to offer the lesser obstacles and the greater boons when success crowns the effort.

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WITH all their many improvements, the new Superior Whippet Four and Six Sedans are still notable for their startling low prices. They hold their place as the world's leading values in four-door enclosed cars.

Longer bodies, graceful lines, rich, distinctive colors, higher radiator and hood, sweeping one-piece full crown fenders and perfection of detail mark the new Superior Whippet as the style authority created by master designers.

As the mechanical triumph of leading engineers, the new Superior Whippet possesses the important advantages of silent timing chain, full force-feed lubrication, aluminum alloy invar-strut pistons, remarkable new "Finger-Tip Control"—and, in the Six, a seven-bearing crankshaft. Long service will prove Whippet's dependability and economy of operation.

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WHIPPET 4-SEDAN

$595

Four-cylinder Coach $535; Coupe $535; Roadster $485; Touring $475; Commercial Chassis $365.

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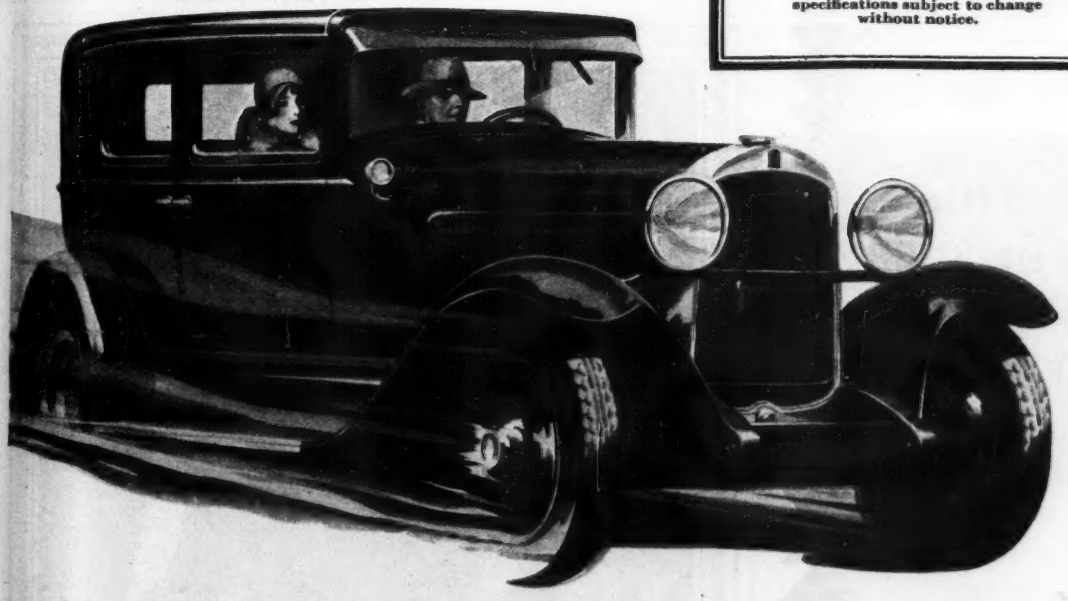
7-Bearing Crankshaft

$760

Six-cylinder Coach $695; Coupe $695; Coupe (with rumble seat) $725; Sport De Luxe Roadster $850 (including rumble seat and extras). All Willys-Overland prices f. o. b. Toledo, Ohio, and specifications subject to change without notice.



NEW SUPERIOR Whippet FOURS and SIXES

Song of the Silver Coast *by Holworthy Hall* (*Continued from page 61*)

determine which of them would first smoke himself to death.

Eventually, she spoke to Talbot about this and cautioned him that if he continued at his present rate, then tobacco must inevitably affect his heart.

"Well, if I thought it would affect yours," said Talbot, with whimsical earnestness, "I'd send you a couple of carloads of it every jolly little morning!"

She didn't laugh. "No, Phil, if you go on like this, how do you think you're going to keep your health?"

"Well, if I don't, then you'd have one more excuse to marry me, wouldn't you? So you could nurse me slowly back to ruddy bloom?"

"Phil! Don't you care enough for me to give up a few cigarets? When it's for your own sake, too?"

He was incorrigible. "Well, maybe the best way to find that out is to marry me to reform me. Doesn't that appeal to you, either? It does to me."

Miss Glenn didn't choose to argue. She was wondering what Marston's attitude would be when the same opportunity for a little sentimental martyrdom was offered to him in turn.

She offered it to him after dinner. They had strolled out for a taste of air before a gala dance at the Blue Room, and he had been telling her, once more, that life without her would be nothing but a fitful fever, accompanied by a permanent chill. On the shadowy Esplanade they had come to a standstill and looked out over the night-black bay.

"Don't you love it?" she asked softly.

"You know I do. It's—it's tremendous. Even if you weren't here it would be tremendous, but when I've got you to share it with——" He gazed at her with worshiping eyes, and then took another good look at Spain and brought out his cigaret-case.

"Oh, Milward! If you care so much for me, would you do something to please me, then?"

"What is it, dear?"

"Stop smoking so much. It worries me. You've fumed seven cigarets since we left the hotel. I've counted them."

Marston was astonished. "Why, I don't believe they hurt me. I haven't had any carbon-knock in my lungs yet."

"But to please me? And it's such a little thing, too."

"No-o, it isn't. It's one of my pettest habits. But if it really bothers you, why, I'll ease up on it." He replaced the case in his pocket. "Want to walk some more?"

"We haven't time. We're late already. But I'm awfully glad, Milward. Awfully." And in her mind Marston the Stoic went a length or two ahead of Talbot the Epicurean, and took the rail. He held it, however, for less than four hours.

It was at about half past two in the morning that Miss Glenn, coming into the salon of their suite, saw a light under her mother's door. On investigation she found that her mother had tried to read herself to sleep with a murder mystery, and that now, at page 239, she was sure that unless the author was going to lug in a fresh character, then Sir Oswald himself had done the deed.

"And was it a nice gala, darling?"

Miss Glenn lifted her shoulders wearily. "Oh, just like the last one. Only this time they gave us Basque dolls instead of plush rabbits. And by the way, Phil's going to throw a big party on the twenty-first, at Chiberta."

"Sit down and tell me about it. And you look lovely."

Miss Glenn set down in a rosy nebula of tulle and sash and loops and petals. "Oh, yes," she said. "I guess in this harness I look like a clean, decent woman, anyway. And I wear more of my own face than most of 'em do, too. But what of it?"

"Didn't you have a good time, darling? What was the supper like?"

"Oh, caviar and corned-beef, or something. But Mother, have you ever noticed how Milward gets these tongue-tied moods of his, and just says yes and no and hangs out a smile that doesn't mean anything? Do you suppose he's sulky?"

"Milward? Never! Perhaps a trifle introspective, that's all."

"Oh! Well, I practically told him that, myself. I told him he's a dumb nut. But you don't think he's morose?"

"Goodness, no! He's upset about you—and it's quite possible that there's something else. How do we know? Business troubles or family matters or——"

"Oh, no. He'd have told me. Anyhow, I give up. But Mother, if one man wouldn't promise you *not* to do a certain thing, and the other one *did* promise you not to do it, and then went straight and *did* it—well, what would you think? Between the two of them?"

"Was it something important, dear?"

"Oh, it wasn't any great tragedy. But before this dance Milward vowed and declared he'd cut down his smoking—and then right at our own table he burned up two whole boxes of cigarets. I didn't nail him for it until afterwards, on the way home. He said he forgot. But *ought* a man to forget like that, if he really cared for you? And when Phil was so arbitrary, and Milward *did* promise and then couldn't keep his mind on it—oh, darn everything!" Here she stood up. "And Mother—maybe Mr. Smith and Mr. Fitzpatrick were pretty nice, but when you compared 'em with Daddy, why, you didn't have much of a puzzle; you had a cinch! So you haven't got the wildest idea of what this is like, for me. I'd better go to bed."

But instead of making her exit, she suddenly wilted into her mother's arms—so it wasn't for

THIS
IS THE SECRET
OF THE
POPULAR
GIRL

another day that her mother knew whether Sir Oswald had done it, or not.

On Friday night, in the third week of Marston's vacation, Talbot gave a large dinner-dance at the golf club of Chiberta. Ostensibly this was to balance his social ledger for the season; but as soon as Miss Glenn saw the table she knew that although he might indeed be settling all his obligations with one check, yet that check bore a private message in sympathetic ink, addressed to herself.

There were no cut flowers on the table; instead there were banks of delicate living plants which grew out of miniature jungles of moss and fern. The plants were cyclamen and blue gentians and edelweiss. Edelweiss in Biarritz in September!

As she turned to Talbot, her eyes had depth in them. "Phil, you had those sent down from Switzerland!"

"Oh, well," he said, "you liked 'em so much —when we were up there——"

It was the graciousness of his thought, far more than the price he had paid, which overwhelmed her; it was as though, for once, he had dipped into Marston's imagination. But Talbot's thoughtfulness had by no means ended with a few memorial herbs; no, for a single glance at the menu showed her that he had also remembered in accurate detail her more material tastes.

And then he had evidently recalled, too, that she liked soft lighting; for the room, which ordinarily would have blazed with abrupt electricity, was now rosily aglow with wax candles. And then the favors were all in gold, and hers was a watch-thin vanity-case of a style which, no later than the day before yesterday, she had casually admired. And finally, he had even remembered that she liked to dance to soft music; and so the orchestra was purged of blast and blare.

In a word, he had offered her the most complete and costly compliment that she had ever received. And in the meantime Marston sat between a mammoth dowager and a mute débutante, and suffered expertly. Indeed, he felt so keenly the fact that this was Talbot's especial night that not until after one o'clock did he venture to approach Miss Glenn and file his petition for the next waltz.

The waltz was promptly awarded to him, but when they went out on the floor they were both self-conscious, because of Marston's equivocal status at the party.

At last he said: "Well, Phil certainly knows how to engineer a brawl, doesn't he?"

"Yes; hasn't it been nice?" said Miss Glenn, with relief.

After another hiatus, he said: "Did you really want to go out for a sail in a sardine-boat, sometime?"

She came within a split-second of losing a step. "Why, of course I do. Haven't I said so a dozen times?"

"Tomorrow afternoon? About two-thirty?"

"I'd love it. But I thought you'd forgotten all about it."

"Forgotten it! . . . All right; I'll drop in for you at half past two." And after the second encore, he vigorously thanked his host and, with no further doldrums in his system, went home to enjoy a period of fanciful insomnia.

Talbot could spend money like a raja, but tomorrow Marston, for three hundred francs, was going to cruise with her for hours—with the sea and Her, with the sky and Her, with the sunshine and Her—on such a voyage as Talbot could never afford, for Talbot couldn't afford to be so conspicuous as to embark in a native fishing-boat, even if nobody saw him.

Back at the golf club, Talbot was patrolling the patio with Miss Glenn.

"If you'd let me," he said, "I'd try to make your whole life just as—just as gay, and—and everything—as I've tried to make it tonight. Won't you please let me, dear?"

Several seconds later, she said: "It's been wonderful, Phil—perfectly wonderful. And you know how much I appreciate it, don't you? But——"

He bent down to her. "But if you'll only let me, I'll—I'll make it permanent. Can't you tell me tonight, Helen? Can't you?"

Slowly she shook her head. "No, Phil, I'm afraid I can't. All I can say is—maybe—sometime—I don't know. And I do appreciate everything—and I'm awfully fond of you, but—oh, Phil, won't you take me in and dance some more—before I cry any complexion off?"

Talbot's insomnia that night was as thorough as Marston's, but less satisfactory.

On Saturday afternoon Marston, according to his own feverish standards, was late to his rendezvous—which is to say that after transacting a little business at the Provincial Bank he arrived at Miss Glenn's hotel just in time to replenish his supply of cigarets, and to wait twenty-six minutes for her.

And then they had sauntered down to the Port des Pêcheurs and boarded a hybrid felucca with an indigo hull and henna-colored sails, and Miss Glenn, when she saw the boat and the boatmen, had been quite as pleased as she had once been with the hippomobile.

The day was hot and clear, the sky passionately blue, the sea as purple as wine, and the breeze so faint that Miss Glenn, leaning over the bow, could barely distinguish the ripples under the forefoot. Marston had removed his flannel coat, made himself comfortable with a coil of net for a back-rest, and was smoking peacefully. In the stern, the two fishermen talked in subdued voices.

She came back past the dormant little auxiliary engine and sat on a thwart at Marston's elbow. His coat was almost under her hand, and from a pocket two flat tins of cigarets peeped at her. A third box, nearly full, was lying on the thwart.

Presently she said: "By the way, I thought you were going to cut down your smoking, Milward."

"Why, I have!" he said surprisedly. "I've cut down a lot."

"Do you know what you ought to do? You

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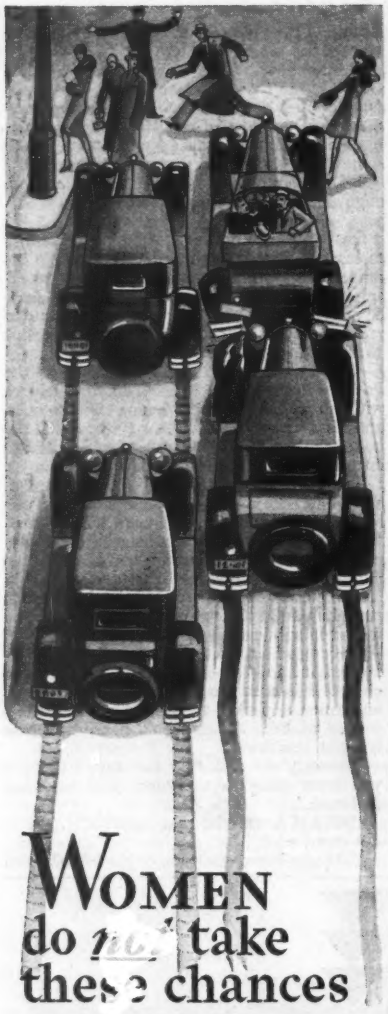

WOMEN do not take these chances

It is unfair to say . . . "That must be a woman driver." It is more than probable that the skidding car, the one *without* WEED Chains, is driven by a man. And the car *with* WEED Chains is driven by a woman.

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WEED *Steel* CHAINS *Grip*

ought to start out every morning with just your cigaret-case full, and——"

"Oh, but I never carry one, except at night. Weighs too much and doesn't hold enough."

She sighed, and gave up the subject. The felucca coursed sluggishly into the northwest. "Incidentally," she said, "aren't you *ever* going to tell me what really brought you here?"

He looked up at her. "I thought that was all settled. But you know mighty well why I *stayed* here, anyhow." Miss Glenn turned her head. The boat sidled into the northwest, Marston smoked and the sailors yawned.

Miss Glenn said: "Milward, before I forget it, would you like to make me a very small present—for a souvenir? It'll only cost you about a dollar, but it would please me ever so much. Would you?"

Marston winced. He was thinking of the souvenirs which Talbot had set at every plate the night before. But he said, buoyantly enough: "The deal's closed for a dollar. What's the rich gift going to be?"

"Oh, I'll tell you when the time comes. But you won't renig?"

"Huh! If it's only a dollar, my bond's as good as my word . . . But just take a look at those mountains in this light, Helen! As if they were cut out of colored cardboard, aren't they?"

The wind faded to a dead calm; the boat was drifting, haphazard, over a sea of ruby fire. Miss Glenn, not entirely happy, was gazing at the horizon and thinking diligently, when she was startled by an exclamation from Marston.

"What's happened to my cigarets?"

"Why, Milward, there's a box right under your nose."

"I mean the two boxes I had in the pocket of my coat. They were there in my pocket, and they aren't there now. They——"

"Don't be so excited, Milward. Listen. I asked you if you'd make me a little present, and you said——"

He relaxed. "Oh! So *that* was the idea! Well, if you've got them——"

"But I haven't! You said it was a bargain—and I really didn't want to watch you swallowing smoke all the afternoon—so I just took my present and dropped them overboard. Four or five minutes ago."

His expression appalled her. He was not angry, but what was far worse, he was judicial. He said quietly: "Helen, you didn't have any earthly right to do that."

"But Milward—why, don't you understand? I asked you if you'd——"

"Yes, yes. But you knew *I* didn't know what was in your mind. Oh, I see *now* what you meant. But I don't think you had any right to do it!"

"Milward! If you can be so—so gruff—and horrid—over a few miserable cigarets—when I thought of *course* you'd laugh and think it was funny—and maybe it might help you to remember to keep your promise better than you've kept it *so* far."

His expression changed, and he said hastily: "Helen, I'm not gruff and I'm not horrid. I—I was a bit surprised, that's all. But if you meant it to be funny, why, I'll try to see it that way, and begin right now." He picked up the box from the thwart and smilingly offered it to her. "Have a cigaret? Better take one; they're getting quite rare."

She shook her head, while, to her vexation, tears crept into her eyes—not because the brief dissension was of any great concern, but because she had wanted this particular day to be utterly perfect. And what if Marston, with such a flying start, should have a mood?

He did have a mood, but not of the flavor that she had feared. He abandoned his coil of net and hoisted himself by her side. He regaled her with anecdotes; he spread her with compliments; he was a blending of Lord Chesterfield, Joe Cook and a Boy Scout. When, for the homeward beat against a freshening offshore breeze, the dyspeptic engine was persuaded to function, he obtained permission for her to steer and praised her seamanship.

"Good work, admiral!" he said heartily, as they came into harbor.

Miss Glenn put on something that felt to her like a smile. "It's been a splendid sail, Milward, and I'm ever so much obliged. It was something I particularly wanted to do, and it's been splendid. I'm awfully sorry about those cigarets, but——"

He said contritely: "Oh, no, Helen, I was just an egg. I——"

"Oh, it wouldn't have mattered, Milward, only when this is practically the last day I'll be in France——"

He started violently. "*What!*"

She nodded. "I didn't want to tell you before; I didn't want to spoil anything. But Father had a cablegram just after luncheon."

"When are you going?"

"Early Monday morning. We're taking the Auvergne at Bordeaux. Father's got to get to New York as soon as he can, and we can save two days by taking the Auvergne at Bordeaux, instead of going up to Havre or Cherbourg."

"Monday morning!" said Marston thickly. "And then I've spoiled the afternoon for you!"

"No, you were right, and I was wrong. I shouldn't ever have done it. I—I honestly thought it would be funny, but it wasn't. But please don't talk about it any more; just forgive me. And you're to come to dinner with us tonight, at nine. And Milward——"

"Yes?"

"Help me off this tippy boat. It's the salt in the air, or something, but I—I simply can't see!"

Dazedly he paid the mariners and escorted her to her hotel. His heart was leaden, but his head felt as volatile as a toy balloon.

"You're going to give me some of tomorrow, though, aren't you, Helen? By ourselves?"

"I hope so—but when we've got to pack, and say good-by to so many people—but anyway, I hope so." And with this vague statement he had to be content. But when, at nine o'clock, he was faithful to his tryst, he found that his tryst was shared by Talbot!

In the middle of dinner, Mr. Glenn said: "Oh, Philip, out in the lobby I overheard some folks talking about a cow-fight here tomorrow afternoon. They didn't say a bull-fight; they said a cow-fight. But did they mean a bull-fight?"

"Why, no, sir. They meant the Courses Landaises. It isn't a real fight at all, though. It——"

"But—cows?" queried Mrs. Glenn, with the intonation of a scandalized feminist.

"Oh, not the ladylike sort *you're* thinking about, Mrs. Glenn. They're wild and black and skinny, and as quick as cats. That's why they use them instead of bulls; they're faster. And it isn't a fight at all. The *écarteurs*—they're the performers—simply let a cow charge at them, full-tilt, and then at the last minute they either dodge or else jump over the cow. Only there are certain dodges and jumps that are more or less classic, and anything else is booed. The cows can't possibly get hurt, and the *écarteurs* don't get hurt very often. It's the great sport of the masses."

"I'd like to see that myself," said Helen.

Talbot shook his head. "No, it wouldn't be the thing, Helen. Oh, a few nice people do go, but personally I'd as soon take you into the left-field bleachers at the Polo Grounds on the Fourth of July."

She glanced fleetingly at Marston, while her mother said: "You wouldn't have time anyway, dear. Besides the packing, we've appointments that you ought not to break—and it doesn't sound so very chic, either."

"Packing or no packing," said Talbot firmly, "it's out of the question. You'd be entirely too conspicuous. For your father or Marston it would be different."

"Well, for a novelty," said Mr. Glenn, "it might be quite amusing. But when I've got so much to do . . . And Philip's right, Helen; it wouldn't be any fit place for you, anyhow. So let's everybody forget it."

From the hotel, they all went to the Chaumière, where, during his first fox-trot with

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CHAPTER 1

This Man
wets his hair with
water every morning...
and at 45 he will probably
look like this...

CHAPTER 2

This Man is
wiser... he grooms his
hair with Wildroot Hair
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he is going to keep his hair a
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WILDROOT

Hair Tonic ... Taroleum Shampoo

Helen, Marston fluctuated between a set of hankerings and a set of hindrances. Theoretically, he wanted to ask her to that bovine matinée, and he was sure that she expected him to ask her; but although he was in no way hobbled by Talbot's private opinions, he didn't care to oppose the unanimous judgment of Talbot and the parent Glenns. But if he didn't ask her, then perhaps he might not be able to isolate her from her family and Talbot—and if he did ask her, then where would be the romance in watching various Frenchmen jump over various thin black cows?

He came to a decision and informed her of it, obliquely. He said: "Well, even if they won't let us go to this veal-contest, I do wish you could promise me some time with you alone tomorrow. How about the evening?"

She lowered her eyes and delayed her answer. "All right," she said finally. "With everything in such a jumble, I can't swear how long it'll be, but if you'll call me up at about six I'll tell you."

"Fair enough! And if you'll say what I want you to, it won't take more than a couple of seconds."

She blushed and said nothing. Marston drew a deep breath, and led her back to Mr. Glenn's table and heroically surrendered her to Talbot.

That night he couldn't sleep. His brain was like an overheated engine which wantonly persists in running even when the magneto is switched off. He rose unrefreshed; he killed the morning by slow inches; he lunched without appetite.

At three, he fared forth with the intention of giving his temper an airing; but he had walked only a few blocks when he heard his name called. Talbot's lordly car had drawn in to the curb, and Talbot was beckoning to him. And Talbot looked quite as rusty as Marston felt.

"Hello, Marston. Going up to the Courses Landaises? Get in."

Marston said: "Why—I really hadn't thought about it. But you're going yourself? After what you said last night?"

"All I said was, it's no place for Helen. Get in, and we'll have a shot at it."

Marston wavered. But misery has a magnetic attraction for misery, and why should he and Talbot waste energy in hating each other? And so, fifteen minutes afterwards, they were installed in the front rank of seats, just above a narrow passageway and a splintered fence which separated them from the arena.

The amphitheater was small and shabby, and composed of wood, dust and torrents of pitiless sunlight, in which perhaps wo thousand spectators were joyously cooking. There was no chewing-gum in circulation, as there would have been in the eft-field bleachers, but there were plenty of peanuts. bananas, sirups, chocolate-bars, tobacco and thin red wine. And there was the same cosmic steam as at the Polo Grounds, and the same shirt-sleeved intimacy.

Somewhat to Marston's astonishment, each of the fierce black cows was attached to a thirty-meter rope. the end of which was in the keeping of a stout henchman on the side-lines.

"Why," exp'ained Talbot, "that's because she's got a right to make her first charge with the rope slack, and the *écar'eur's* got to show his stuff. But then if she swings around on him before he's got his balance, they hold her back. Why? Well, look at madam's horns."

Marston looked, and saw that madam's horns were a foot long, and sharp as bayonets.

And now an *écarteur*, brave in blue and crimson and tarnished silver, in fringe and spangles and imitation velvet—Marston thought of him as a toreador from the bargain basement—ran out into the ankle-deep dust. But, unlike a bull-fighter, he had no sword, no lance, no scarf, no *banderillas*, not even a handkerchief.

Instantly, a cow as lean as any greyhound bore down on him at headlong speed, her horns murderously lowered. The man waited, suddenly made a feint to his left, then whirled completely around, backwards, and stood tranquilly in place while the animal, missing his shoulders by a few inches, tore past him. The crowd applauded.

"You see," said Talbot, "he did that dodge without moving his right foot. That's the rule for that particular dodge. He's—hello, there she comes again! Lord, she's fast!"

The *écarteur* remained motionless until the horns were within a yard of his chest, then sprang straight forward into the air, avoiding the points by a quick twist of his hips, and landed facing in the opposite direction. This time, however, he also had to avoid the trailing rope, which he did by a little skip and a pirouette. The crowd applauded.

"But suppose he dodged the cow and then got tripped up in the string?" inquired Marston.

"Then they'd throw things at him," said Talbot.

The exasperated cow came on again, and the *écarteur*, waiting as before, neatly fence-vaulted over her back. But to gain his leverage, he had, at the last possible bubble of a second, rested one hand squarely on her forehead. Just as he landed, the cow spun around to another vicious attack, but was brought up short by the rope.

"You see," said Talbot, "he ought not to run, and he wouldn't have had time to do any standard dodge, so they put the brakes on her."

There were a dozen *écarteurs* and a dozen cows. Marston saw miracles of jumping and dodging performed by men whose ankles and knees were tied with cords. He saw a specialist who relied exclusively upon the pole-vault—and with a pole not five feet long. He saw men who were obviously dissatisfied with themselves if, in each maneuver, they didn't allow their waistcoats to be raked by the sharpened horns.

There were men who raced with the cows and took their jumps on the run; and there were acrobats who somersaulted over the furiously approaching live stock. And now and then an *écarteur* did so well that money was tossed to him; and now and then one did so badly—even turning to flee for his life—that the cow was hauled in, hand over hand, while the luckless tumbler heard his pedigree explained to him by two thousand voices.

"And now," said Talbot eventually, "we're going to have the best fun of the lot. The big show's over, but now they'll let loose two or three cows without any rope, but with their horns padded, and the amateurs'll go out there and see what *they* can do. The worst that can happen to 'em is to get run ragged, and be rolled around and have their clothes torn, and look like village idiots—which they are. But the worst always occurs, so it's a riot."

Marston drew a long breath. "Well, it's been mighty interesting; but honestly, Talbot, I think I could do most of that stuff myself—and not look too much like a village idiot, either. All it takes is a little nerve, and——"

"Why don't you get in there with the rest of the amateurs, then?" said Talbot, rather cuttingly.

Marston didn't like his tone. "Well, what's the inducement?"

"Inducement? What do you mean?"

"Just that. What does it usually mean?" And his own intonation irritated Talbot. It sounded too much like a challenge.

The local amateurs were already climbing over the low barrier. They were young working men of eighteen or twenty, dressed for trouble. They wore degenerate corduroys and aged blouses and very little else. In contrast, Marston was dressed in cream-tinted flannels, silk shirt, silk socks, straw hat and white doeskin shoes. And in Talbot's sincere opinion, Marston was not only an egoist, but also a colossal b'uffer and a dilettante who should be quenched on the spot.

"I'll bet you," said Talbot scornfully, "I'll bet you a thousand dollars—twenty thousand francs—you won't go down there and stay ten minutes!"

"That's a serious bet?"

"I never made a bet in my life that wasn't serious!" retorted Talbot.

"Then I'll *take* you!" said Marston, and he

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was down from the stands, over the barrier and out in the arena before Talbot had even completed his gasp of amazement.

Now at college Marston had been both a hurdler and a high-jumper—not a star, but still a consistent workman. Today, however, he wasn't in the best of condition, he wasn't in track uniform—and he had never previously attempted to leap over moving objects which had homicidal designs.

Nevertheless, he remained in the lists for twelve honorable minutes. The audience, at first dumfounded by the arrival of a gentleman—and a foreign gentleman—in the stadium, rose to him as soon as they perceived that he was an athlete, and sober; they couldn't comprehend why he was there, but since he *was* there, they lauded him for his adroitness, and alternately laughed and groaned at his mistakes. And he made a number of mistakes which were costly, and painful. For one thing, he seemed to expect a certain degree of sportsmanship from a mountain cow.

Then—bruised, dirty, disheveled, his clothes torn and grimy, a rivulet of blood trickling from his chin, one shoe lost—the wreck of him climbed back over the barrier to the accompaniment of the longest and loudest applause of the afternoon.

Talbot was livid. "Let's get out of this! . . . We'll go down to my joint, and I'll cash a check and pay up—I haven't got that much with me. Then you can have the car to take you home, of course. But for the love of mud, let's get out of this, quick! . . . But my Lord, Marston——!"

His vocabulary failed him, and they went into town and ultimately parted company without exchanging another syllable, except when Marston, swabbing the wound on his chin, said, almost apologetically: "Thanks, Talbot. Thanks a lot."

At his own hostelry, he scurried to cover without disordering anyone except the concierge, the lift-operator and the chambermaid. He was in the act of taking his first spellbound survey of himself in a mirror when the telephone-bell rang.

"Monsieur Marsston?. . .Monsieur Marsston, I have for you a message from Mademoiselle Glenn . . . *Oui* . . . She say she have been able so suddenly to go at the spectacle this afternoon, with her fazzer, for only one hour, but—*attendez un instant:* it don't mean somesing to me—oh, yes! she say she was so very much surprised. She say she is so very sorry she could not see you tonight and tomorrow morning, but you would be so kind as to understood. And she leave her good-by for you! You have understand, Monsieur? . . . *Merci.*"

He called her at once, and wildly. Her mother answered. Could he speak to Helen? Mrs. Glenn, in a distinctly neutral voice, was afraid that he couldn't. Well then, could Mrs. Glenn tell him when he *could* speak to her?

Mrs. Glenn hesitated, then she said rapidly: "Milward, Helen's terribly upset about this. She telephoned you just as soon as she came in, and perhaps I don't need to say how angry she was. And Mr. Glenn himself isn't too—too much pleased.

"But I do think she ought to see you, and give you a chance to—to talk to her—even if it's only for five minutes. And I'll try to arrange it for you. But will you tell me, first, if what we've heard is true—that it was a bet?"

"Yes, it was. Does that make it worse?"

"I can't discuss that now. But if you'll be here at about half past nine and wait downstairs, I'll try to persuade Helen to come down."

Distractedly he bathed, changed his clothes, plastered his chin, dined in his room on a small glass of brandy and a quart of mineral water, and went forth to attend a reunion with destiny.

He had been fretting miserably in the lobby for three-quarters of an hour when he saw her emerge from the elevator, alone. He got awkwardly to his feet—so awkwardly that before he could take a single step towards her, she had already reached him. She was pale and tired, but determined.

"It might be less conspicuous if we sat down," she said. "Milward, I'm only here because Mother insisted. Phil very generously says he's partly responsible, because he was the one who suggested the bet. But——"

Marston gestured in turn. "But Helen, if I'd known you were there——"

"That's immaterial. We had a little spare time, and Father wanted to go, so we went. And I saw you—*you!*—make that ghastly show of yourself, like a circus clown, in front of that rowdy crowd! And I'd always thought of you as so fine and sensitive—and I'd liked you so much, even when you had your queer moods, and ruined things for me the way you did yesterday—but to think that you could go out and wallow in the dust before a crowd like that, whether it was a bet or it wasn't——" She shook her head. "No, that's too much, Milward. You're the joke of Biarritz. And to me, you're—my mistake. I was wrong. You aren't what I thought you were. And it—it hurt to find it out. Because now you've spoiled everything—everything!—including my respect for you." She clasped her hands in her lap. "So I'd rather have spared both of us this—talk. But Mother insisted."

He cleared his throat. "And there isn't any way back?"

"No, never. It's absolutely finished."

"It doesn't make any difference that I rather cringed at the thought myself—and only did it because I needed the money?"

This impressed her a little, but she said firmly: "No."

"Needed the money to—well, if I've got nothing else to lose, I might as well blow the cover off—to pay my week's bill, and my passage on the Auvergne?"

"What?"

He nodded. "I wanted to be on that boat with you. And I didn't have any money. So when Talbot offered to bet—and I'll admit I lured him on, because I knew he wouldn't bet less than five hundred: that isn't his speed—I wasn't thinking about anything in the world but squaring up here and catching the boat. To be with you."

Her eyebrows were separated widely. "You hadn't any money at all?"

"No. Oh, as soon as I decided to stay here, I wrote home for some, because everything I've saved up is in bonds, in safe-deposit. So I wrote home, but I didn't expect it for another four or five days."

"But you must have had a letter-of-credit, or something."

"Yes, I did. And yesterday, before I came for you, I stopped at the bank, and there was only four hundred dollars left on it, so I took it all. And I didn't have a bill-fold with me, so I put it in an old cigaret box. And then——"

Miss Glenn, wide-eyed, swayed towards him. "In what? In a cigaret box? And I——?"

"Yes," said Marston, with a deprecating smile, "you threw it overboard. And I had just enough in my pocket to pay the boatmen, and not fifty francs over."

Miss Glenn was staring, staring, and the color had flooded back into her cheeks.

Marston said: "And I owed bills, and I wanted to go back with you. And even if I'd cabled last night, it wouldn't have come in time. And your father and Talbot are the only men I know here, and I couldn't very well strike either of *them* for a loan, could I? So then this bet came up, and it looked like Providence and a cup of coffee.

"So, as you say, I made a holy show of myself. I hoped you'd never know—or at least until I could tell you myself, and explain it to you. And I thought I could fool those cows, too. But, as you say, it doesn't make any difference."

Miss Glenn said, none too steadily: "Let's go outdoors a minute, will you?"

They went outdoors and instinctively moved down towards the sea. "So yesterday," she said, at length, "you were being so dear—so forgiving—when I thought you were so horrid! Why didn't you *tell* me what I'd done? I could have told Father, and——"

"Where'd be the percentage? It was done.

And one other thing—you might as well have it all in a bunch—you talk about what you call my moods. Well, when I asked for this vacation, the firm said I could use my own judgment, and they'd take me back if there was a place for me. I mean, I hadn't been there very long, and they didn't quite like my asking.

"Well, I can always get a job, but you do hate to start off your—your romance—by taking the chance of losing both the job you've already got and the romance, too. So once in a while, especially when we were all shoveling out money, it hit me sort of hard, and I couldn't help thinking. And then with all the other possibilities—oh, well, what's the use? When a man gets as silly as that about a girl——"

"Silly?"

"Haven't I proved it? Silly enough to make an ass of myself in public just to——"

"But it was my fault in the first place, wasn't it? When I thought I was taking care of you, and threw those boxes——"

"Oh, no, no, no! I don't blame you for anything. I couldn't."

"You've a right to."

"No, because I happen to love you. But I did think you ought to know the facts before you splashed too much publicity around. I really did."

The night was clear and fragrant. From the curving elbow of Spain a few bland topaz lights winked at them, sociably, and in the shrine of the Virgin Rock, just ahead of them, a lantern burned softly and steadily. Against the outlying rocks—the most treacherous rocks of the whole boorish Gulf of Gascony—the waves whispered in summer indolence.

Miss Glenn, not understanding herself, understanding only the sense of the heart-beats which were all that remained of herself, plucked at his sleeve. He looked down at her.

"Well?"

Miss Glenn said nothing. She caught her breath and resolutely stood on tiptoe, and put her arms around him, and kissed him.

Not quite an hour later, Miss Glenn, lifting her head from an adequate shoulder, said: "Dearest, can't you tell me now what brought you to Biarritz? What was it that made it a gipsy-trail for you, too?"

He laughed, rather artificially. "Oh, I don't mind—not now. It was a song I heard on the Paris, coming over. Nothing very grand-opera, but it sort of got me. I don't know why it did, but it did. I couldn't even remember all the words, afterwards, but it made me see a picture, and the picture wouldn't go away. So when I'd finished in Sweden, I came down."

"And the song?"

He chanted it to her, softly:

"For it's moonlight now in Biarritz,
My heart is turning there.
La-la-la-la (I don't remember)
In its something and balmy air.
For the stars are shining yellow,
And ever I would be
Down—where—life—is—mellow,
In Biarritz, by the sea."

There was a silence. Then he laughed, and said: "Can you imagine anybody traveling so far on account of a sugary ballad like that? But I did. The music's catchy, anyway."

Miss Glenn stirred. "Darling, who sang it on the boat? Do you remember?"

"No. Why?"

"Because," she said, "Mr. Talbot must have heard it, too—because he sang it to me in Switzerland, and that's why I dragged the whole family down here! It was a picture for me, too. I just *had* to see it. So that's why we came. Isn't it a scream?"

"Good Lord, Helen! I shouldn't wonder if it wasn't Talbot who sang it on the boat! Why, now you remind me of it, I'm sure it was!" He sat thunderstruck. "And look—look what's come out of it!"

After a longer pause, Miss Glenn said dreamily: "And he didn't sing it so awfully well, either . . . But they *are* yellow, aren't they?"

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Playing the Market *by May Allison Quirk* (Continued from page 42)

for Forbes Magazine, Barron's Financial Review and the Magazine of Wall Street, and spent hours trying to decipher the financial statements of various companies which appeared from time to time.

Eventually Friend Husband's practise was to separate all financial material from the daily papers and pass it along to me, with a sly amused look on his face.

All this time my Chrysler was gaining.

I had heard the word "pyramid" often used—one girl had turned ten thousand dollars into a quarter of a million by using her paper profits on one stock to buy additional shares of stock; they called it pyramiding her profits. I know now that there are more fairy-tales to be heard about the stock-market than one can find in all Grimm's or Andersen's tales for little people.

But I liked that word "pyramid." It seemed magical; it painted a picture of something moving heavenward. I decided to pyramid.

I BOUGHT one hundred shares of General Motors at $213. My profits on Chrysler covered this on about a thirty-three-point margin.

Mr. A telephoned I had better sell my Chrysler. I did, at $135, making a profit of twenty-nine points, or $8,700. Out of this, buying and selling, carrying charges and interest were deducted.

A few days later I had a tip that General Motors was even better than I had thought. It had now gone up. I bought another one hundred shares at $219. My account was able to carry this on a thirty-three-point margin without my putting in any more cash.

Word got around that I was quite successful in the market. I now expressed my opinion along with all the others. In fact I felt a little superior when I discovered that many of the women owning stocks had never read a financial sheet. One girl in particular confessed to having five hundred shares of Calumet. She thought it was baking-powder and was *so* surprised to learn she owned copper. Someone had given her a tip and she bought.

I made another discovery. Tips on the stock-market are as free and promiscuous as affirmatives in Hollywood. When I made it known, quite proudly, that I was in the market, all kinds of sure-fire tips flew at my head. Everybody seemed to know someone on the "inside." I was a little wary of all this free information, but I did pass it on to others. Sometimes it was correct.

I have since learned that in many cases tips are deliberately passed out to the public by subtle propaganda when a pool is formed in a certain stock.

A pool means a group of men who get together and subscribe a large amount of money for the purpose of manipulating the market price of a stock. Word is passed along that the stock is due to rise, pending either a merger, extra dividends, or increased earnings, and the public rushes in to buy, and the price goes up.

I've reached a conclusion on that point too. Almost *anyone* can tell you when to buy but mighty few can tell you when to sell.

Events seemed to hustle me along in this thing. I ran into a friend at luncheon who confided to me she was playing the market but there would be murder at home if her husband found it out. She kept an account with a brokerage firm uptown which maintains a special department for women. There are not many of these, as most concerns do not encourage women's accounts, and particularly do not care to have them trade each day in person. I believe they think we are bad losers. To that I can only say that the few instances of loss which came under my observation proved just the contrary.

After luncheon we dashed over to her broker's. This was exciting. I had never seen a ticker outside a movie "prop" room.

We found about eight women present, smoking, drinking coffee or chewing gum. A Mrs. H was in charge. I was introduced all around. The atmosphere was decidedly that of a woman's club—big easy chairs, a couch, desk, small smoking-tables, telephones and in the center of the room, on a small table, the ticker. There were pads, pencils and cigarets on this table also. I found Mrs. H a woman of great charm and tact.

The thing that fascinated me, however, was the trans-lux. This is a moving screen placed about half-way up the wall which shows the sale price of stock almost as soon as the transaction takes place on the floor of the Stock Exchange. The quotations appear in the same fashion as on the stock ticker, but run a trifle slower.

As I watched the trans-lux, I became confused. Ancient hieroglyphics would have been just as easy for me to translate. Figures and numbers flitted before my eyes. None of the abbreviations stood for the stocks you thought they would. I finally asked Mrs. H how I could get better acquainted with this phenomenon. She laughed and handed me a small booklet, from which I learned that "K" was Chrysler, "C" Anaconda, "JMP" Johns-Manville, "SC" Sinclair, *et cetera*.

We stayed until closing time—three o'clock. I'm afraid I was a bit feverish and excited in relating my new experience to Friend Husband that evening. He laughed and said, "So you've got the bucket-shop habit at last." Thereafter, this dignified broker's office was referred to at home as the "bucket shop."

I gathered that day, from bits of conversation dropped here and there, that a good many women, like my friend, were "cheating" on their husbands in the market. Certainly this was more exciting than any clandestine amour might be, but I'm afraid a lot of men have been suspecting their spouses of unfaithfulness—owing to mysterious telephone calls and regularity of absence from home.

One husband confided to me that he'd been through hades in a fit of jealousy. His wife received a telephone call regularly at ten o'clock every morning and a couple of mornings he had been delayed at home and answered the phone himself. A most agreeable male voice was on the other end of the wire. The wife made no explanation of this and he did not ask her, until his suspicions became unbearable. Then the whole story came out.

She had met at a bridge party a charming gentleman who, upon learning she was in the market, offered to pass along to her such sure-fire tips as came his way. One, apparently, came his way *every* morning, until the husband intervened.

I know of another instance with even more tragic results. An attractive young married woman started playing the market. She got caught in a jam and stood to suffer a severe loss. Rather than face her husband's wrath by making a clean breast of it, she accepted assistance from a young man whom she did not know particularly well, expecting, of course, to recover her losses in a short time.

It was like quicksand. She got in deeper. A secret between two people of opposite sex is dangerous. It produces either a Frankenstein monster or a budding romance, depending on the nature of the conspiracy involved. In this case, there was a nasty divorce.

The answer to this is—if you're trading in the market, tell your husband everything, even though it may mean listening to an endless lecture on the evils of marginal buying—which is gambling. Besides, what real fun is there to any experience unless you can share it with someone?

I went to bed the night of my first visit to the brokerage office with eager plans for a return there next day. The market opens at ten o'clock. I got down about five minutes later. I did not remain until it closed, however, because I wanted the thrill of getting the closing prices from the newspapers at night.

I became a regular. The other faithfuls—the women who came every day—interested me. Their conversations rang in my ears.

The telephone jingles. It is a call for Mrs. D. "Oh, yes, dear, nice of you to call. No, I'm not interested in that stock; I don't think it is very good. Do as you like."

She turns to the rest of us. "My husband wants me to buy Keith-Albee. Radio is going to take it over, but I think the market has already discounted the good news."

I had tremendous admiration for her when I learned her husband was connected with another large brokerage office, yet she knew her market well enough to argue a point with him, and she is making a nice profit on her own. She told me later every cent she made from the market had been used for charitable purposes. She did not need the money, had never gambled in any other way in her life, but she loved the sport of the stock-market.

Again the phone rings. A call for Miss M, a portly lady of indeterminate age. "Oh, darling, how grand of you. You are a sweet lamb. I love you to death for calling me. Bye, bye."

She turns to us nearest her. "Here's a swell tip, ladies. My boy friend, bless his heart, says Utility Power and Light is going to be absorbed by Standard Gas. That means a big rise in Utility." She goes to the desk and writes out a buying slip. Some of the others follow her lead and buy a few shares.

Some of the regulars knew their stocks like veteran traders. Their book value, earnings, dividends and management record.

We chat. It's a nice atmosphere, owing partly to the charm of the woman in charge. When there's little trading going on, we discuss theaters, new books and clothes, but with an eye on the ticker.

During this time, I had been reading my financial magazines faithfully and had marked several stocks which I felt should increase in value shortly. I found myself invariably right. This gave me confidence in my judgment. Also a number of tips which had come my way turned out well, so I decided to plunge a little more.

In discussing this with Friend Husband, he suggested that I put aside $25,000 more, and make a promise to myself UNDER NO CIRCUMSTANCES to get in deeper than that. This I did.

My downtown broker telephoned one morning to say he had some marvelous information about Johns-Manville and felt I should buy some of it. Well, I wasn't exactly ignorant about Johns-Manville. I remembered it was what is known as a Morgan–First National Bank stock—that Theodore F. Merseles, who had formerly done such great things for Montgomery-Ward, was now President of Johns-Manville—that the company was branching out in several directions and was supposed to be in great shape; so I bought one hundred shares at $191¾. For this, I had to add $6,400 to my account there.

I always bought in hundred-share lots. Even money is so much easier to figure.

MY GENERAL MOTORS had now increased to $222. I did not sell, as rumors were current that it would go to $250, and this in spite of warnings that began to appear in newspapers and financial publications. Stocks were selling too high, they said. Brokers' loans had increased to gigantic proportions; there must be a technical reaction, otherwise the credit foundation of the whole country would be jeopardized.

But how could one feel the seriousness of the situation when in the face of this stocks continued to mount?

The stimulus of steadily winning acted as a potion to confuse the senses.

I continued to drop in daily to watch the ticker at the broker's office, feeling much at

home though I maintained no account there.

One day, Ruby de Remer, the former screen star, accompanied me. She was made welcome. Earlier that morning we had looked at a new ermine and sable wrap she intended to buy, but when one of the regulars came in with some excellent information about Sinclair Oil, Ruby said, "Here goes the ermine into oil," and forthwith bought a thousand shares. We both opened accounts. Ruby also had an account with an office downtown.

I bought two hundred Sinclair at $43, giving my check for $2,250. It went up two points that day. *Everything* was going up. My Johns-Manville had gained four points.

Heigho! the excitement was marvelous. It was more thrilling to watch that trans-lux than any horse-race or football game.

On one of those memorable days when stocks were climbing so fast one could hardly get a buying order through, one of the steady customers went through her regular habit of tossing a coin to see whether to buy or sell.

"I've got some Radio," she announced. "Shall I sell now or hold on?" She fumbled in her purse for a coin. "Heads I sell now, tails I hold," she said. The rest of us were busy with the ticker and did not watch her. She cried out, "What did I say, girls, was it to hold or sell on heads?" Since no one could answer her, she tossed again.

This seemed foolish to me, but it all depends on the view-point. What I was doing would have seemed quite as lacking in sound sense to someone else.

Then, too, I had heard the story of a man who had opened an account with a reliable brokerage concern through mailing them a certified check and an order to buy certain stocks. They never saw their customer. He telephoned his orders every morning. In a few weeks, he had run $6,000 to $35,000. Then one day an attorney came in to close out the account. It developed that the customer was a permanent patient in a home for mental defectives.

The bull market was at its height. I asked questions of everyone and discovered that while stocks were supposed to sell at about twelve times their earnings, hardly one on the board was selling as low as that and many sold as high as twenty-five or thirty times their earnings. Also, the stocks which had increased the most in price during the present market paid practically nothing in dividends.

This looked dangerous, but one of the women explained that in many cases they were earning huge profits but putting them back into the business instead of paying dividends. I was satisfied.

Some stocks jumped ten, twenty, thirty points a day. The buying got into my blood. I had a great tip on Reynolds Tobacco B. Ruby and I bought a hundred shares each at $162¼, giving checks for $5,450. Then I took two hundred Liquid Carbonic at $120 and one hundred Fox Film A at $102, also one hundred shares of Utility Power and Light at $43. I deposited an additional check for $10,800 covering these last three, making a total of $18,500 at this office.

I took note of my finances. With the additional $6,400 I had added to the downtown account, I realized my original appropriation of $25,000 for this stock-market lark had been absorbed. I was on thin ice, but then all my stocks seemed so good and prospects were that they would go much higher.

My paper profit on Fox Film now was $400, on Utility Power $250, Sinclair Oil $300, Reynolds Tobacco $400, Johns-Manville $500, Liquid Carbonic $900, General Motors (two hundred shares) $1,600.

I set a date three days ahead, at which time I was going to take my profits and run.

A couple of the daily traders were absent from the little circle at the broker's office, and I learned that they had developed a case of nerves from the excitement, which resulted in sleepless nights and nightmares. Doctor's orders were for them to stay away for a while.

It did not affect me like this. I had no nerves or nightmares—only exhilaration.

More warnings appeared that a reaction was imminent. All my stocks gained fractions of a point. Ruby and I were jubilant. In fact, she became so enthusiastic that, having considerable money at her disposal, she suggested half jestingly that we should open a brokerage office of our own.

Friend Husband's reply to this was to have a sign painted and hung on my bedroom door. It read:

M. Allison and R. de Remer
Bucket Shop
Big Profits—Small Margins
Free Liquor

I slept a little late on the morning I had planned to get out of the market. I called Mrs. H and gaily asked, "How's the market this morning?" "Not so good," came back the reply. "All the leaders are off several points and there seems to be little resistance anywhere." She said, however, they did not fear a serious break.

I hoped I could break even, so I gave her an order to sell my Utility Power, Sinclair Oil and Reynolds at my purchase price.

Some important appointments kept me busy all day, so that I did not get to the broker's office before closing. I was not worried, however. During the day, several acquaintances who I thought knew the market assured me there was no bad break in sight—just a slight adjustment.

The evening papers showed a minus-mark after nearly every stock on the board. Some had dropped ten, twenty, thirty points.

When I telephoned next morning to verify my sales order of the previous day, Mrs. H said, "I am sorry, Mrs. Quirk, but we could not sell your order yesterday. The market dropped too fast. I tried to reach you for another price on your holdings, but you were out. It is lower this morning."

I began to be frightened. I told her to sell all my stocks at the market, except Fox Film. This I wanted to hold. It was something I did know about—the tremendous earnings of the Fox Company—William Fox's genius as a film and theater executive. I had made pictures for him—I had faith in his company.

Then I telephoned downtown to sell my General Motors and Johns-Manville. The last-named had dropped farther than all the others put together. Merseles, where wert thou?

It was like attempting to get off a toboggan that's going downhill at terrific speed, without risking one's neck. I had tried to save a few bones. That was my mistake.

If I had sold that first day "at the market," I should have saved about $4,500, but I had seen an example of this that prejudiced me. Two people were trading one morning in the same stock. They both left selling orders—one wished to sell "at the market"; the other set a definite price on her stock, and she secured two points more for her holdings than the woman who sold "at the market." It's human nature to want the last dollar in a gambling venture.

I had a nightmare *now*. Have you ever dreamed of falling and falling through space and awakened with a sigh of relief at finding it was only a dream? Well, when I awakened I found it was stark reality. I was still falling.

During those turbulent days, Friend Husband never once mentioned the market to me—not a single "I told you so." It was a great chance to sermonize. I've wondered since how anyone could have resisted blowing off a bit, but he did. In fact he was unusually solicitous and kind. I guess he knew by my face I was taking punishment enough.

Eventually my General Motors went for $203 loss of $2,600, Johns-Manville at $164 loss of $2,900, Sinclair at $35 loss of $800, Reynolds at $151 loss of $1,100, Liquid Carbonic at $105 loss of $3,000 on two hundred shares, Utility Power and Light at $38 loss of $500.

I overstepped. I took my medicine because a promise is a promise. Then, too, I had no assurance that these stocks would recover their losses.

Brokers at this time increased their margins. One could not carry a stock on twenty-five points now. Some of them went to forty- and fifty-point margin for the high-priced issues. In addition to putting up more money for the actual loss on my stocks, I should have had to increase my margin on all of them.

The sum total of my loss was between $11,000 and $12,000, including interest, but part of this was my Chrysler profit, so I did not fare so badly. A peculiar thing about this, however, was that I found it hurt quite as much to lose profits as parent cash.

That afternoon, I dropped by the broker's office. The scene was familiar; all the regulars were there and being pretty good sports, only there was more cigaret smoking than usual and an awful lot of silence. I understand only one or two of them took appreciable losses.

The woman who flipped the coin sat turning a quarter over and over in her fingers. No need to toss it now. She had nothing to sell or hold.

Mrs. H was making a brave little gesture to keep up the good spirits of the office. Each time she refilled the ticker with its narrow white tape, she drew with a pencil, across the top of it, a glowering bull chasing a frightened bear. It was good for a weak little laugh.

On my way out I ran into a small, pale-faced lady whom I had seen there only a few times. "How did you come out?" I asked. She shrugged her shoulders. "This is the second time it has happened to me. Once before in 1920, only it's harder to take this time." No hysterics, no weeping, although I learned later her entire savings of $100,000 had been cleaned out in Warner Brothers and Radio stock.

I went home. Found a message from a friend of mine. "Will call for you at four-thirty. No excuses this time. You have to help me select that diamond ring I am presenting to myself."

Could I endure it? I thought not, but an hour later found me leaning over a jewelry counter trying to pass an opinion on square-cut diamonds. I was of no help whatsoever. In fact, any moment I was about to suffer from nausea at the sight of the glittering things. I got away somehow.

That night, Friend Husband had his innings. He was very late coming home for dinner and had neglected to telephone, as was his custom when delayed, so that when he did arrive I was in no mood to be trifled with—what with the casualties of the day and one thing and another. Probably I was quite severe. He just looked at me with a broad grin and said quite casually, "By the way, how was the market today?" We got along great after that.

I telephoned Ruby next morning and said, "Well, partner, when do we open our brokerage office?" Her reply was, "Oh, go take a jump in the lake, will you?" She was game and put up additional funds to hold her stocks, and in almost every instance they have since recovered their losses.

From this exciting experience, I've learned several things.

Don't buy on margin unless you have sufficient funds to cover any stock losses.

Don't take a loss on good reliable stocks—they will eventually come back.

Don't sit and watch the ticker every day, unless you've steady nerves and a lot of willpower; otherwise you'll buy something that will surprise you when you get home.

And now, children, I have one bedtime story for you.

Once upon a time there was a nice lady who befriended a sick girl. In return the girl, before she died, said, "I have nothing to repay you with, except one share of General Electric stock. Please take it." The nice lady took it and bought four more shares to keep it company, making five in all. She put these away and forgot all about them. One day there was a split-up in General Electric stock—four for one—so the nice lady had twenty shares where she had only five before. Now General Electric is a G R E A T big boy and from these little

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THE BATHWAY TO A SOFT, SMOOTH SKIN

shares the nice lady has a profit of something like $3,500.

The moral to this, my children, is—buy little acorns and hold them until they grow into big trees.

Am I cured, did you ask? Well, I'll tell you.

I got a "hot tip" on Anaconda a couple of weeks ago and bought two hundred shares at $110 and it is now $122, so that's going to help a lot toward salving my wounded feelings on a few of those others. I also picked up a hundred of Liquid Carbonic at $98. That stock owes me something, and besides they have just put out a perfectly marvelous statement. I'm planning to make up my losses late this spring. I have my eye on several stocks that are selling away below their earning power.

But I hear there's another reaction due pretty soon.

I may sell out in a couple more days, take my profit and run.

Mr. and Mrs. Dainin Request—

(Continued from page 67)

that once in their lives they should eat at a decent place like the Topaz Room of the New Gallatin Hotel at five dollars a plate, and *this* is what we draw."

He pointed melodramatically at the silver bowl, and it must be confessed that Mrs. Koppel Feinsilber had made an extremely poor job of polishing it. The grime of ages had been upon it, and for that matter still was, so that it was impossible for the Dainin family to discern the bowl's hidden beauty, if any.

"Well, Irving could always use it for an ash receiver," Mrs. Dainin said hopefully, but this remark seemed only to provoke Mr. Dainin to further comment.

"An ash receiver!" he cried. "Am I giving for Bessie a wedding in the Topaz Room of the New Gallatin Hotel that she should receive wedding presents of ash receivers yet? Why didn't he send her a hand-painted cuspidor and be done with it?"

"Nobody's obliged to send a wedding present if they don't want to," Birdie remarked. "Anyway, you can't sue them if they don't."

"Is that so?" Max retorted. "Well, is it your wedding or Bessie's? I'll bet if it was *your* wedding you'd raise the roof about getting such a present."

"Well, *I'm* not raising the roof about it," Bessie said listlessly, "and anyway it's a relief from electric coffee percolators. There are three of them in there right now, all marked with my initials so that I can't exchange them, and there are also four silver cocktail sets. I guess they think I'm going to drink myself to death after I get married."

She rose wearily from the breakfast table.

"And maybe I will," she concluded and left the room hurriedly.

"Go after her, Mommer," Max said, but Mrs. Dainin shook her head.

"All she wants is to be left alone," she declared. "Later on she's going downtown for a last fitting on her wedding-dress. That'll cheer her up."

But it didn't cheer Max up. He sighed heavily and even groaned aloud.

"*Ai tzuris!*" he exclaimed. "*Everything* I done for that girl's happiness—*everything*. And I don't know whether it's going to turn out for the best at that."

"I think it must be the moving pictures," Mrs. Dainin suggested. "Such things never happened when I was a girl. Which she has had her own choice and everything, whereas when you and me got married, Max, twenty-four hours before our parents said we should be engaged, I'd never even laid eyes on you. And yet when I seen you, Max, I thought you was a good-looking young feller."

"Well, I was," Max declared. "I was every bit so good-looking as that there Ben Zamrah.

but the trouble is he looks like one of them moving-picture loafers, Mommer, whereas in them days I tried to be good-looking like a business man, the way Irving is."

Birdie Dainin moved impatiently in her chair. "She's crazy," she cried. "She doesn't know *what* she wants. There isn't any comparison between this Ben Zamrah and Irving."

As a rule Birdie was entirely unemotional, but now she spoke with such heat that her eyes filled with tears, and Max felt that he ought to do or say something by way of consolation.

"Never mind, Birdie *leben*," he said, "some day we'll find you a young man just so good-looking as Irving, even if I've got to dig down good and plenty for it."

Birdie fairly jumped out of her seat.

"You needn't think I want any of those made-up matches," she said. "When I marry I'll marry for love, if I have to wait till I'm so old that I'll love practically anybody. And I guess that's what I'll have to do."

She gathered up the breakfast dishes so violently that had they not come from a five-and-ten-cent store most of them would have been broken.

"Go and help Bessie to get ready for her fitting," she told her mother. "I'll wash these."

Mrs. Dainin passed from the room in a sort of billowy despair, while Max sat and looked at the carpet as though he expected to read in its faded design some solution of his family problems.

"It's terrible," he said with another profound sigh, and Birdie Dainin spilled all the dishes back onto the table.

"Now look here, Popper," she began. "I don't know who you're feeling sorry for around here but if it's *me*, feel sorry when you're asked, and not before. Also, instead of sitting there, you've also got to remember that there must be a thousand dollars' worth of silverware in this house and no insurance on it or anything. I couldn't sleep last night for thinking about it."

Max shook himself together and, rising from his chair, he attempted to kiss Birdie on her cheek. It landed on her hair above the ear.

"The man what gets you for a husband, Birdie," he said, "is going to have a treasure, which you think of everything and you don't want no credit for it nor nothing."

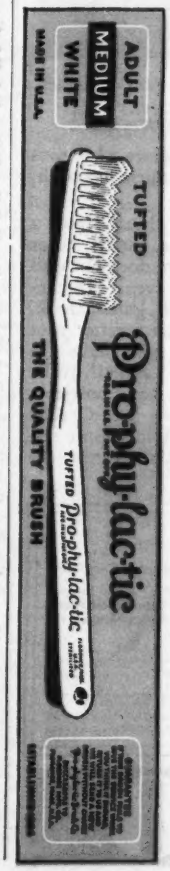
He took his hat from a sewing-machine in the corner of the dining-room.

"I'll see my broker right away," he declared, and then Birdie in her capacity of general thinker for the family made another suggestion.

"Don't take my word for it that they're worth a thousand dollars," she said. "Have somebody appraise them first and maybe you can save half the premium."

"That's exactly what I'm going to do," Max replied and immediately left his apartment. He usually took the Madison Avenue car to his office on East Forty-second Street, and in fact it had been one of the reasons why he had at first consented to the courtship of his daughter by Abramo Ben Zamrah, for on more than one occasion the Madison Avenue car had been blocked in front of Abramo's antique store, and thus had afforded Max an opportunity to speculate on the amount of rent Abramo paid for his business premises. He had concluded that in view of the ratio which store rent bears to the store's annual turnover, Abramo must have been doing a flourishing business, and on that particular morning, when the car was blocked again, Max suffered all the pangs attendant upon reflecting what might have been, as compared with what was.

Now, had the traffic congestion on Madison Avenue been no more acute than usual, the car in which Max was seated would have gone on its way with its load of only three passengers, and thus provided another argument for raising car-fares in New York City to eight cents. But just as the traffic began to move, a fourth passenger entered the car. He was a slender young man with dark wavy hair and eyes that would have made his fortune in the motion-picture business instead of in the antique business. It was indeed no other than Abramo Ben Zamrah, and as Max caught one



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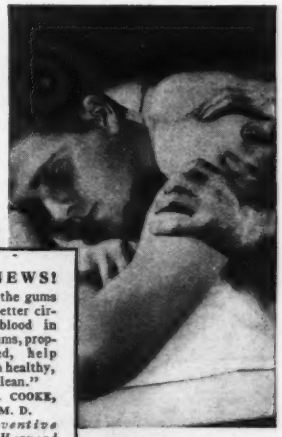

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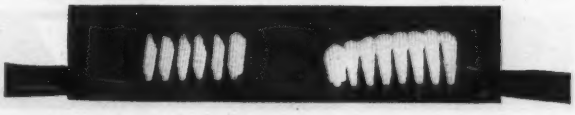

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GLAZO

glance at him, he turned away and looked steadily toward the motor-man at the other end of the car. Abramo sat directly opposite him, and just as Max was contemplating abandoning his trip and leaving the company with two cents' worth of it unused, Abramo rose and seated himself beside Max.

"Mr. Dainin," he began, "what's the matter?—you not speak to me, not look at me."

Max started to struggle to his feet but Abramo laid a detaining slender white hand on Max's sleeve.

"I still want to marry your daughter," he said, pronouncing it *dotter*, "but what can I do with my family against me? Who shall I find to take her place?—but Bessie, she will get another husband better than me."

"*Will* get!" Max cried. "What do you mean *will* get? She *has* got. The day after tomorrow is the wedding, and further than this, I don't want to speak to you never no more. So you will be so kind as to keep yourself *to* yourself, and I would do the same."

Once more he turned away and faced in the direction of the motor-man. He decided that after another street or two had been passed he would alight and take the next car, but when he started to do so, he found that the car contained its original load of three passengers. Mr. Ben Zamrah had disappeared. He therefore proceeded to his office, but before entering the building he sought the advice of a friend in the building next door, who although a licensed pawnbroker did business in a suite of offices under the firm name of Merchants' and Manufacturers' Loan and Discount Company. He also resided in Flatbush under the family name of Elkan Mishkind.

"Well, I'll tell you, Mr. Dainin," he said, "appraising silverware is already a ticklish business. New silverware if it's stolen can be replaced by burglary insurance companies at wholesale rates, and you know what the wholesale price of silver has got to stand in the way of discounts. There ain't no *end* to them. First you get thirty percent off, then you get twenty-five percent off of *that*, and afterwards you get a whole string of ten percents, till you begin to think that sterling silver manufacturing jewelers are in business for the exercise they get in figuring discounts."

Max nodded sadly. He concluded that, after all, Birdie Dainin's snap appraisal of her sister's wedding presents had been at least eighty percent too high.

"As for me," Mr. Mishkind continued, "I never loan money on sterling silverware. My customers get dissatisfied and also every day I get a list from the police of stolen silver two pages long, so why should I take a chance? Am I right or wrong?"

Max nodded again.

"However, if you want a good judge of silverware to look yours over," Mr. Mishkind said, "I've got a clerk which he knows silver like my poor grandfather *olav hasholom* knew Shulchan Aruch and Chaye Adam."

Max again shook his head sadly. He was beginning to think that perhaps all his troubles came as a punishment for a lifelong disregard of most of the precepts laid down in these two tractates of the Talmud which treat of dietary and ritualistic laws.

"Well, if he ain't busy at twelve o'clock," Max said, "I'll take him up to the house and he can give me a rough appraisal anyway."

Thus at twelve o'clock Max took Mishkind's clerk along with him in a taxicab to his apartment, and as they proceeded uptown, Max's spirits sank even as the taximeter's figures mounted and he was not at all heartened by the clerk's stories of how cheap you could buy silverware nowadays, nor was he even exhilarated by the usual row with the chauffeur over the absence of a tip, and when he entered his apartment to exhibit to an appraising eye what he was now convinced would prove to be a collection of cheap hardware masquerading as sterling silver, he was so entirely crushed that he failed to notice the presence of a bearded gentleman in the living-room.

"Just let her stay in bed for the rest of the

day," the bearded gentleman said, "and she'll be as well as ever by tomorrow morning."

"Who'll be as well as ever tomorrow morning?" Max cried.

"Mommer," Birdie replied. "She fainted, and as I couldn't bring her to I sent for the doctor here."

Max turned an agonized face to the doctor.

"Don't be alarmed," the doctor assured him. "Her heart is as good as yours and mine, but naturally, all the blood leaves the brain when one receives such a shock as she had."

"A shock!" Max exclaimed. "What shock?"

The doctor looked toward Birdie, who controlled herself with difficulty.

"Bessie," she said. "Twenty minutes after you left the house, or maybe it was a half an hour, this here Ben Zamrah shows up. He says he met you on a street-car and you said Bessie was going to be married. That was the first he heard of it."

"Well, what *of* it?" Max demanded, and Birdie shrugged her shoulders.

"What could *we* do?" she said. "We couldn't send for the police to stop them and anyhow she's over age."

"What do you mean, over age?" Max gasped.

"I mean they eloped," Birdie said, and Max sat down heavily in the nearest chair.

"*Gott im der Weld!*" he moaned. "What a disgrace! What a disgrace!"

The doctor shook his head mournfully.

"I'll look in on Mrs. Dainin this evening, just to be on the safe side," he said, and after shaking hands limply with Birdie, he left the apartment. For two or three minutes, Max Dainin sat with his head bent and his fingers drumming on the table-cloth, while Birdie went to wait on her mother. He was still drumming on the table with all sorts of bitter thoughts passing in a jumble through his mind, when he was restored to consciousness, so to speak, by Elkan Mishkind's clerk.

"If that's the silverware in the parlor on the table," he said, "I figure it's worth four hundred and twenty-five dollars, as a replacement proposition, but you might have to pay for it yourself—anyhow six hundred dollars."

Max shrugged his shoulders. What did it matter now if he had only netted four hundred and twenty-five dollars' worth of wedding presents out of one thousand dollars' worth of invitations? They were all going to be returned anyway, and he therefore fumbled in his vest pocket and produced a dollar bill.

"Here's your taxi fare back," he said, "and thank Mr. Mishkind for me."

He looked up to give the dollar to the clerk, but whether from motives of delicacy or from other motives unknown to Max, the pawnbroker's clerk had closed the door behind him and was gone without taking the money. In fact he had gone before Max Dainin could find the dollar in his vest pocket, but Max was so stunned by his daughter's elopement that he merely replaced the dollar in his pocket and thought no more about the matter.

"Did you phone Irving?" he asked Birdie when she returned from Mrs. Dainin's room.

"I didn't tell him over the phone," Birdie replied. "I just said he should come up here right away. I expect him any moment."

And sure enough, the next moment the hall doorbell rang.

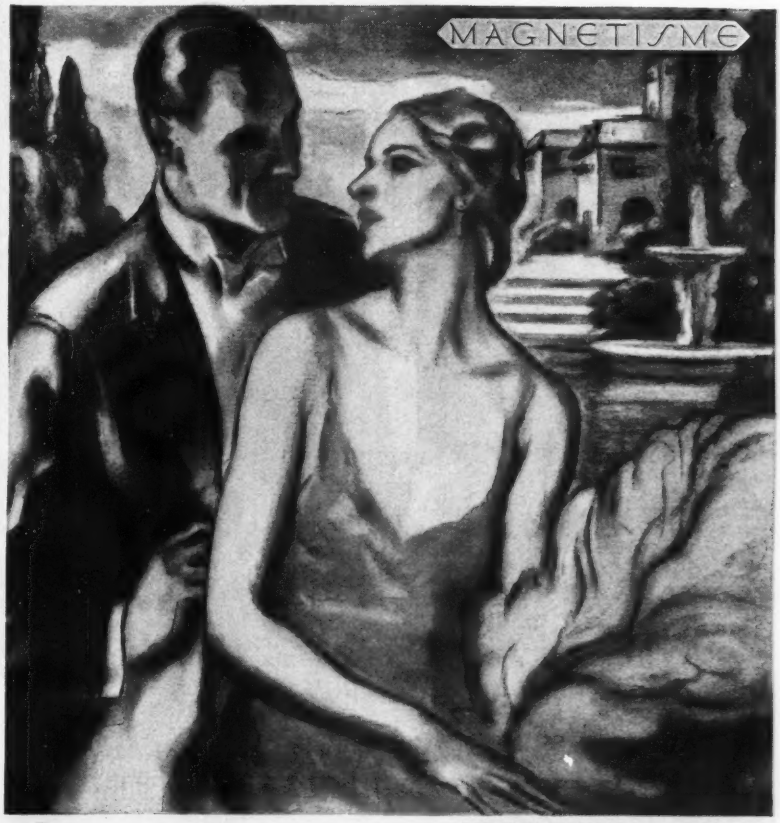
"*You* tell him," Max said. "I'm going to stay with Mommer."

"You'll tell him yourself," Birdie declared firmly. "He can't *eat* you! It isn't your fault anyway."

She returned to her mother's room while Max went to open the door.

"Come in, Irving," he said into the gloom of the hallway, but instead of Irving there entered a stout gentleman with a small toothbrush mustache, later addressed by his companions as "Sergeant," a tall elderly gentleman of somewhat scholarly appearance, and last but not least Koppel Feinsilber.

"What did you done with it?" Koppel demanded without introducing anybody, or in fact without as much as saying: "Hello, Mr. Dainin."



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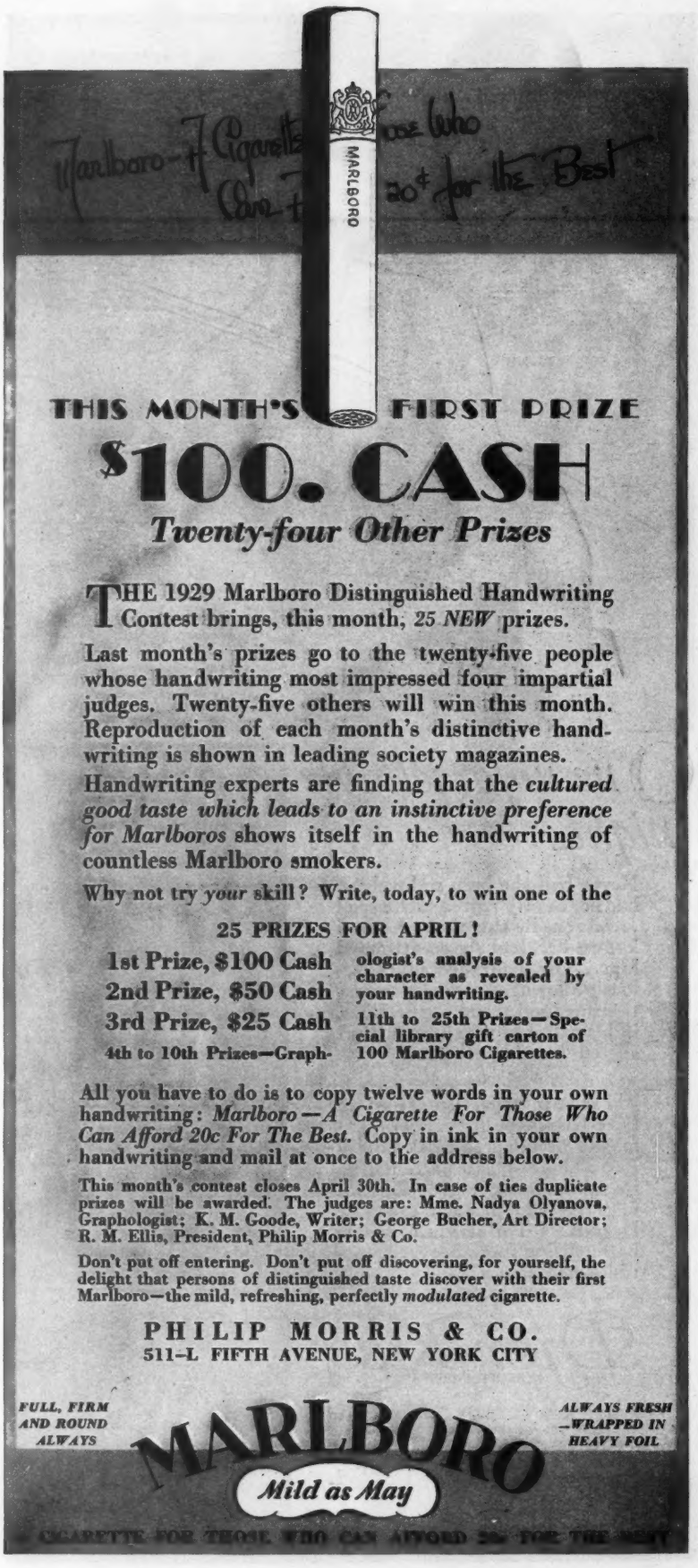
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"Done with what?" Max asked.

"You know very well with *what!*" Koppel replied. "Crook! Sends me a rotten invite for his daughter's wedding, and this is what happens to *me!* Faker!"

"Now, take your time! Take your time!" the gentleman subsequently addressed as sergeant advised, and by way of emphasizing it he pushed Koppel into a chair as gently as he could, which was as gently as Tunney knocked down Heeney in their late encounter.

"I suppose," the sergeant continued, looking straight at Max Dainin as though he were about to commence the preliminary black-jacking of the third degree, "you don't know nothing about this. That's what you claim *anyway.*"

At this, the tall scholarly-looking gentleman clucked his tongue several times, as though to say: "They're terrible, these criminal clahsses!"

Max looked from Koppel, sprawled in the chair, to the sergeant. How, he asked himself, could this syndicate be interested in his daughter's elopement?—for as his daughter's elopement entirely occupied his own mind, he could conceive of no other reason for their call.

"I only heard about it myself a few minutes since," Max said.

"Oh!" the sergeant said laconically. "So you *know* about it, do you? I suppose this here fence Ottopassi has been phoning you or something."

"Fence?" Max said blankly. "*What* fence?"

The tall scholarly gentleman distorted his face slightly. He believed that he was indulging in a sardonic smile.

"I suppose we may as well say that the game is up, sergeant, as *you* call it," he remarked in an extremely cultivated voice.

The sergeant evidently resented this insinuation that he indulged in what the scholarly gentleman conceived to be police argot.

"I don't call it nothing," the sergeant said emphatically. "We got judges for that."

And then with an agility that seemed quite surprising in a person of his weight and size, he grabbed Max by the back of his neck.

"Now then," he said. "Come across. Where've you got it?"

But detective sergeants should remember that they who live by the sword or at least the black-jack are at times subject to homeopathic treatment without notice, and this was one of those times, for just as the detective sergeant seized Max by the back of the neck, Birdie entered the room to discover the cause of the trouble. Without waiting to find out, however, she immediately got into it, for she at once grabbed a heavy pressed-glass vase which contained some roses, sent that morning by Irving, and broke it over the detective sergeant's head, and for sixty seconds the detective sergeant's life became entirely free from bribery, violence and profanity. That is to say, he had been completely knocked out; but as he was bleeding freely he soon became conscious again, and scrambled to his feet.

"Who done that?" he demanded, and Birdie replied:

"*I* did, and if you don't get right out of here I'll call the police."

"This gentleman *is* the police," the scholarly person said. "He's here to investigate the missing Herndon collection of silver, and particularly the Bishop's Welford Silver Mazer Bowl."

"And he's got it, because I sent it here by registered parcel post myself," Koppel added.

The detective sergeant held a grimy handkerchief to his rapidly swelling occiput and began to turn a trifle pale.

"You ain't got no whisky, I suppose," he said faintly.

"With a cop in the house, I should say *not!*" Koppel declared, but Birdie had acted even before he had spoken. She poured out a generous medicinal dose and handed it to the sergeant, who took it at a gulp.

"Sit down," Birdie said, "and be sensible. You had no right to hurt my father like that, but I'm sorry I hit you *anyway.*"

She gave him a second large medicinal helping and this time the sergeant smiled at her.

"You get into action quick, I'll say *that,*" he

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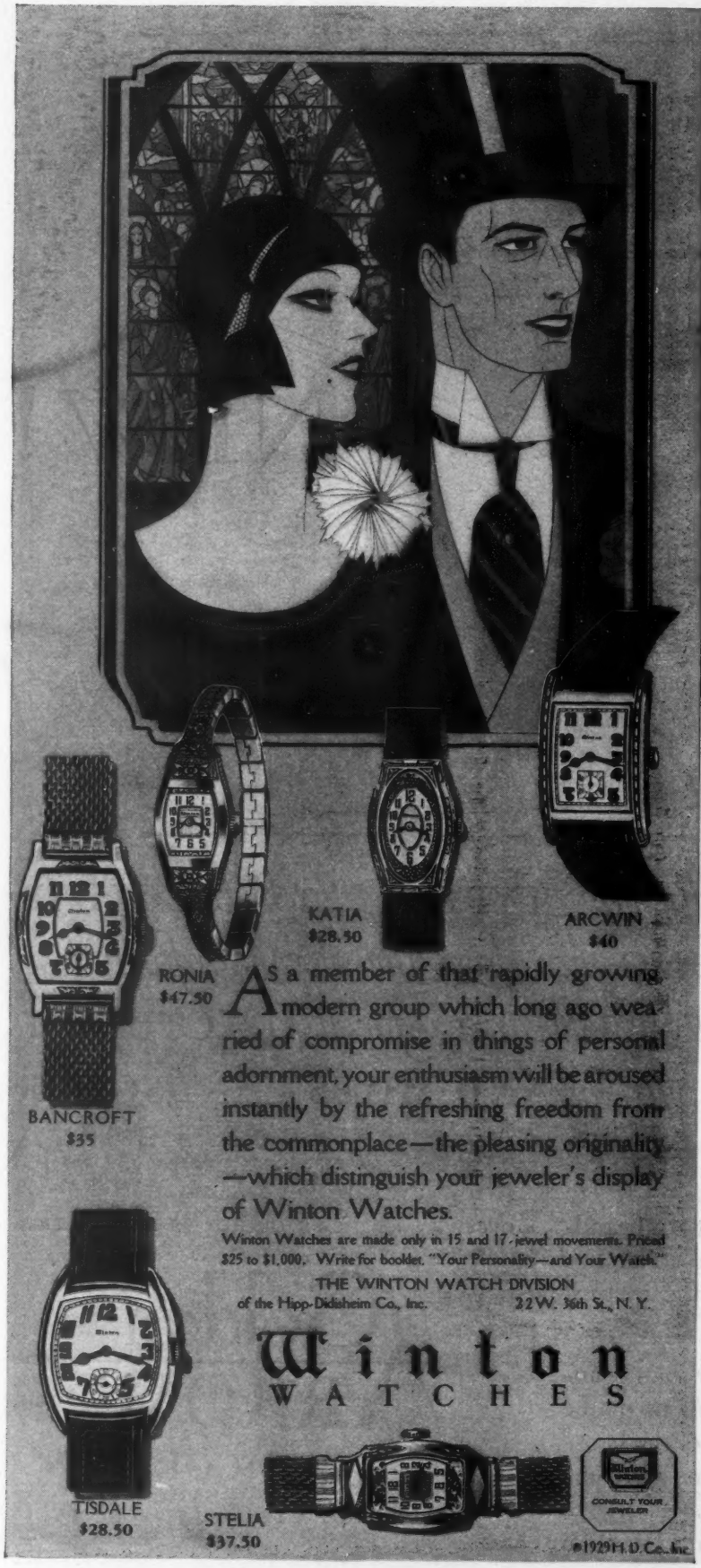
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remarked. Moreover, he poured himself another and still larger medicinal dose, and after this he became positively genial.

"Now about this here bowl, Mr. Robinson," he said to the scholarly gentleman. "Would you recognize it if you saw it?"

Mr. Robinson permitted himself a scornful laugh.

"I have had charge of Mr. Herndon's silver collection for years," he said, "and I consider the tracing of the loot from the burglar to his mother, and then from the Italian Ottopassi through his brother-in-law Di Caro into the hands of Mr. Feinsilber, a remarkably clever piece of detective work, sergeant—remarkably clever."

"Where that fence made his big mistake was in selling that who's-this bowl instead of melting it up," the sergeant remarked.

"Well, you see, he couldn't really have melted it up to any profit, because a mazer bowl is partly old gnarled wood with silver imposed on it," Mr. Robinson explained, and Max transfixed Feinsilber with a bitter look.

"So!" he said. "You are sending my daughter second-handig wedding presents from wood and silver. Silver or plated silver is too expensive for you, I suppose."

"I wouldn't bandy no words with you, Dainin," Koppel said. "You can consider the invitation canceled. Just give me back the bowl."

"Say!" Max exclaimed. "If someone invites you to a wedding, they could afford to send you back the present and five dollars to boot, and be in money anyways, providing you would agree not to eat nothing, so just come inside and I'll give you that bowl."

He led the way into the parlor, where on the table in the center reposed enough silverware, as far as a layman could tell, to stock a large jewelry shop. There were candelabra, several coffee percolators, soup ladles, small chests of table silver and cocktail sets.

"There's the whole outfit, Mr. Robinson," Max said. "Help yourself to the bowl."

Mr. Robinson swiftly surveyed the assembled silverware. "Where *is* it?" he asked.

Birdie shifted all the pieces around.

"Well, it was here this morning, when that Ben Zamrah came," she said and Max could not restrain a half-suppressed "Koosh!"

The detective sergeant immediately noticed it. "Yeah?" he said. "So *that's* it, is it? And who is this Ben Zamrah?"

"He's my—now—son-in-law," Max said.

"And what business is he in?" the sergeant asked.

"The antics," Max said. "He keeps an antic store on Madison Avenue."

"Antiques, hey!" the sergeant remarked. "Well, I guess he's a pretty good judge of antiques, all right. And he probably learned *you* something about them, so you just put on your hat and come along with me."

"Say, listen," Max protested. "Do you suppose if I was going to steal something I should steal a little old second-handig silver bowl which is half wood? What kind of a cheap crook do you think I am anyway?"

"You're a crook, but you ain't cheap," Koppel said. "There's already a reward of ten thousand dollars for the return of that bowl, and you know it."

Here Mr. Robinson broke into the discussion.

"I don't think he does know it," he said. "You see, Mr. Dainin, this is the celebrated Bishop's Welford Mazer Bowl. Many an English king has drunk out of it. It belonged to the Almshouses of Bishop's Welford, Cambridgeshire, and it's entirely unique. It is worth at the lowest estimate thirty thousand dollars."

"Thirty thousand dollars!" Max exclaimed.

"And they'll probably let you out on sixty thousand dollars' bail," the sergeant said. "So come along."

"Birdie," Max said brokenly, "when Irving comes send him around to the station-house."

"Send him to police headquarters," the sergeant said. "That's where we're going. The cells ain't so comfortable there but it's more centrally located."

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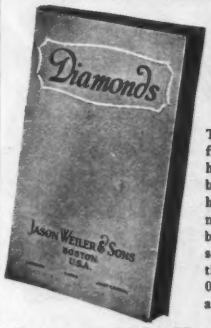

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He paused at the door with his hand on Max's sleeve.

"And you're lucky I don't take you along for interfering with an officer," he said to Birdie with a profound hiccough, and the next moment they drove away in a waiting police car. It was highly probable that Irving saw them driving away too, for hardly had the door closed behind them, or so it seemed to Birdie, when Irving rang the doorbell.

"Oh, Irving!" she said. "Oh, Irving!"

And then she could bear no more, but broke into hysterical weeping.

"Why, what's the matter?" Irving asked, and as the prospective husband of her sister he drew her toward the sofa and seated her with her head on his shoulder.

"Now, try to calm yourself, and tell me all that's happened," he said, and with a tremendous effort Birdie did calm herself. Moreover she told what had happened, not only to Bessie, but also to the others, at such great length and with such a wealth of detail that she had only concluded telling it when, two hours later, a key grated in the lock and Max Dainin once more entered his own apartment, a free man.

Alone and unaided, he had faced the outrageous questionings and suspicions of the New York City detective force at police headquarters, and the man on whom he had depended to come to his rescue sat on the sofa of Max's own living-room, smiling, and not only that, he was smiling happily.

"That Paterson store is a certainty, Birdie," he was saying, "and with a bright girl like you to keep an eye on it, it's a success before it's started."

He proceeded no further, however, because Max's indignation had found articulate expression.

"Yes, Irving," he began, "that's the way it goes. I asked Birdie she should send you down to police headquarters, but since you no longer are going to be one of the family, you watched yourself of the whole thing."

"Popper!" Birdie exclaimed. "I didn't have you come in. What happened that they let you off?"

"What do you mean, let me off?" he exclaimed. "Did I do something that they should let me *on* and not *off*? How was I to know when I brought that young pawnbroker's clerk up here that he had already seen a list of stolen silver from the police department, and naturally he picks up that bowl and claims the reward and we are all out our share of ten thousand dollars. We are also out a wedding dinner for one thousand dollars which I ordered, not to say nothing about the wedding-invitation engraving and also Birdie's dress. And I bet you that when we send back them wedding presents, some of them robbers will sue me because they've already had the initials 'B. D.' engraved on them."

"No, they won't," Birdie said. "B. D. are my initials and Irving and I have fixed it up between us as a surprise to you."

Max's face broke into a thousand wrinkles as he smiled rapturously.

"You mean to say that you and Irving have fixed it up to get married the day after tomorrow night, in the Topaz Room at the New Gallatin?" he cried.

They both nodded.

"Well, you're right," Max said. "It is a surprise."

"And that's not the only surprise either," Birdie said. "You're going to lend Irving five thousand dollars to open his new store in Paterson."

For a brief interval, the smile faded from Max's face, and then it returned in deeper wrinkles than ever.

"And I've got a surprise for you too," he said. "I'm not going to *lend* him the five thousand dollars. I'm going to *give* it to him."

Flagrant Years (*Continued from page 73*)

child! Do you expect to be let in at this hour?"

"Of course. I'm paying for my accommodations."

"Little do you know about these circumspect institutions. Let's see if we can rouse anyone."

He called on the phone.

"Keep ringing them," he instructed Central. It was without result.

"Then I'll have to go to a hotel."

"Without luggage? At this hour?"

Connie looked dismayed. "I don't want to call up Bob. She's been so queer lately."

"Why not stay here?"

She looked at him searchingly. "Is it all right?"

"Of course it's all right. The lounge makes up into a most respectable bed. You'll find sheets and some of Westy's spare pajamas in that cabinet. The whole front part, bath and all, locks off from the rear." He smiled wryly into her eyes. "It'd be just as all right if it didn't. You see, I happen to be in love with you, child."

"And you think that makes it safer?" In her startled surprise the question slipped from her lips.

"Yes."

"And if I happened to be in love with you, too?" She could not resist the temptation to reckless experiment—reckless and not quite fair.

"Then it would be—whatever we wanted it to be."

"Well, I'm not." (She didn't feel as convinced as she hoped her statement indicated.) "If I were, I wouldn't stay."

"Avoid the appearance of evil," said he primly. "Good night, Connie dear."

"Good night, Ipsy . . . Wait a minute. Speaking of appearances, suppose I've decided to marry Jerry Pontefract?"

"In that case," said he slowly, "I should rouse my ancient aunt from her maidenly and East Seventy-fourth Street slumbers, explain the situation and park you on her."

"You're really very concerned with appearances, aren't you?"

"No. I'm very concerned with you."

"You're rather a dear, Ipsy. You're rather more of a dear," she added as she closed the door behind him, "than one might wish at times."

An alarm-clock awoke her. Thoughtful of Ipsy! She might well have overslept. She knocked on the intervening door; no response. She opened it and called his name; silence. At her feet she saw a paper and on it read this penciled message:

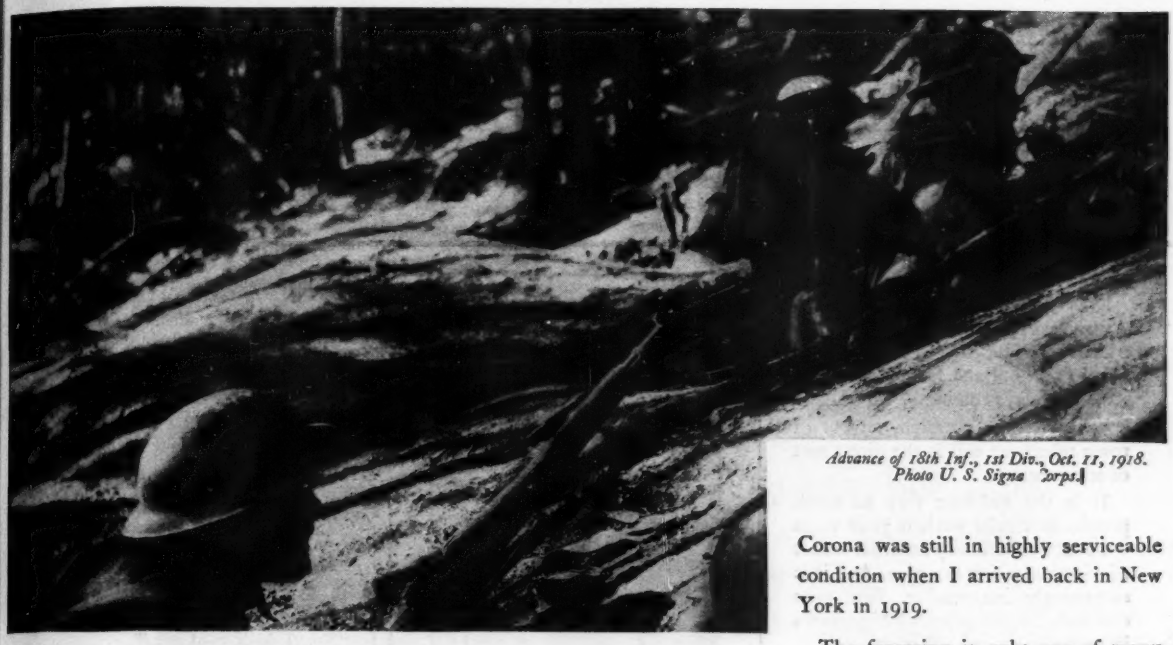
> Breakfast is in the ice-box. I had to get an early start. Turn off the stove, open the window, kiss the cat good-by and don't forget what I told you last night. J. I. S.

Forget! It had spun a golden thread through her dreams, that quiet "safeguard" of Ipsy's. For all that, she had never slept more quietly and restfully.

An incredible thing had happened at La Primavera. Miss Roberts was "out." Whether she had quit or been fired was a subject for ardent discussion. Varvara Pravdina, who doubtless could have cleared up the point, said nothing. She seldom did say anything. She went about her work with still concentration, masked behind a stiffly smiling imperviousness. But there were times when Consuelo, seeing her off guard, seemed to read in her face a desperate and brooding secrecy.

The counsel of the owlet to its owner was, "Never give tongue to curiosity." But this was more than curiosity. It was genuine anxiety about a friend who had helped her. Connie went to the Russian.

"Is Bob ill?"



Advance of 18th Inf., 1st Div., Oct. 11, 1918. Photo U. S. Signal Corps.

The story of a typewriter that went to war

By a War Correspondent

IT was in July, 1916. The commander of the British Flying Headquarters at Saint-Omer took me for a flight over the lines.

Holding my Corona between my knees I wrote the first description of the front ever typed from the air. During a cruise in a British submarine I typed a complete magazine story while we were nosing about off Heligoland, a hundred feet beneath the surface. A description of the first Zeppelin raid over London I typed at a shattered window by the light of the fires from incendiary bombs.

Throughout my entire period at the front, all my writing was done on my Corona. Because of its portability and dependability, I made it a constant companion. Many a story banged off hot in a front-line dugout would never have been written if I had waited to reach a spot of greater convenience.

During my war-time work in Europe I typed an average of 15,000 words a week. In addition to this I typed the manuscript of four books. Yet, in spite of a number of emergency repairs made necessary by violent accidents, my Corona was still in highly serviceable condition when I arrived back in New York in 1919.

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For a small down payment you can take a beautiful new Corona home with you today. Don't neglect this opportunity. Don't let another day pass without doing something about it. Know *now* the joy of owning a sturdy, speedy, smooth-operating Corona—the Champion Portable Typewriter of the World.

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"No." Her voice was without expression.

"Is she in trouble?"

"No."

"Why has she left?"

"The work was getting on her nerfs."

"I'm going to see her."

"I do not think she would wish to see anyone from this place," replied the other, gentle and inscrutable.

As to that, Connie would find out for herself. Having finished an astringent at twenty minutes to five, which left no time for further work, she cleaned up her cabinet, set everything in order and went direct to the West Fifty-fifth Street apartment-house. The outer door was open. She entered and climbed the stairs. There her progress ended. Neither to ringing nor knocking was there any response from within. She was writing a note to be left under the door when the plod of slow footsteps up the stairs arrested her.

Bob Roberts' face appeared. It was flushed. The bright brown eyes were clouded. "It's you, is it?" she muttered.

Connie stared. There was no room for doubt. Bob had been drinking too much. Was that why she had been fired?

"Well, you're here. Come in." There was a hint of defiance, of bravado, in the invitation.

"I wanted to see how you were." Connie followed the other into the front room.

"I'm all right. Why wouldn't I be? Let's have a drink."

"No. I don't want any."

"Have it your own way." She threw herself on the divan. Connie sat down. There was a flat pause, sullen on the one side, patient on the other. "What are you looking at me that way for?" sniveled Bob.

"I'm not. Bob, you were good to me when I was down and out. Is there anything I can do for you?"

"Not a thing."

Connie rose.

Bob clutched her. "Don't go," she said feverishly.

Connie sat down again.

"I'll stay as long as you want me to."

"Just till Varvara comes in."

"Varvara thought you wouldn't want to see me."

"Haven't been feeling so good," muttered the other thickly.

"Do you want me to get you anything?"

"No. Talk. Say something."

All that she could think of in the way of shop gossip, Connie rattled off. It was soon exhausted. Bob, inert and absent, seemed hardly to be listening.

"Where's Victor?"

"I dunno. Maine, somewhere. Vacation."

No interest in that, either. Connie tried again. "Ponty hasn't turned up yet."

This did rouse the sodden girl. "What the devil is that to me?"

(There *is* something between them, thought the startled Connie. Was it possible that they had been off on a several days' "party" together? She had never before seen her friend the worse for liquor.)

"I thought you might be interested," she replied pacifically.

"What do they think has become of him?"

(Was Bob fishing to find out how much Connie knew? She felt more and more uncomfortable.)

"Nobody knows. They think he's on a bat."

"Wouldn't be the first time, would it? Let's talk about something else."

Connie did her best to kill time until Varvara returned. If she was surprised to find her shopmate there, Varvara gave no sign of it. Connie left shortly with a mind by no means eased. She had a hearty distaste for her own suspicions.

It was on her friend's account, not on Ponty's, that she was so concerned. If they had been away together—and she could not banish the idea from her mind—then Bob must be genuinely infatuated with him, a situation sinister with promise of trouble for the girl. It gave Connie a qualm of physical disgust in no way

I Love You—Will You Marry Me?

How she had longed to hear *him* say those words! It thrilled her through and through, yet she was not surprised. She had learned a lot by reading "Fascinating Womanhood", a remarkable new book which shows how any woman can multiply her attractiveness by using the simple laws of man's psychology and human nature. You, too, can be the bride of the man of your choice. Write your name and address on the margin and mail to us with 10 cents and a booklet telling you all about this new book will be sent postpaid.

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Introductory offer: Large Tube and a Good Tooth Brush, sterilized bristles, colored handle, 50c post paid. Trial Tube with same quality Brush mailed for 16c (stamps). Sample Tube FREE.

Please mention your dealer's name. Write Dept. B.

DEPYRO LABORATORIES, 27 Free St., Portland, Maine

The Thrill of *Two* High Speeds

Four Speeds Forward *Standard* Gear Shift

THE new Graham-Paige sixes and eights are distinguished by the thrilling performance of *two* high speeds, *standard* gear shift. With the *time-proved* Graham-Paige four speed transmission—*fourth*, used most of the time, gives a new smoothness and swiftness; *third*, a quiet internal gear, provides rapid acceleration in traffic and up steep hills. You are invited to enjoy a demonstration.

Five chassis—sixes and eights—prices ranging from $885 to $2495. Car illustrated is Model 615, six cylinder Roadster with rumble seat, $1195 (special equipment extra). All prices at factory.

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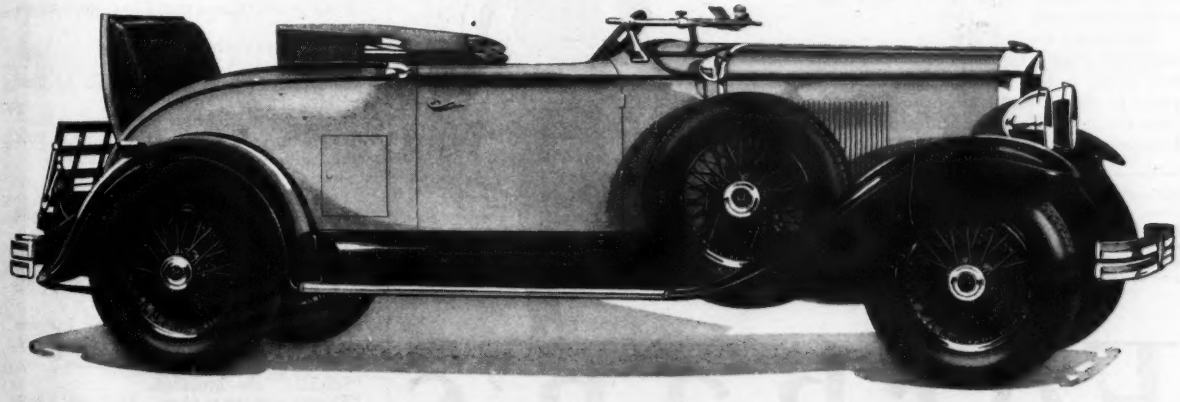


GRAHAM-PAIGE

Danger lurks behind white teeth

NOBODY'S IMMUNE*

***the disease-of-neglect ignores teeth, attacks gums and claims 4 out of 5 as its victims**

WHITE teeth are attractive. Their soundness contributes to the preservation of good health. But teeth are only as healthy as the gums. And however white they may be, danger lurks behind them.

For certain prevalent diseases of neglect ignore teeth and attack the gums. And when once contracted only expert dental treatment can stem their advance. Too many of us disregard this threat. And as the penalty for neglect, 4 persons out of 5 after forty and thousands younger sacrifice health. A needless sacrifice!

These odds are unfair, deceiving. Just follow this regime: See your dentist at least once every six months. And when you brush your teeth, brush gums vigorously, but use the dentifrice made for the purpose . . . Forhan's for the Gums. This dentifrice helps to firm gums and keep them sound. Thus it fortifies teeth and health. As you know, Pyorrhea and other diseases seldom attack healthy gums.

In addition, the way in which Forhan's cleans teeth and helps to protect them from decay will delight you.

Start using Forhan's, regularly, every morning and every night. Teach your children this good habit. They'll thank you in the years to come. Get a tube of Forhan's from your druggist. Two sizes, 35c and 60c. Forhan Company, New York.

Forhan's for the Gums is more than an ordinary toothpaste. It is the formula of R. J. Forhan, D. D. S. It is compounded with Forhan's Pyorrhea Liquid used by dentists everywhere. You will find this dentifrice especially effective as a gum massage if the directions that come with each tube are followed closely. It's good for the teeth. It's good for the gums.

Forhan's

FOR THE GUMS

YOUR TEETH ARE ONLY AS HEALTHY AS YOUR GUMS

akin to jealousy. She could not feel jealous of Ponty in that way.

If he now came back to her, self-sick and contrite, as he was likely to do, what would be her course? Certainly if Bob had any claim upon him, Connie could not do anything but stand aside. She would not wish to.

Ponty did not come back.

It was a week.

It was two weeks.

It was three weeks since that night and he was still absent and unreported.

Waller Daniels, whom she saw often meantime, was at first visibly chafing, then disturbed, then angrily dismayed. Little though he said to Connie, she, with her attunement to his moods, sensed his worry. Should she tell him of her suspicions regarding Bob? A shadow set upon the girl's movements might well pick up the missing youth's trail. But she could not bring herself to be disloyal, even though Bob might have been.

The revelation came from an unexpected source. Getting off a Fifth Avenue bus one misty morning she saw, in a taxicab immediately behind, the cheerful, placid, pink-and-brown face of him who had acted as master of ceremonies at the Barn banquet. He signaled her and jumped out.

Connie was surprised and not agreeably. Several times she had encountered participants in that haymow festival; in every instance they had either left to her the option of recognition, or had passed on with the slightest of impersonally courteous salutes. This man was ignoring the rule which he had himself laid down.

"Miss Barrett, may I have a word with you?" His manner was rather grave.

"Yes."

"I have something to tell you. Would you mind coming in here for a few minutes?"

"Here" was a hotel lobby. As they walked in he said formally, "My name is Peter Westbrook."

How should he understand the swift, bright stare, the dimpling of amused lips with which she received this identification? This man who had blandly suggested that she come to his apartment, what would he think if she told him that she had spent a night there?

"I heard them call you 'Westy' at the dinner."

"May I offer you some breakfast?"

"Thank you. I haven't the time."

"Miss Barrett, I am going to ask you an impertinent question."

"What! Again?" murmured the girl.

"This is different." There was no answering smile on his face to the malicious one that illuminated her remark. "When did you last see Pontefract?"

"Why should I tell you that?"

"I beg you to believe that I have good reason for asking."

"Do you know where he is?"

"Unhappily I do."

"Unhappily! Is it serious? Has he done something terrible?"

"Something terrible has happened to him."

His plump face, seen a little dimly, a little swimmingly now, was gentle and anxious.

"Dead?" whispered Connie.

"Yes."

"When? How? What happened? Oh, poor Ponty!"

"Are you sure you can stand this?"

She satisfied the unspoken part of his question. "Yes. There was nothing . . . No reason. Tell me, please."

"The body was found yesterday half-way down a cliff overlooking the Hudson River. He had been dead three weeks or more."

"Suicide?" she breathed.

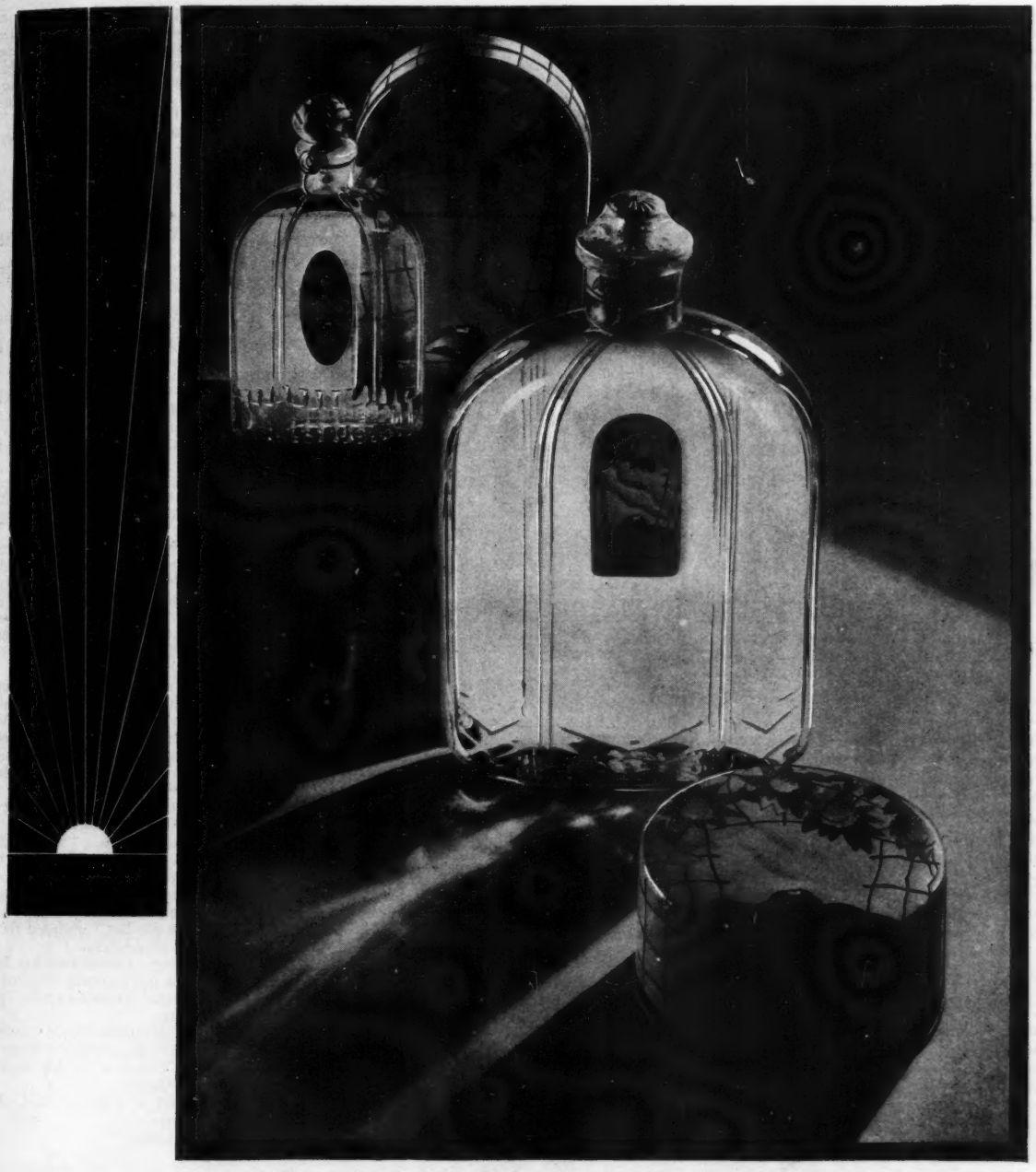
"There's nothing to show. Have you reason to think it might be?"

"I—I don't know. He was drinking very heavily."

"When you last saw him?"

"No; when I didn't see him. I heard of it."

"Then you had an engagement with him; was that it?" he shot at her. Interpreting her look of surprise he went on: "I had better explain.



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380 RUE ST. HONORÉ

I am a lawyer." He gave her a card which she glanced at. So he was *that* Wesbrook! He seemed very young for so solid a reputation. "But my interest in this case is not professional; we do not touch criminal cases."

"Criminal? Does that mean——?"

"No; no!" he said impatiently. "But there is bound to be an inquiry. Thus far Waller Daniels' money has fixed the officials in Jersey. But there is bound to be a devil of a stir over it."

"Then Mr. Daniels knows?"

"Certainly. He is in charge. Does he know that you were a friend of poor Ponty's?"

"Oh, yes!"

"Then you'll probably be called at the inquest."

"Why should I be called?" demanded the girl wildly.

"You were probably one of the last to see him alive."

"Why do you say that? How dare you say that?"

"See here, Miss Barrett; this isn't getting us anywhere. I want you to look on me as your friend in this matter. If you haven't a lawyer, I should be delighted to act for you, without expense to you, of course. I think"—he smiled dimly—"I owe you that."

Some voice within Connie—or was it a telepathic message from the owlet?—said, "This is a good guy. Trust him."

"I'd be so grateful," she said. "What do you want me to tell you?"

"When did you last see or hear from Ponty?"

"Oh, weeks ago! But I had an engagement with him the night he disappeared, and broke it."

"Broke it? Ah! Was that the night he was drunk at the Barn?"

"Yes."

"Anyone know of this broken engagement?"

"Yes. Two or three people. But I think they're safe."

"I hope so," said he dubiously. "Of course, that might be motive for suicide. He was in love with you?"

"Yes. He asked me to marry him."

"And you had accepted?"

"I hadn't made up my mind. Do you think perhaps he got drunk—and went over there—and—and lost control of his car?"

"His car was picked up on Fifty-eighth Street in a garage."

"When do they think it happened?"

"Some time in the latter part of the month. That's as near as they can come to it. The body isn't—you can understand."

"Don't!" said the girl in a muffled cry.

"You will let me know if I can help you?"

"Yes." She gave him her hand. "Thank you."

Back at the salon she groped through the morning's work with sickly distaste for life and its activities. The news had not yet reached those channels. For that she was thankful. Suddenly it came to her that she must see and warn Bob Roberts. She took a taxi at noon to West Fifty-fifth Street. In the apartment were Varvara Pravdina and the man who called himself Glozounov.

"Is Bob here?"

"No," said the Russian woman.

"Where can I see her?"

"She is away."

"For long?"

"She has taken a position in Philadelphia."

"Oh! Can you give me her address?"

"No."

Connie went away feeling scared.

Hot September had merged into gold-and-bronze October and Gerald Pontefract's death had ceased to interest even the tabloid readers. Waller Daniels' money had proved more potent than Connie's volunteer legal adviser had foretold. The inquiry was of the most perfunctory order; the verdict accidental death. Nobody whom she knew was called as witness.

At the funeral, where she made herself as inconspicuous as possible, Connie had seen Daniels, and marveled at him. As he gazed stonily about the church there was, beneath the formal gravity of his look, something avid, suspicious, intent, questing. His thin nostrils seemed to quiver, animal-like.

Peter Wesbrook, in a group of pall-bearer Quiddles, was watching him covertly, too. As the procession walked out, Connie dropped her eyes not quite soon enough to avoid the flash of Daniels' glance. There was recognition in it—and what else? Perhaps nothing but her own imagination. And yet——

Since the tragedy Daniels had reverted to his early taciturnity with her when he came for treatment. He seldom spoke of his nephew. When he did, it was apparently involuntarily and he immediately steered away from the topic. This seemed so strange and strained that she mentioned it to Wesbrook when next she saw him. He agreed with her.

"That old lynx has got something buried in his mind. The case isn't over yet."

"What else could there be?"

"I can't imagine. But Daniels is after somebody."

"After somebody for what?"

"As I read it, he suspects that some people know more about Rowdy's death than has been told. Probably he suspects that they had a hand in it."

"Do you?"

"I don't know what to think. It's very queer and blind. If there is anything crooked about it, heaven help anyone involved. Waller Daniels will never let up on them."

Connie thought of the "Tiger! Tiger!"

"It's a vengeful breed," continued the distinguished young lawyer. "He's a Welshman, you know, and the tradition of the blood-feud is strong in those people. His grief for Rowdy—and he really was fond of the boy—is translated into a grim sort of hope that he was killed, so that vengeance can be exacted. The eye-for-an-eye satisfaction would soothe his feeling of injury."

She nodded. "I know. A spoiled child."

"You seem to be better acquainted with Daniels than—well, than one might expect."

"I am."

"He knew of your friendship with Rowdy?"

"Yes."

"And disapproved?"

"No."

"Well, don't tell me anything if you don't want to. I'm only your lawyer."

"Please don't be annoyed at me," said she sweetly. "I'm telling you everything I can."

By which Peter Wesbrook surmised one thing: that this self-contained girl knew something pertinent which she might or might not reveal later. He shrewdly guessed that someone else was involved.

LATE one afternoon of that same week—it was now nearly three weeks since the funeral—a familiar voice in the reception-room identified itself to Connie's ears:

"Good evenigg, Miss Seymour." No mistaking those aborted nasals for anything else than the lively conversation of Gerstel Corss.

"Hello, Gerstel. Looking for a job?"

"Nothigg doigg. I'm fixed."

"Sure. Gerstel's back at the old stand," put in Beulah Barr from the appointment desk.

"That's right. Can't beat the Ponce de Leon." He named the most pretentious of salons in the most pretentious of hotels. "Did I brigg the old clients back, huh? My women—they don't forget little Gersty." To Mr. Corss his personal clientele were always "my women." Scandal said that some of them merited the term.

"Better than being in business for yourself, isn't it, Gersty?" said the younger White sister. They had all gathered around the pudgy little man.

"Is it! I pulled down two hundred and forty last week. No kiddigg."

Madame Latouche nodded. She thought it likely enough. As a Professor of the Permanent Wave, Corss had an almost fanatic following. Women begged, bartered and intrigued for appointments; he treated them with an austere professional contempt and they responded with lavish tips, ten, fifteen, even twenty-five dollars. His error had been in assuming that his special following would go to an unfashionable locality simply because he had moved there. But he had not come to La Primavera merely to boast.

"Say," he announced in a lowered voice, "I got some dirt. Big stuff, huh?"

"What's it about?"

"The Pontefract case."

"That's dead." "Cat's-meat." "Why, the tabloids don't run it any more."

"Don't, huh? Well, they will when they know what I know."

"How's that? It was suicide, wasn't it?"

"I should say not."

"Accident, plain as the——"

"I should say *not!*"

"Come off, Gersty! You're not trying to put over——"

"Murder."

"Murder?" "How do you get that way?" "You've been sitting up nights reading deteckatif stories again, Gersty."

"I'm telligg you. I'm givigg you the up-and-up."

"Where do you get your stuff?"

"My women tell me everythigg," he averred proudly. His voice sank to a sibilant whisper.

FROM her post, finishing up a belated nerve-facial for a tired business woman, Connie could catch no more. The sinister finality of that "murder," coming after Wesbrook's misgivings, had gone to her heart. She felt weak. Little flickering curtains of darkness dropped and lifted rapidly before her eyeballs. Would she be able to finish the job?

Babble, bubble and squeak centered upon Gerstel Corss outside. Yes; he had it straight from the wife of a high police official. Very confidential; remember that, girls. Arrests? No; there wasn't anything to go on. The newspapers would have it all in a couple of days; that might stir up some clues.

Connie with a start heard her name at the end of a question, "Wasn't it Barrett?"

Corss' reply was pleased. "Sure. Little Connie. One of my girls when I had my own place. They met there. Where is she now?"

Someone must have gestured or whispered. There was a silence.

"Well, I want to see her," declared the recipient of women's confidences.

The facial was over. Connie took her dollar tip mechanically; as mechanically thanked the donor as she went out. At once a stocky figure blocked the entrance.

"How do you do, Mr. Corss!" said Connie.

"Hello, little one." He tried clumsily to kiss her and missed. "This is a turrible business, huh?" he added gustfully.

"I only heard part of what you said. Is it certain he was—was——"

"Absolutely! Stabbed."

"Stabbed?"

"Sh-sh-sh-sh! I didn't tell 'em that, outside. I don't tell everythigg I know," he asserted virtuously. "Not to everybody. I tell you because you got a right to know. He was stabbed right through the heart. Hardly left any mark at all. Mighta been a hatpin."

A hatpin! Bob! But Bob didn't wear hatpins. Nobody did in this era of short hair.

"Anyway, it was a leetle thin blade. They only found the wound by accident, afterward. They were lookigg for poison."

With a sickening shock Connie's mind flew to Ipsy Smith and that needlelike, blue, slender gleam revealed when the original Ipsydoodle's cane came asunder. She winced as if her own heart had been touched by the lethal chill of that slim blade. And Ipsy's threat to settle with Ponty in his own way! Not murder; that wasn't to be thought of in connection with him. But a fight in some lonely spot on a cliff-edge? A duel?

Rot! This wasn't the eighteenth century. Nor a movie plot. Yet Ipsy had been brought up in the Far West. He had perhaps derived the frontier tradition of man-to-man deadly

fighting from his environment, backed up by his frontier ancestry, and put it to this hideously anachronistic use. She saw Gerstel Corss gaping at her.

"You're gaspigg like a sick fish, girlie."

"It—it's so terrible."

"Sure. I'm sorry. I heard you was his girl. But I didn't know you was crazy about him."

Connie gathered her resolution. "Mr. Corss, I wouldn't tell anyone else what you've just told me if I were you."

"Sure! Sure! I never talk."

What was to be done with a man like that! "You might involve someone who is a very good friend of both of us," she pursued desperately.

"A friend? Of you and me?" Intelligence gleamed in his pale eyes. "Ipsy Smith, huh? Is Ipsy in it?" He was honestly shocked, momentarily sobered of his lust for gossip.

"No. No!"

"You quit Ipsy for Pontefract and Ipsy might have—— I don't believe it!" The last words were almost shouted.

Connie could have loved and yet hotly hated the silly little braggart, with his one clear loyalty to his friend. "That's the sort of thing that mustn't even be thought," she whispered.

"All right. I get you. But it's a lie. Ipsy's as square as they make 'em. I won't say a word to a livigg beigg."

The girl was inclined to believe him.

As soon as she could get out she hurried to a public telephone and called the Barn. Mr. Smith had just come in. As soon as she spoke Ipsy asked sharply:

"Where are you talking from?"

"A pay station on Fifty-seventh Street."

"If it's anything about the—the big news, be careful."

"Why? What's the matter, Ipsy?"

"You can't tell who might be listening in."

So that was it! Yet she must get her message to him. Her fertile brain devised a way. "Ipsy, you remember you were going to get a new corkscrew?"

"A corkscrew?" repeated his puzzled voice.

"Yes. To substitute for a—a more out-of-date implement."

"Oh! That! Yes."

"Have you had it done?"

"No."

"Well, don't."

"Eh? No. I understand. I won't."

"Can I see you this evening?"

"I don't think we'd better, dear. Not just now. I'll let you know."

"All right," she said, hanging up the receiver.

Already! They were shadowing Ipsy. Where, then, did Bob come in? Connie spent a night of sleepless conjecture.

Metropolitan journalism burst into spasmodic head-lines over "the clueless murder." Thus some ingenious reporter had dubbed it. The characterization was apt. For the authorities, the trail was lost from nine o'clock on that humid August evening when young Pontefract left the Barn, drunk and in sullen temper, to the discovery of his body more than three weeks later by two horrified canoeists.

Where had the victim gone after leaving the Barn? Whom had he met? Why had he left his car parked in a side street? What took him to that lonely spot in Jersey above the thickly wooded cliff-side? How did he get there? Was he killed there, or elsewhere and the body transported thither?

Finally, who would have wanted to kill the boyish, amiable and well-liked youth? Had he been stabbed in a drunken orgy? If so, how could it have been so completely concealed? Or was it, after all, only the freakish suicide of a dissipated young rounder in circumstances suggested by alcoholic inspiration for the grotesque?

None of his favorite haunts had seen him that night. All the avenues to New Jersey were canvassed; neither ferryman, bridge-tender, nor tunnel official could recall anyone of his conspicuous description. One commentator struck dismay to Connie's heart by the

"I light a Lucky and go light on the sweets

That's how I keep in good shape and always feel peppy." — Al Jolson

Al Jolson, Famous comedian and star of song.

Al Jolson as he appears in Warner Bros. Vitaphone success, "The Singing Fool."

Reach for a Lucky instead of a sweet.

The modern common sense way—reach for a Lucky instead of a sweet. Everyone is doing it—men keep healthy and fit, women retain a trim figure. Lucky Strike, the finest tobaccos skilfully blended, then toasted to develop a flavor which is a delightful alternative for that craving for fattening sweets.

Toasting frees Lucky Strike from impurities. 20,679 physicians recognize this when they say Luckies are less irritating than other cigarettes. That's why folks say: "It's good to smoke Luckies."

Note: Authorities attribute the enormous increase in Cigarette smoking to the improvement in the process of Cigarette manufacture by the application of heat. It is true that during 1928, Lucky Strike Cigarettes showed a greater increase than all other Cigarettes combined. This surely confirms the public's confidence in the superiority of Lucky Strike.

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Gastrogen defeats indigestion—and it does it without hiccups—without gas

"My business requires me to attend a great many dinners and banquets," **writes Alton Hamilton of 2849 Fourth Ave., Astoria, N. Y.** *"As a result I suffer occasionally from indigestion. After trying remedy after remedy, I chanced upon Gastrogen Tablets. They relieve indigestion promptly, yet with none of the embarrassments of gas and rumbling brought on by preparations containing soda. I never attend a banquet without slipping a box of Gastrogen Tablets in my pocket."*

Relieving indigestion with a dose of soda is often like jumping from the frying pan into the fire. You exchange the distress of indigestion for the discomfort and embarrassment of gas and hiccups brought on by a preparation containing soda.

For by its chemical composition, soda is an alkali. It releases gas in the presence of acid. This brings on the hiccups and rumblings that are so distressing and embarrassing. And the slightest excess of soda acts as an irritant to the stomach, hampering normal digestion.

But Gastrogen contains only neutral antacids, which cannot act except in the presence of acid. After neutralizing the acidity that causes your discomfort, they cease their work entirely and any excess passes harmlessly on. You get the relief you wish—and you avoid the embarrassments of eructation (the doctor's term for the social error of belching).

Gastrogen Tablets do not in the least retard normal digestion, yet they work so quickly that they ordinarily drive away the discomforts of indigestion, heartburn and gas in 5 to 10 minutes. Two or three tablets are usually effective. Get them today and try them next time your dinner brings you discomfort. You'll be delighted with the comfortable relief they bring, and you'll thoroughly enjoy their spicy, aromatic flavor.

Druggists have Gastrogen Tablets in handy pocket-tins of 15 tablets for 20c and in cabinet size bottles of 60 tablets for 60c.

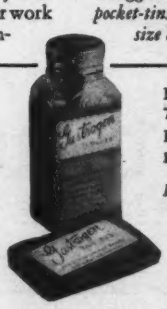
Of Special Interest to Physicians and Druggists:

This reaction shows what happens in the stomach when you take soda:

$$HCl+NaHCO_3=NaCl+CO_2+H_2O$$

Notice the quantity of carbon dioxide set free, then compare it with this equation, which pictures the action of Gastrogen Tablets:

$$HCl+\tfrac{1}{2}CaCO_3=\tfrac{1}{2}CaCl_2+\tfrac{1}{2}CO_2+\tfrac{1}{2}H_2O$$



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suggestion of a duel with all parties sworn to secrecy. But there was no sign of combat.

Difficulty was added to the inquiry by the fact that the date of death could be only approximated. Medical authorities differed. It might have been any time in the last week of August. Probably, however, the body had been lifeless not more than a few hours before it went over the cliff. The wound had caused instant death; a direct thrust from in front with a slender blade. So much was determined.

Happily for Connie, her indignant landlady, who never read the papers, had not connected the ex-lodger's abusive caller with the central figure of the sensational tragedy, otherwise Connie's name would have been brought in.

The newspapers agreed that either the plot had been conceived and executed with diabolical cleverness, or the murderer had been protected by the most phenomenal luck. Waller Daniels offered a reward of twenty-five thousand dollars. Secretly he employed Elihu Whitely, an old-time reporter on the Star, who had to his credit a long line of mysteries solved.

Consuelo, in these days, breathed fearfully, as if in the proximity of an unlocated bomb which might at any moment burst and shatter the structure of her little world. Of Ipsy Smith she saw nothing.

In the face of his warning she did not dare say to him over the telephone what she so longed to say: "Tell me that you had nothing to do with it, and I can sleep once more." Even his mail might not be immune. She knew that while under surveillance he would not come to see her, for fear of involving her, and she feared in those blind clouds of suspicion to go to him lest she further compromise him.

Through the quick-flying gossip of the trade she had at length located Bob Roberts, not in Philadelphia as Varvara Pravdina had said, but in a Buffalo beauty parlor. She wrote her. No answer came. The Pravdina, composed and aloof as ever, would not admit that she had heard from her former flat-mate.

Connie would have felt lonelier but for the fact that she had lost her taste for going out. From the rigid-ruled "club" she had moved to a comfortable room in the West Eighties. She was now averaging better than sixty dollars a week and, because of Waller Daniels' favor, knew herself secure in her job.

Would that favor last, however? He had taken her out to dine again and then once more. Their talk was mostly business; she was amazed to find how voracious he was for all details of the trade, particularly anything which cast light upon its peculiar psychology. That, she guessed, was how he had made his millions, through his capacity for getting to the very bottom of any business that he undertook.

On the personal side he had drawn aloof. She missed the old brusk, acid-tinged intimacy. The tired eyes were wary of her now. When the talk verged upon the peculiar triangular relationship between himself, Connie and the dead man, he was uneasy, suspicious. His regard seemed to charge, "You are holding back something from me."

How easy to answer that accusing look, "You made me break my date with him the evening when he perhaps went to his death."

How badly would that hurt Waller Daniels? She did not know. But she would not take the risk. She could not bear to have him further hurt.

Word came in to her one day as she was finishing a treatment that a reporter for the Star was in the reception-room and wished to see Miss Barrett. Connie's throat contracted as if gripped by invisible fingers. She peered out and saw a spare, elderly man with raven-black hair.

"I can't talk to you now," she said. "I can't talk to you at all."

"Let me ask you just one question, Miss Barrett," said Whitely. "What did you and Jerry Pontefract quarrel about?"

"Nothing. You'll have to see my lawyer."

He smiled. "You're not going to help me a

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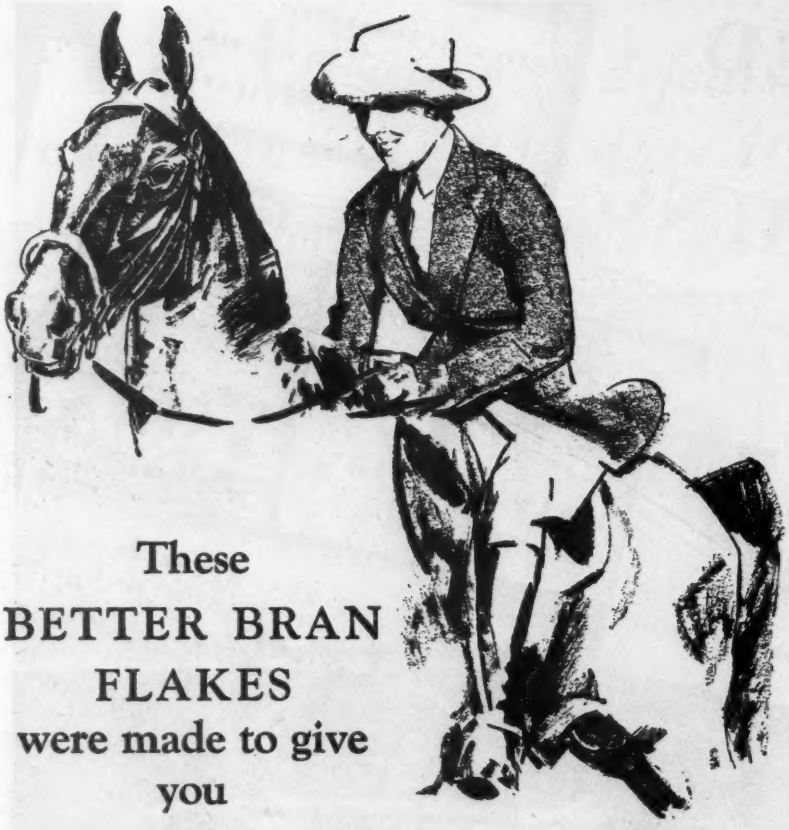

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PEP
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IMPORTANT—*Kellogg's Pep Bran Flakes are mildly laxative.* ALL-BRAN—*another Kellogg product—is 100% bran and guaranteed to relieve constipation.*

bit." It was a conclusion rather than a query.

"No."

"Not even if Mr. Daniels wished you to?"

"No."

He left. Connie could not get to Peter Wesbrook's office quickly enough.

"I thought that they would have been after you before now," was the lawyer's comment.

"Why should they?"

"Well, you're a motive, and that's all they've got to go on in this case. Rowdy and Ipsy Smith quarreled over you."

Pale to the lips she said, "You don't suspect Ipsy?"

"No. Do you?"

She stared at him, striving to answer his question for herself. Did she? How far had her fears carried her? Wesbrook continued:

"Don't you think it is about time that you dealt openly with me?"

"Yes."

"If it will help any I may as well tell you now that Smith not only is my friend, but happens to be my second cousin."

"I don't know of anything that involves him except the fight. And that wasn't over me—exactly." She lifted the frank gray gaze of her eyes to meet his. "I suppose people say that I was Ponty's mistress."

"Yes."

"I wasn't. It wasn't a question of that. At least—the whole matter of what we were going to do was to have been talked out the night of the engagement with him that I broke."

"That was the Monday? The twenty-sixth? The night he was last seen alive?"

"Yes."

"It must have been something very important that would induce you to break such an engagement. Did you break it for Ipsy?"

"No."

"For some other man?"

"Yes."

"Could Pontefract have known about it?"

"No. I tried to get him and couldn't. If he had known, he wouldn't have minded."

"But, not knowing, he left the Barn, drunk——"

"And drove to the place where I lived on Lexington Avenue."

"He didn't see you?"

"No; I hadn't got home."

"Have you any idea what became of him after that?"

After long hesitation she said, "I think I know someone who saw him."

"Man or woman?"

"Woman."

"Where did they meet?"

"I don't know. Not at her house. I know she was out on a late party that evening."

"Was it someone he knew well? Was there anything between them?"

"I—don't—know."

"He might have gone to her on the rebound from his disappointment over you," surmised the lawyer. "Could you tell me who she is?"

"No."

"Then we'll pass to you. You must understand the position, Connie. Anyone who may possibly be connected with this case in the matter of motive—as, for instance, possible motive of jealousy on your part because he left you for this other girl—has got to have a copper-riveted alibi. And it has got to be good not only for that night of the twenty-sixth but also for five or six days following. For Pontefract may have been killed any time that week. Where does that leave you?"

"All right."

"Reckon back, day by day, and be sure. Is there any five- or six-hour stretch that you couldn't account for if you had to?"

She flushed. "There *is* one night that might be awkward."

"Where did you spend that?"

"In your apartment."

"In *my*—— Honored, indeed!" he commanded his surprise enough to say dryly. He studied her. "Ipsy Smith had the apartment then. Did he also stay?"

"Yes."

MRS. RICHARD T. WILSON says "Naturally, I am particular about the coffee"

FROM A RARE EMPIRE SILVER COFFEE POT after-dinner coffee is served to Mrs. Wilson's guests in the drawing room. Her butler pours the fragrant Maxwell House into fragile cups decorated with Mrs. Wilson's monogram, while a second man offers cream and sugar. The clear rich color of Maxwell House Coffee, its depth and sparkle of flavor, satisfy the most critical tastes.

WHEREVER the season is at its height—New York, Newport, Saratoga—Mrs. Richard T. Wilson opens one of her magnificent houses and inaugurates a series of social functions of outstanding brilliance.

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Mrs. R. T. Wilson

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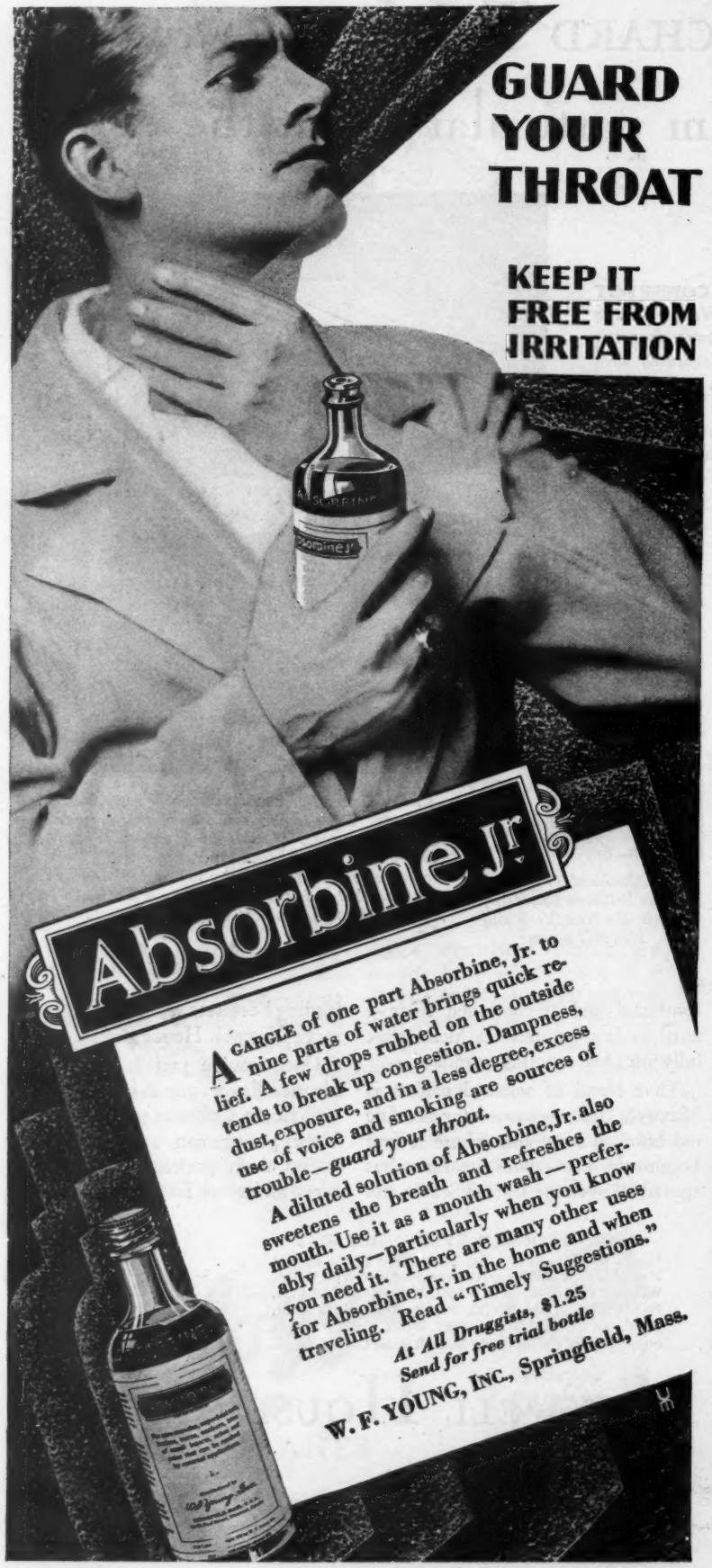
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"I see." Somehow it did not in the least affront or shock Consuelo's sensibilities, this obvious assumption that Ipsy Smith was her lover. "Could Rowdy have known of it, supposing he were still alive at that time?"

"I don't see how anybody could have known."

"Still, he might have known about former meetings between you. That would lend color to the suicide theory. Or was this your first—er—experience?"

She flushed, but her eyes were unabashed. "It wasn't an experience at all. I slept in the front and he in the rear of the apartment."

"I'm almost ashamed to admit it, Connie, but, weak-minded old bird that I am, I believe it absolutely. Anybody would believe those eyes of yours," he added.

"It's quite true," said she simply.

"It's pretty serious, you know."

"For me?"

"Well, yes; it won't be too pleasant for you. The papers would be full of it. But I was thinking of Ipsy. He's the main suspect. They've dug up his dagger-cane."

An ebb-wave of white drained Connie's face. "Are they going to arrest him?"

"I've been expecting it. The lack of an alibi for that night will be hard to get by with."

"There won't be any lack of alibi."

"You mean you'd testify that you spent that night there with him?"

"Yes."

"You would!" said Peter Wesbrook. There was that in his tone that made her take the brief comment as the profoundest compliment she had ever received.

Waller Daniels tightens the net of suspicion around Ipsy Smith, and Connie, her senses sharpened by anxiety, solves the mystery of the "clueless murder"—in Samuel Hopkins Adams' Final Instalment

Five and Ten

(*Continued from page* 33)

back, at least onto the rim of the slumber which had visited him so reluctantly.

"We have outgrown St. Louis, Rarick. Anyone can remain a big frog in a small pond."

"My home is here."

"You have the opportunity to live in one of the most beautiful homes in America. Do you realize that you are rich enough to buy the home of the man who endowed the Metropolitan Gallery with the Ficke Collection? I have been prophesying for six months, ever since the death of Emanie Ficke, that the house would come on the market. Don't be all kinds of a fool, Rarick. Wire your bid."

"And what then?"

And what then? She sat up in bed at that, her nightgown, plain but impeccably sheer, falling off one shoulder, her brick-colored eccentric hair, which she wore brushed up perpendicularly off her ears as if to accentuate the narrowness of her face, falling in thin spray along her shoulders. A sort of tremor, faint as a blue flame, seemed to burn along the pale wick of her lips, making them flicker.

"And then what! The most beautiful house in the world, Rarick, built out of wretched little ugly things."

Things. Things. Things and things. It was as if there came marching out of his insomnia the nightly procession of the million dish-pans, bins of hairpins, carloads of purses, glass beads, curtain-rods, rubber gloves, cotton stockings, eye-shades, flower seed, pink soaps, tooth-brushes, darning cottons, water-tumblers, salted peanuts, baby dolls, lead-pencils, paper flowers, and chewing-gums. He put his hands over his eyes to squeeze back their pressure.

"Things."

"Exactly, Rarick. Titians out of stew-pans. Conservatories out of cotton stockings. Organs out of gas tubing. Libraries

out of tooth-paste. Polo ponies out of ice-cream pies. Where is your imagination!"

She was not the one to cajole with any grace. Propped on an elbow, in a way that was no longer lovely to him, her thin face was all covered over with an expression which, starting with her lips, had burst like paper into flame. She desired with an intensity that was embarrassing. It grated on Rarick horribly to see her wanting anything. It stretched her face so, drawing the tight skin back farther still from the bony outline, nakedly, like a person beating down pain.

Wherever his imagination was, it left him lying there with his tired hand pressed against his eyes, as her voice grated:

"Do you realize that you're a richer man than Cyrus Breckenridge, Rarick?"

Trust Jenny to have heard, almost before it had been put into writing, this newest offer of the Breckenridge Group of Southwestern Stores to buy in the Rarick chain. His reply to it had been to add six new links to his own. Youngstown, Altoona, Akron, Fall River, Lowell and New Bedford. Her entire being was like little hateful antennæ. Sensing. He wanted her not to be hateful to him, and the knowledge that she was, kept him in a state of constant mental recrimination toward her. Through the lattice of his fingers he regarded her.

"I suppose I am a richer man than Breckenridge."

"Hellman figures you out about the thirteenth richest man in the world, Rarick. Know that?"

As a matter of fact, he did. His confidential secretary, Harry Hellman, an exceedingly stout young Jew with excellent qualifications for his position, had called his attention to that new fact only that week. He had thought about it subsequently and with the sustained sort of incredulity that had caused him to clutch toward reality by repeating to himself such phrases as, "I am a rich man. I am a very rich man. Me, John Rarick, *b.* Fancy Prairie, Ia., Oct. 7, 1870; *s.* John Geoffrey and Anna (Masey) R.; *m.* Jenny Avery, St. Louis, Mo., 1901. Pres. Rarick Chain, Inc.; vice-pres. Dime Savings Bank; vice-pres. Ajoy Soap Co.; dir. Corn Belt Traction Co.; vice-pres. Croton Mills, etc. . . . Me, John G. . . . me, John!"

It was like Jenny to take for granted this dazzling fact, and without wasting either analysis or wonderment upon it, to begin to cut her cloth accordingly. One became the thirteenth richest man in the world and then immediately set about adjusting one's life to the requirements of being the thirteenth richest man in the world.

He was being constantly ashamed of the way she could grate on him. Coming from Jenny, the same statement which had caused a rise of goose-flesh when Hellman had called his attention to this new notch on his hickory stick filled him, now, with a dull resentment.

What new desires and cravings and ambitions for herself, and even worse, crazy plots for her children, were there left to set in motion?

What could being the wife of the thirteenth richest man in the world give her that she had not enjoyed as the wife of the thirteen-hundredth richest man in the world, as he must have been somewhere along the way?

It did not seem so long ago to Rarick when their first car had stood, new and shiny one Sunday morning at the curbstone of their seven-room house on McPherson Avenue and Jenny had rushed out to try its upholstery. There had been a small tag on the steering-wheel:

GOOD MORNING, JENNY, YOUR STREET-CAR DAYS ARE OVER
John G.

That was about as demonstrative as he could bring himself to be, even back in the days before their fairy-tale had begun to happen.

Yes, you can actually taste the difference!

Measure sifted flour, Royal Baking Powder and salt into sifter. Sift into mixing bowl.

Using steel fork, mix shortening lightly and thoroughly with sifted dry ingredients. Add milk slowly, just enough to make soft dough. Mix lightly with fork. Toss dough onto slightly floured board.

Pat dough out lightly with hands to about one-half inch thick. Cut out with biscuit cutter which has been dipped in flour. Place on greased pan, far apart if a crusty biscuit is desired, close together if you prefer a thicker and softer biscuit. Bake in hot oven at 475°F. about 12 minutes. Makes 14 biscuits.

Royal Baking Powder Biscuits

2 cups flour, 4 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder, ½ teaspoon salt, 2 tablespoons shortening, ¾ cup milk or half milk and half water. If a shorter biscuit is desired, use 3 or 4 tablespoons shortening. For mixing and baking directions see "motion pictures" above. Royal Biscuits can be baked immediately or they can be covered and set aside in a cool place for baking several hours later or even next day. If kept in ice box, allow to stand in kitchen a few minutes before baking.

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After all, the cost of your baking powder amounts to very little, compared to the cost of other ingredients. It's false economy to risk failure by not using the best when less than 2¢ worth of Royal insures a successful batch of biscuits.

Use Royal to make your biscuits next time—on this page we show you just how to do it. Watch the smiles flash round the table. Smiles that tell you your biscuits are pleasing the most critical. That they're light as a feather . . . perfect in texture . . . delicious!

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The WESTERN COMPANY, Chicago

"Good morning, Jenny, your street-car days are over," he had written during the fifth year of their marriage. During the first year he had sent her a modest little traveling case for a birthday present, but the card had read: "Pack my love and some of our dear dreams in this for our walking trip through the Pyrenees."

That had been before the acquisitive, tight-skinned look had spread itself over the face of Jenny; before the fox had leaned out of the nervous and intelligently homely face of the girl whom he had been proud of himself for choosing, from a world that seemed to him populated with girls with no faces at all—only a vacuous geometry of pleasantly related features.

No one but God and Rarick knew that the dowry that went with Jenny had played no part in his choice. Sometimes, as the something flowed out of their relationship that had been precious to him, it seemed there must be some way to tear open the secret chambers of his heart and reveal the truth to Jenny.

What she did not or would not remember was that it actually was well after their engagement that Rarick, a young man from the outside of her circle, had come to know about the twenty-five hundred dollars.

What she did and would remember, as if her mind were a magnifying-glass under which a small mental image could become gargantuan, was the hot August day when they had taken the street-car together for the Union Trust Company and had withdrawn from her safety-deposit box the twenty-five hundred dollars' worth of government bonds which were to be converted into capital investment on the Nick Nack Store.

That fact, in these years when Jenny was already buying an eighty-five-hundred-dollar bauble far more casually than she had once bought an eighty-dollar one, never lost its luminosity in the dark places of her mind. It was a piece of phosphorescent memory. A cold flameless light which tinged every aisle of her mind where her husband was concerned, and which she kept dancing before his eyes like a lineman on a bridge at night swinging his lantern.

Behind her reminder to him that he was the thirteenth richest man in the world, there trailed the unspoken tag-line, "thanks to the start I gave you by entrusting you with my inheritance," a string of words which, spoken or unspoken, traveled through him in a groove which innuendo had worn down, his live nerves the trolley of transmission. Rebuttal would have meant the fatal act of admission to her implied word. Rarick had learned various kinds of silences.

"I haven't minded the years of your stubborn refusal of pretty nearly everything I've asked for myself, Rarick. It is Jennifer now. I want the child to see the light of her fifteenth birthday in the Ficke house. That's not asking much of a man many times a millionaire. The pity is that it has to be coaxed out of you."

The pity of it. The pity somehow of everything, including this flavorless beginning of another day. Pretty Jennifer, who had everything and now, at barely fifteen, was so cruelly fretted, aided and abetted by a doting mother, into wanting more than everything. After all, if you had two motor-cars, it was only left for you to want three, if the goal of your acquisitiveness was things. And things. And things.

That kind of thinking made him heavy and pedantic and old-as-the-hills as a father.

The little girl who wanted more than everything.

Under cover of Jenny's steady runnel of accusative and importuning talk, he began to reason with himself.

As mothers went, Jenny would have stood impeccable before any jury. She wanted passionately for her young. She was forever baring herself to his scorn by asking in their name. She was a doting, gloating mother, fierce for her offspring, yet withal sweet with them and to them. The death of two infants had gone hard with her. Jennifer was her waking and her sleeping thought.

Rarick, whose manner was not fortunate with his children because he was seldom at ease with them, could not have formulated into words, except in vague fashion to the effect that she spoiled them, the stubborn wall of opposition which he erected between himself and Jenny's plans and dreams for her children.

"It is as if you are jealous of them," she had barked at him once, hysterically, when he was opposing an indoor roller-skating rink across the top of the house.

No. No. No.

Yet without his knowing how to reach out a hand to stay it, except in vague fumings and consistent conservatisms, the entire kingdom of his household was drifting, like a bit of land dissociating itself from the mainland to become island, out into some high tide beyond his reach. Jenny and Jennifer and his boy Avery were on that island. He was back helplessly on the mainland and Jenny, mark you, mind you, no otherwise to it, was to blame! The bitterness of that tore at him constantly.

Jennifer for a time there, while she had been a little pupil at Smith Institute, had been something of an eager student, with a hint about her of her mother's old air of desire to know. Rarick had said little, but her school reports had been a source of deep private pleasure to him and once he had carried about in his pocket an essay of hers, written on ruled paper, called "Why We Love Ruskin."

Rarick had not up to that time known who Ruskin was, and it elated him no little that the enlightenment should have come by way of his daughter.

Suddenly that brownish, rather studious Jennifer of those days back in the solid square house on McPherson Avenue had slipped from her little-girlhood to become a highly strung, mature-faced disciple of her mother's ambitions for her. The home in Westmoreland Place. Finishing School in Tarrytown.

Now here was family history repeating itself. It had been the same way when Jenny began to "feel her oats," as Rarick was in the habit of putting it, in the McPherson Avenue house and cast an eye toward Westmoreland Place. Jennifer's graduation reception must be held in the new home and not in the twelve-room yellow brick one on McPherson. The neighborhood was running down so.

The little brown jug of a Jennifer of the McPherson Avenue house was now the slip of a young miss, straight as a paper-cutter, with the sophisticated eyes that her father could never catch and hold in a glance.

And now that brown child back there, whitened because her freckles seemed to have come off; this Jennifer whom he was casting about in his futile way to save—what was left of her—for himself, must have her fifteenth birthday in a house on Fifth Avenue that almost faced the Metropolitan Museum.

To think that he, John Rarick, who had once dreamed dreams no bigger than that walking trip through the Pyrenees, should be in a position to give her such a house. Was Jenny after all the natural and doting parent, and was he to Jennifer the grudging silent father? Was he too finished with youth to know his own children?

Could his dreams for Avery, the boy, slip between his fingers too, as this mother of his began to demand his rights for him? Would Avery grow up alien to a father who seemed to have no shred of youth left that would enable him the better to understand the youth in his children?

From what was it he was struggling to save them? His own innate sense of rightness could be no deeper than his wisdom, and who was he, to be cock-sure of his wisdom? After all, what was the meaning of this success of his which sometimes threatened to be chimeric to

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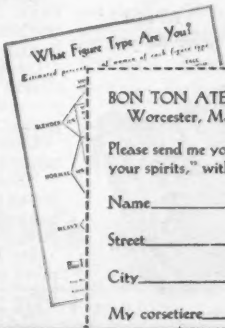

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Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder keeps your teeth REALLY CLEAN, and clean teeth mean firm, healthy gums and the least possible tooth decay.

Brush your teeth with it regularly—consult your dentist periodically—and you will be doing the very utmost to protect your teeth.

Once you use tooth powder, you will never be satisfied to use anything else.

Tooth powder leaves your teeth feeling so much cleaner, your mouth so refreshed, and your breath so sweet and pure.

Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder is not only more efficient, but it costs . . . much less . . . to use.

A package lasts over three months.

him, if it was not to enable him to do just such things as give Jennifer her fifteenth birthday in one of the most beautiful and expensive houses in the world?

Success had done its share to teach Rarick himself new and complex appetites. He was a collector of elaborate and expensive tastes. There was, in one of the pockets of the waistcoat hanging over the foot of the bed, a famous Gnostic gem, heliotrope, engraved with the sacred name Abraxas. A museum in Boston had been bidder against him for that gem. In his library at this period were celebrated "firsts" upon the shelves; a Tintoretto and a Greuze upon the walls.

What Jenny was demanding for herself and her children was the equivalents of the Gnostic gem, the celebrated firsts and the Greuze.

No wonder, as she lay there beside him, silent for the moment, the lines about her thin lips were tight with the distaste of their state of constant asking, and the stretched look in her face was the look that had been written there by the almost automatic opposition he had been erecting for years against her desires for herself and her children.

His children, even the small boy Avery, approached him only through the mother. The mother herself approached him as a diplomat goes to the conference table, her points carefully tabulated in the portfolio of her mind.

A man, if he loved them, could hold out only so long against his children.

He swung himself to a sitting posture on the side of the bed, reaching for a robe to slide on over his nightshirt. He was short, somber, gnomelike and a little ridiculous in his nightshirt, and he never forgot it.

"I'll buy you the Ficke house, Jenny."

A man by the name of Doctor Felix Gerkes lived in the Ficke house with the Raricks. He occupied two rooms and a green bathroom with a fresco of mermaids, on the next to the top floor. His meals, for the most part, were brought to him and served on a card-table beside a window that overlooked Central Park, which separated him in a diagonal from the museum where he had spent twenty-one years in the archeological department. He was also an Indianologist of first-rank repute and a man on whom frequently had been bestowed the recognition of honorary degrees in the realms of scholarship and science.

He was the author of numerous brochures and pamphlets, an archeological text-book in general use throughout American colleges; he had written three books on amulets, precious stones and meteorites, and was regarded as one of the first living authorities on religious uses of stones among primitive peoples.

He was a lean shabby fellow, with a walrus-like mustache and a conspicuously prominent forehead with thin stringlets of hair brushed sidewise across what threatened to become a bald horseshoe. His clothing, so loosely it hung, seemed to have no points of contact with his body.

The women of the household, even though they might not encounter him for weeks at a time, thought him repulsive and considered it disgusting of Rarick to insist upon having him there.

A curious bond existed between these two men. They had first met when Rarick had been directed to him for advice concerning a contemplated purchase, for his collection, of a necklace of banded and variegated agates, onyx, carnelians and sards, attributed to the first century, and a balas-ruby of great historic and intrinsic value.

In the course of a long and enlightening conversation he had had with this wise strange man who wore a hexagonal Chinese skull-cap with a crystal button on its peak, Gerkes had quoted from the "Pantagruel" of Rabelais, reciting almost word for word that part of the book which describes the oracle of the Dive Bouteille and its seven columns of sapphire, jacinth, diamond, ruby, emerald.

In the further course of that casual conversation, Gerkes had discoursed upon the seven

Remington Introduces

New model Portable Typewriter

Adds many new features to world's most popular portable

A NEW style typewriter—with streamline body, fast action and lifetime dependability—has just made its bow.

It's the NEW Remington Portable—with every refinement that made the old one the world's biggest seller—but with many new features added!

It has the feather-finger touch that never tires the hand. A keyboard, standard not only in arrangement but also in size. The speed and quality of work of a big machine—but only one-fourth the size and weight. . . So small it tucks away in a desk drawer. So light it carries like a brief case. . .

With its NEW Streamline Body it is the most beautiful of all writing machines. And it comes in color schemes that lend a decided note of beauty to every type of smart home.

Perfect Visibility . . . . . The NEW Remington Portable is the one portable with *perfect* visibility. You type on top of the roller instead of on the side—so your work is never in shadow, no matter whether the light is from side, front or back.

Its NEW type bars are always in writing position, ready for instant use—no raising or lowering.

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Its NEW carriage return lever is larger and easier to operate — saves a split second for each line of writing.

A NEW carriage lock protects the machine from accident or misuse by others.

The NEW margin release key is on the keyboard. . . When you wish to pass a margin, either at the right or left, just tap the key.

Paragraph Key . . . Here's something entirely new. Even big machines haven't it! It's a little device that makes neatness automatic for the amateur. . . It indents paragraphs uniformly, counts spaces, lines up sub-headings, puts figures in columns — all with lightning ease. . . Works like a space bar—but five times as fast.

Good News . . . And here's the best news of all—there's *NO increase in price* . . . The NEW Remington Portable costs but $60—and there is, of course, a convenient plan with payments so small you'll hardly miss them.

Write for booklet and name of nearest dealer. Dept. 21, REMINGTON RAND BUSINESS SERVICE, INC., *Typewriter Division*, Remington Rand Building, Buffalo, N. Y.

The NEW Remington Portable

TYPEWRITING makes writing easy—REMINGTON makes typewriting easy

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So MANY people deny themselves the pleasure of coffee in the evening—and dinner loses a lot of cheer.

How unnecessary! You can enjoy all the coffee you want, no matter how late the hour, if it's Kaffee Hag Coffee.

Kaffee Hag Coffee will not keep you awake. It is 97% free of the drug caffeine—the drug that affects nerves and prevents sleep.

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Kaffee Hag Coffee comes in sealed cans. Steel cut or in the bean. Served by hotels, restaurants, on diners. Sold by dealers everywhere. Let us send you a generous can today. Mail the coupon.

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Please send me, postpaid, enough Kaffee Hag to make ten cups of good coffee. I enclose ten cents (stamps or coin).

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The coffee that lets you sleep

heavens of the Mohammedans, white lapis lazuli, the sack of Jerusalem by the Sassanid king, Khosrau II, Sir Walter Scott in Rome, the Figdor Collection in Vienna, cramp-rings, Edward the Confessor, the native Indian mountaineers of California, Catherine von Bora and Martin Luther, Antiochus IV, aluminum kitchenware, the curative effects of violet blue, Flinders Petrie, and the snake story in "Gesta Romanorum."

There were undercurrent in Rarick's mind at the time a contemplated conference of the mountain region and eastern store managers with an eye to further standardization of window display; a pending monopoly of the outputs of a paper napkin factory near Brattleboro, Vermont, and the glassware production of an Alleghany concern; a trip to Gloucester with one of his buyers, a German, for the purpose of demonstrating to an American toy manufacturer how to produce a celluloid doll, the equivalent of the German product, which could retail for ten cents. There was further at work under the surface of Rarick's consciousness a major plan for the formation of a policy, not yet avowed to his company, for the establishment of a Rarick store in every town of seven thousand or over in the entire country.

Years of nights of lying awake over that immense project were about to fructify into action.

The thirteenth richest man in the world sat in that musty pocket of an office with Gerkes until museum attendants began to turn off the lights and rattle keys. Then Gerkes, who loved talk and who, deep in the midst of a discourse on amber deposits in the stone age, knew he had found a listener, clapped on his shapeless hat, and in the twilight walked home with Rarick across the park, depositing him at his door without so much as a glance up at the pale splendor of the façade of the Ficke house which John Rarick had purchased by sealed bid at sensational auction some years before. That meeting was the beginning of an impeccable friendship between these two men.

A week later, Rarick invited Gerkes to luncheon at a downtown business men's club. Gerkes did not belong to the world of men to whom luncheon is a social or business ritual. Either he took his at a lunch-stand in the vicinity of the museum, or cut slivers with a pocket-knife off the small loaf of American cheese he kept in a desk drawer along with a box of Swedish biscuit.

His imperviousness to surroundings was colossal. He had once lunched with the King of England over a matter pertaining to the Jubilee jewels and was unable later to describe the occasion in anything except the content of the discussion.

He ate sparingly of Rarick's carefully ordered luncheon, giving little if any heed to it, and once more, apropos of the first-century string of agates and sards, let his discourse flow from the crammed stock-room of his mind.

After the boiling turmoil of a morning that held a conference on the feasibility of installing soda-water fountains in the west of the Mississippi areas, a complicated discussion with three architects on the standard fronts of Rarick Stores, and the consummation of an order for one hundred thousand bathing-hats, to walk with Gerkes through the sarcophagus of his mind was like passing from noisy sunlight into the green twilight of the cypresses Rarick was fond of transplanting in long aisles from Sicilian hillsides to his own.

Here was a man who had a decayed-looking green circle on the front of his neck from a brass collar-button (which he was never to discard even after Rarick had sent him precious ones), but to whom a blemish on the crystal flesh of an art object was something to cause his own flesh to crawl upward.

Some time after these meetings between the two, Gerkes fell ill of a flaying neuritis. Tracing him to the lair of his dwelling, Rarick found him in a small room in the high-up rear of a Twenty-third Street rooming-house, books and papers stacked from floor to ceiling and exactly three personal objects in evidence:

WHOOP-PEANUTS!

If you want to tickle your appetite, buy a bag of Planters Salted Peanuts. What whoppers they are! Fresh as a night-club hostess. Big as the head-waiter's tip. Wholesome. Satisfying. "The Nickel Lunch."

Sold only in the glassine bag with MR. PEANUT on it. Buy a bag every day.

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U. S. A. and Canada

PLANTERS
SALTED PEANUTS

Nary a traffic cop!

You've watched soft fleecy clouds in a blue sky, and wished you could drift upon a cloud bank. Floating over cool quiet waters in an Old Town Canoe is about as near as you can come to realizing that delightful day-dream. No bit of errant thistledown could rest more lightly on the stream.

Get away from the dusty road! Enjoy the relaxation of canoeing in an Old Town. Old Town Canoes have the grace and beauty of real Indian lineage. Easy to handle, and perfectly balanced. Priced as low as $67. From dealer or factory.

Write today for free catalog. It shows and prices many light, water-tight models. Paddling, sailing and square-stern canoes, extra-safe Sponson models, dinghies and sturdy family boats. Also speedy craft for outboard motors—racing step planes and hydroplanes. Old Town Canoe Co., 1924 Main Street, Old Town, Maine.

"Old Town Canoes"

a wooden-backed hair-brush, a pocket-comb and a tooth-brush.

Rarick may have expected protest when he suggested the move from these quarters to the suite at the top of his home, but nothing of the sort happened. With his imperviousness to environment, or even to sense of personal obligation, Gerkes took up residence under his friend's roof. One had to live somewhere. Money was something you shared if you had it, or you accepted if you had it not. Within a week, the walls which Jenny had recently had done in yellow brocatel the color of sunlight were plastered with maps, and the furniture itself littered, as the lodging-house room had been, with the story of the dawn of the human race, as told by flint-head, ax and spear, cluttering up the decorator's idea of a suite done in the manner of the Second Empire.

Jenny's opposition to the invasion of Gerkes had been tinctured with the wisdom of a certain restraint. Here was one of the times it was not good to oppose Rarick. When his head seemed to jam down tightly between his shoulders and his lower lip shot out and his eyes slid up under their lids, leaving a horrid effect of just white ball, Jenny had the intuition to know that this was not the time to put up active opposition.

She had missed this scent a few times, once in particular over an apparently trivial matter that had to do with Avery and a weekend stag-party of eleven school companions. She had planned it for him on board a motor yacht which she was maneuvering to have his father give him on his fifteenth birthday.

The idea of Avery on his own private yacht, lording it as host over eleven youngsters to whom a yacht was that day's toy, was riling to Rarick. There had been a similar scene not two months before over a cigar-shaped roadster for Avery, but then there had been high, bitter, even more terrible words and Rarick's foot had come down with an emphasis that Jenny knew better than to oppose further.

There had been a matter that had to do with Jennifer, who had played high stakes beside her mother at the baccarat tables of Nice. Jennifer had won sums large enough for the papers to carry the story in head-lines which had been the occasion of peremptory cablegrams for their return to America and had virtually shut off subsequent trips abroad.

In opposing Rarick, there were certain well-defined limits which were none the less tricky limits, because there seemed to be no way to anticipate them, except the intuitive one. He would give in on many a grand issue, such for instance as the Ficke house, Jennifer's fabulous string of matched pearls, or Jenny's whim for five thousand acres of French-Canadian tract north of Quebec, upon which they had built an artificial lake and a forty-room chalet, "The Cataract," and which had been open exactly twenty days in five years. On the other hand, a trifle like Avery's roadster would set his head rigidly and square him for fight.

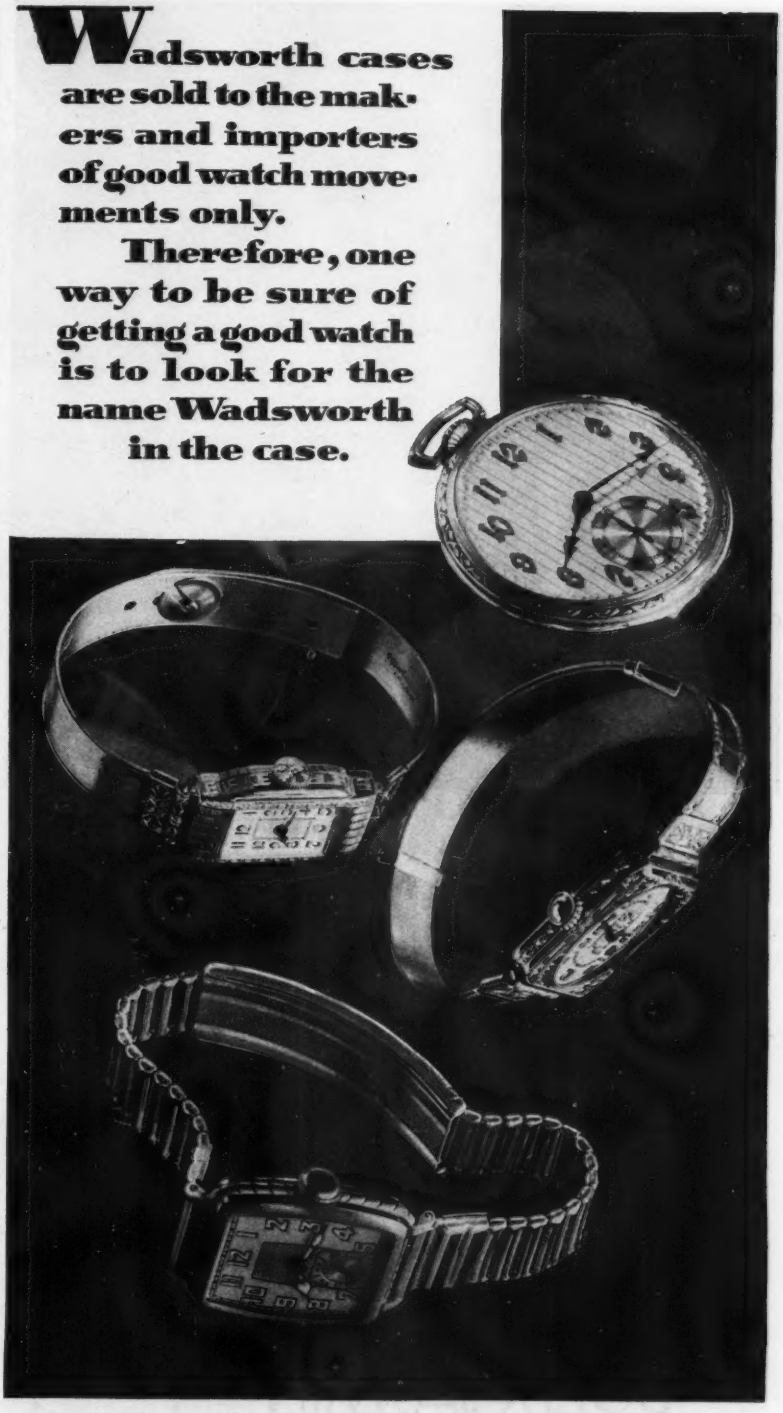
The coming of Doctor Gerkes was one of those occasions. This time Jenny knew it even before she raised the first faint dust of issue, but she could not forswear that first faint dust. The coming of Gerkes angered her. It went against the grain. Not that it seemed likely, at first glance, to cause a dent in a household where thirty-one servants reported to the housekeeper every morning, but it did matter more than was discernible.

From the first Jenny had found the Ficke house inconvenient. A Gothic library two stories high, which ran across the entire Fifth Avenue frontage, a drawing-room of enormous proportions, a Roman dining-room into which you ascended on Pompeiian marble steps, and a glassed-in conservatory, for which a breakfast-room had been sacrificed to Rarick's passion for difficult and exotic transplantation, left embarrassingly few bedroom suites.

An additional story would have marred the Hellenic grace of the building, and the owner of the adjoining pile of magnificence felt affronted, rather than tempted, by the Rarick offer to buy.

Wadsworth cases are sold to the makers and importers of good watch movements only.

Therefore, one way to be sure of getting a good watch is to look for the name Wadsworth in the case.



On this page are illustrated a few distinctive examples of fine watches with movements by well-known makers, and cases by Wadsworth. Other Wadsworth models will appear in succeeding advertisements.

The Wadsworth Watch Case Company, Dayton, Ky. Opposite Cincinnati, Ohio

Case makers for the leading watch movements

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She may not belong to the Intelligensia—nor even the Country Club. She may not have the finest town house, nor wear the latest of fashion's fads. Yet you meet her everywhere . . . Everyone knows her, likes her, speaks of her. She is the woman who is always remembered!

She who achieves this distinction is wise in her choice of perfume. For well she knows that Memory is woven about the elusive things of life . . . a strain of music—*an enticing perfume.* Such a perfume is Ciro's

DOUX JASMIN

. . . fresh, enduring—ardent as young love—scintillant as the bursting blossoms of Spring. With it, one may weld the silver chain that binds the flying feet of Memory. With it, one may find the fragrant way to say *"Remember Me!"*

Doux Jasmin Face Powder in Apritan shade, lends the true Continental sun-bronzed hue. It's a powder exquisite in quality, for those who appreciate the finest.

CIRO

Ciro Products are distributed thruout the world in packages made and sealed *in France*—identical with those you would buy in Ciro's Paris Salon at 20 Rue de la Paix. (New York: 565 Fifth Ave.)

The yellow suite assigned to Doctor Gerkes subtracted one from the five small suites of guest-chambers that Jenny had so elaborately planned and done over. It is true that the comings and goings of Gerkes, who preferred to use what was known as the service entrance and the small rear staircase that led quite privately up to his rooms, made practically no dent in that household. He dined in his rooms except on those rare occasions when the family was home alone and Rarick wanted him at table. He was seldom, if ever, seen in the house, and yet to Jenny there was something repulsive about his being there at all.

The shabby black figure somehow recalled the musty figure of an old music teacher, back in her St. Louis girlhood, whose face close beside hers at the piano and whose audible breathing had been repellent to her. A lady's-maid had gossiped to Jennifer, who gossiped to Jenny, that he used only three towels a week and had no need of bed linen because he slept on the floor, wrapped in one of the beautiful canary-yellow camel's-hair blankets. A secret survey of his rooms one day during his absence revealed to Jenny's horrified eyes the yellow brocade hangings and bedcoverings removed and crammed into a corner; the tops of her lovely curving period furniture covered with an outlay of Aztec arrowheads, proof sheets of an article on scarabs, a copy of "Piers Plowman" and a World Almanac; her paneled yellow walls hung with pin-studded maps, and on the mantelpiece beside the meticulously right ormolu clock, a box of Swedish biscuit, a cube of American cheese and a huge pocket-knife, open.

That evening, before they went down to dinner, Jenny's anger overflowed her discretion.

"There's a time and a place for everything, Rarick," she said to him, as he stood tugging at his collar in the enormous mirrored bathroom off their bedroom. "That man is no more comfortable here than we are in having him."

Standing in a slip of coral-colored silk, the foundation of a coral-colored evening dress of all front and no back, her carrot-colored hair caught upward in the tight perpendicular line which accentuated the narrowness of her head, she could see Rarick's neck, through the wall of mirror, drop into the slot of his shoulders. That peculiar look of the hunchback which she dreaded, had come cunningly into his face.

"What man?"

"Gerson, or whatever his name is."

He turned to face her and she could see his eyes ride up under their lids.

"I said his name is Felix Gerkes," he pronounced slowly and meticulously, as you might mouth a lesson to a child. "Doctor Felix Gerkes has condescended to come and make his home here."

"Isn't it usual, Rarick," she said, her rising anger crowding closer on her discretion, "for even so great a patron saint of indigent college professors as yourself to consult the members of his family before introducing a worthy outsider into the household?"

"There are few demands I make here. This is one of them."

"You have a young daughter to consider."

"That is precisely what I did when I introduced into this madhouse a human being out of the world of ideas."

"I see. You feel that Jennifer's scientific education has been neglected and that no young woman is equipped for life without a Ph. D. knowledge of remote ages," she said, and glittered as she stood there with her bronze-colored eyes and the points of light off the tapping toe of her slipper. She could have plunged her long jeweled fingers into the valleys of his shoulders and shaken him as a sense of futility began to crowd her in.

"Not at all, Jenny. Our daughter's education is all one could ask. She knows an Hispano-Suiza from a Rolls-Royce. She knows a Cartier setting, Theodore at the Rits, her finishing school 'r's' and how to stack her artichoke leaves. I notice our son, too, already has quite a way with his artichoke leaves."

The speech was not like him, but rather in

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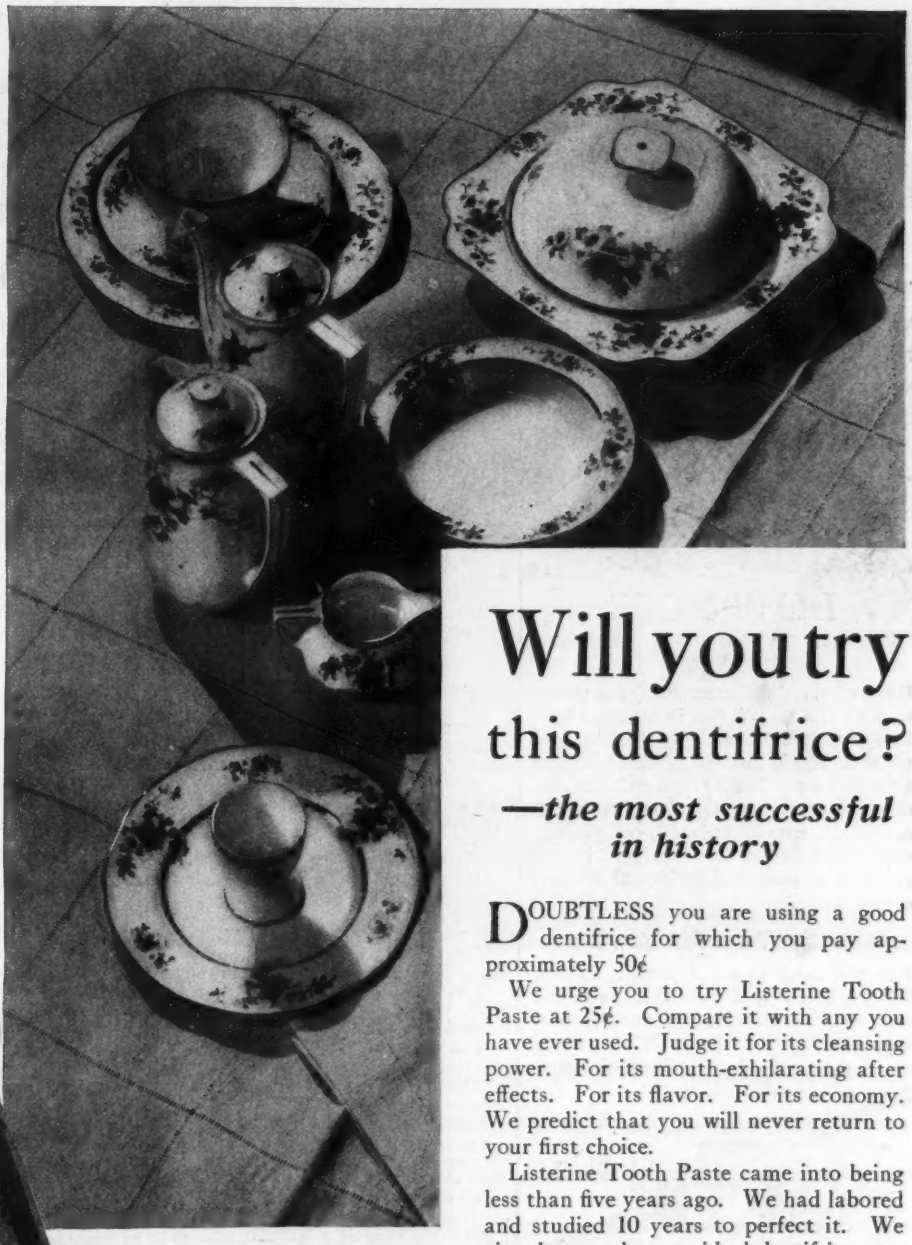

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We urge you to try Listerine Tooth Paste at 25¢. Compare it with any you have ever used. Judge it for its cleansing power. For its mouth-exhilarating after effects. For its flavor. For its economy. We predict that you will never return to your first choice.

Listerine Tooth Paste came into being less than five years ago. We had labored and studied 10 years to perfect it. We aimed to produce an ideal dentifrice at a common sense price—one worthy to receive the Listerine name.

Now it is an outstanding leader. Never in all history has a dentifrice succeeded so mightily—on merit alone. It has stood the only kind of test that counts—the test in the hands of the people. Millions have rejected costlier dentifrices in favor of it. Like you, they were at first skeptical.

Get a large tube of Listerine Tooth Paste today and let it prove its merit to you. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

"What makes YOUR ROUGE *spread so easily and stay on so long?"*

That's what they'll ask when you use

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Here's why . . . the adherent quality that women so desire in a rouge is due, in LANCHERE BLUE ROSE ROUGE to a pure oil, specially selected for the skin. This oil not only makes it easy to impregnate the puff with BLUE ROSE ROUGE, but it is the reason why this dainty rouge can be applied so smoothly and evenly—why it stays on so long. LANCHERE BLUE ROSE ROUGE imparts the glow of youth and health and enhances natural beauty.

Choose the Tint to Suit Your Type

Four fascinating shades: Grenadine, Cabaret, Senorita, Bordeaux. For special advice on your make-up problems write to MARIE BONNARD. LANCHERE BLUE ROSE ROUGE in slim, silvery cases at your favorite toilet goods counter —refills only 25c.

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Please send me prepaid [25c enclosed] Lanchere Blue Rose Acquaintance Set containing: Bath Crystals, Face Powder and Soap.

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mimicry of what she might have said under similar circumstances.

"What a devil you are, Rarick."

"A poor devil, Jenny," he said, his face as pulled-looking as tarpaulin.

"You are a poor father," and she was going to add, "and a poor husband," but she let the words lodge in her eyes.

"I am that," he said, replying to the spoken and unspoken indictment.

"What is it you want of us?" she cried. "Must you oppose your children on every occasion, just as you have always opposed me? Is the mere fact that we want something sufficient in itself to dispose you against it? Why must you always be the stern parent, with me the buffer between? What do you want?"

She did not know it, but she was voicing the cry within his heart.

What did he want? He wanted some of Jenny's intimacy with that boy of his. He wanted some of that intimacy from Jennifer. He wanted . . . what did he want?

"Do you want your children to skip their youth, so that they may follow in the footsteps of some doddering college professor who spends his life fiddling among arrowheads?"

"I want Felix Gerkes in my house," he said, climbing back from what was sure to be a discussion of defeat by reason of what he considered her colossal lack of logic, "because he knows things that we don't know. That we cannot buy for them. He has not mere learning. He has wisdom."

"I see. Why Eskimo Indians like blubber."

There was absolutely no way to capture a focal point of discussion when you found yourself in argument with such a woman. She invariably answered you in terms of something irrelevant, making you wild with futility . . .

"Yes, Jenny," he said again, driven to the extremity of employing her own skidding method, "and why your son, a second-year boy at Newberry, fails in his mid-year examinations."

"No man ever understood a high-strung boy less than you understand yours!"

The dart struck sure and sent his head retreating down into his shoulders. True. True.

"Nor a gay and beautiful daughter; one with brains, let me tell you that, although you prefer to treat her as if she were a moron. She's a match for your professor. Jennifer's got brains! Jennifer is clever."

"Exactly. You can be clever on a shoe-string of intelligence and no heart."

"Try it."

"I can't; it's not in me."

"Lots of things are not in you, Rarick. The ability to meet your world is not in you."

"I wish to heaven it were not so deeply in *you*."

"Gerkes' world, I suppose——"

"I don't know his world. He knows the secret of things and of not being smothered by them. Like you. Like me. Like your children."

"Obviously, from the look of his hair-brush."

You couldn't argue with a woman like that. You couldn't. You couldn't. The crazing sense of futility . . .

She was hooked into her gown by now, a coral-colored affair that wrapped her eccentrically thin body on a diagonal, rushing to a high ruff about her neck in front, cut daringly, almost to her waist-line, behind. Between the bang of her hair and a stiff, enormously brilliant dog-collar of diamonds, her eyes were red and level and full of the impudence of her remark.

"Doctor Gerkes remains, Jenny."

She shrugged her shoulders and walked out.

A story about Jennifer Rarick went the rounds that winter, creating hilarity at many a cocktail- and dinner-party.

It seemed that the Ficke-Rarick house, shiningly conditioned, was now being shouted out by omnibus megaphones as the Billion-Dollar Rarick Mansion built out of Rarick Dimes.

One morning, just as Jennifer, in riding togs, was emerging from the house to enter a large fawn-colored roadster to drive herself across

DANDRUFF

A Sure Way to End It

There is one sure way that never fails to remove dandruff completely, and that is to dissolve it. Then you destroy it entirely. To do this, just apply a little Liquid Arvon at night before retiring; use enough to moisten the scalp and rub it in gently with the finger tips.

By morning, most, if not all, of your dandruff will be gone, and two or three more applications will completely dissolve and entirely destroy every single sign and trace of it, no matter how much dandruff you may have.

You will find, too, that all itching of the scalp will stop instantly and your hair will be lustrous, glossy, silky and soft, and look and feel a hundred times better.

You can get Liquid Arvon at any drug store, and a four ounce bottle is all you will need.

This simple remedy has never been known to fail.

"Any Man or Woman

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the park to the academy where she kept her mounts, one of these omnibuses slowed down while the megaphone roared of Rarick Dimes and Billion-Dollar Mansions.

Throughout this canned oration, the daughter of John Rarick, one hand against her slim hip, the other thumbing her nose toward the omnibus, held posture, precipitating the picture by a dash into her roadster at its conclusion, leaving a gasping and bucolic sightseeing busload not quite sure that it had happened.

Whether it did happen or not, the gesture might be said to be somewhat typical of Jennifer. I am. You are. Take me. Leave me.

Usually you took her. Even at her worst, when she was cock-sure and tiresomely sophisticated and shallow and pseudo and pretentious, there was about her a hearty self-loathing concerning which she was robustly frank.

"I despise myself," she was constantly saying to people on club verandas and in grand stands at polo matches and at occasions where patter predominated. "I am a swine. I'm n. g. I'm stealing a ride through life. I'm a panhandler."

After a fashion she meant it. After the fashion of one who attempts to appease a dissatisfaction by throwing to it slops of words.

People were always saying of her, "She has brains," in the key of saying, "Too bad, the girl has brains."

"So's my old man," was Jennifer's usual retort in the slang with which she hung her speech. She meant this. She admired her father from the distance that lay between them. She wanted his respect and, strangely enough, gave him precious little of hers.

The evening following his scene with Jenny regarding the coming of Gerkes, Rarick sent for his daughter.

When the summons came for Jennifer to go to her father in the library, she was in the act of slapping about her rooms, with her own confused English maid and her mother's Breton maid hurrying at her heels in the effort to help her toward a dinner engagement for which she was already thirty minutes late.

Jennifer was of that species of tormentor who, abusive of her servants, is none the less beloved by them because, quickly contrite, she woos them back by anointing of their wounds with tips and gifts. It was her maid Mariana's boast that these tantrums kept her supplied with furs, French gowns and even jewels.

The last time Jennifer was summoned in this fashion to her father had been about two years before. She had then on a dare bought at the auction of a famous Long Island estate an aluminum-bodied, cigar-shaped roadster with an Italian engine of very special make, for seven thousand dollars. The estate was being sold because the owner had been killed in this very car. Jennifer had stood on a table in the garage and led the spirited bidding.

Rarick, after a high and ugly scene with her in the library, had paid the seven thousand dollars and the day following, in her enraged and humiliated presence, had sold the car to a dealer for twenty-five hundred.

"The meanest man in the world," Jennifer had ground through clenched teeth into her mirror after the episode, the tears of her humiliation splashing down a face which, although molded after her father's, had a lightening beauty that darted into it and played around her eyes and her lips. A straight brown slab of a girl, with a brilliant sort of Jeanne d'Arc directness to her eyes, which were framed by a medieval-looking straight brown bob.

There had been, too, the highly unpleasant occasion when, like a small girl, Jennifer had been obliged to endure the unendurable indignity of standing beside her much younger brother for a dressing-down from Rarick that had to do with their presence at a swimming-pool party at Greenwich which had found its way into insinuating print.

As a matter of fact, both Jennifer's and Avery's presence had been the result of a blowout in front of the estate of the friends who had detained them. But somehow, as they faced their father, the truth of the story seemed

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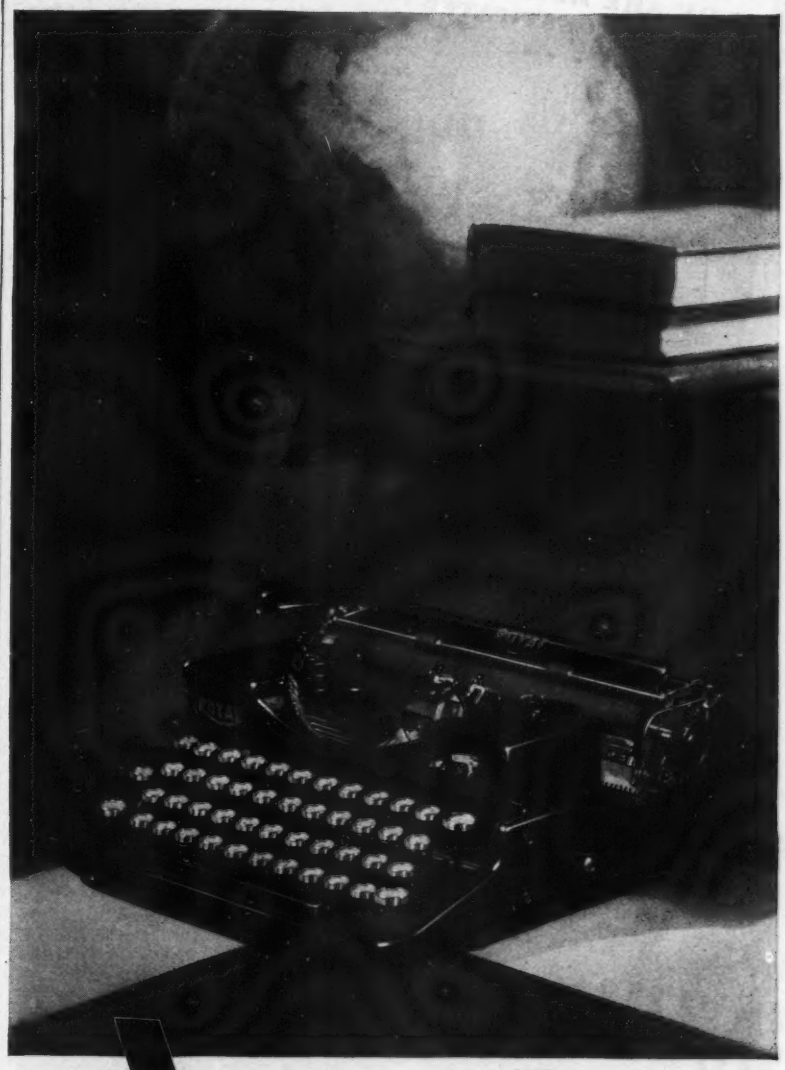

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too flimsy to bear the telling; or something grim and hating in these children kept them silent. Rarick was always to believe, not from what they said, but from what they did not say, that their presence on this notorious occasion had been deliberate.

In any event, summons to her father in the library was grimly associated with the scratching memory of scenes like these.

Then there had been the excruciating occasion when Jennifer and her mother, returning from a season at Deauville and Le Touquet, had successfully passed customs officials without declaring three important and perfectly matched pearls, which they had sewn onto a beaded gown. There had been an outrageous scene in the library when these facts became known to Rarick.

Rankling in some terror at the moment in Jennifer's mind was a dread that an extremely private dramatic evening entitled "Casanova, Be Careful," which had been staged with great lavishness in the garden amphitheater of a Connecticut estate, was through some mysterious leak about to find its way into publicity.

Hang it all, she had been lured into the thing chiefly because it had given her an opportunity to try her hand at what she secretly suspected to be a talent for lyrical writing.

Hang it all, the way to avoid such jams as this was to ditch the home condition. Marry forty-million-dollar Charley Kempner and spawn him square-faced little Kempner heirs with Kempner casts in their Kempner eyes. Or not marry Lew Bissinger and live in embroidered sin with an already married man. Or pursue Berry Rhodes, who was simply unassailable in social position and who fascinated her. Or just ditch it. Open a tea-room. Write a scandalous book. Hang it all, no parent can hope to get away with *moyen âge* maiden-in-a-tower stuff. Yes, she had written the "Casanova, Be Careful" lyrics and danced in the last of seven veils. Talented job, if she did say it.

Well, Father, she improvised to her mirror, it's come to this between you and me; has been coming to this between you and me since you popped me into a world I didn't ask to be popped into. I'm no nincompoop. You'd see to it that a daughter of yours wasn't. But I'm tired being treated like one. I'm finished. If you want to throw me a million or two, to save me from being somebody's expensive hussy, I'm not too proud to accept it. If you don't, and since I'm not made of the stuff you seem to think your daughter should be made of, I'm through anyway. I'll go off and write a dirty play and show up the whole wretched business of life as it is lived behind the tessellated walls of the million-dollar Rarick Mansion that is built out of dimes. If the walls aren't tessellated, they ought to be. I'll give them a megaphone-ful that they'll remember.

I'll tell the story of how somebody took a couple of hairpins and bent them into a couple of frowns and stuck them into sour dough and made a little man who lived in tall marble halls that kept him looking like a dwarf and who would have thought he was Napoleon if he had quite had the nerve, but who only got as far as owning everything in the world he could lay his hands on that had belonged to Napoleon or was about Napoleon. I'll tell the world about this little man who got so rich on needles and pins that he hated himself—and his family. I'll tell the world—I'll tell! cried Jennifer to herself as she ran down the hall toward the library, though not without pausing to snatch up a spangled scarf to throw across the back of her dinner gown, which was cut to one inch above the waist-line.

What Rarick wanted with his daughter was to have her meet Gerkes.

He was standing waiting for her on the hearthstone of a vaulted fireplace that had been lifted out of the palace of a Milanese Sforza, a small man who was forever to be dwarfed by the Gothic grandeur through which he moved and yet to whom the druid twilight of such splendor was to become a fetish.

Three enormous chandeliers, designed from the crowns of Visigoth kings of the seventh century, poured cunningly diffused pools of light on this scene of medieval resurrection. The very modern young Jennifer who wore her docked head like Jeanne d'Arc, and whose metallic frock clicked, slouched in on slim inelegant legs.

Her smartness, even back in the St. Louis days when she had first begun to drift from him, had always been a source of her father's deep admiration. Not her indubitable smartness in the worldly sense, but the brand of it that was indicated in the intelligent bright dark eyes, set into a head that stood so erect and right between its slim shoulders. She could have been anything, Jennifer could have been, except the thing she was. And the thing she was, without his being able to define the why, was anathema to her father.

It was not that she carried her cocktails vulgarly, or said gross things with what passed for the new frankness. She was no more and no less than any girl of her upbringing. Or her mother's upbringing. If anything, a little more. She drank rather less, smoked not at all and in her own phraseology had remained a virgin chiefly because she had never let her curiosity get the better of her.

When she said a thing like that, Rarick ground his fingers into his palms to keep from boxing the ears of the consciously modern young Jennifer. She was so cock-sure of what a sophisticated, unillusioned, amusing thing it was to be Jennifer. She was tiresome and swine, yes, she was willing to admit it, but only in the sense that her rattling good brain was going to waste in cock-sure and debonair fashion. You couldn't live in her swinish set and take the world seriously enough to concentrate. Hang it all, why try to write plays, even if you felt a talent for it, when to be true to the life you knew they would have to be dirty plays? Or why do charity or social work when the world hadn't time for the dirty-nosed little darlings after you'd gone to all the trouble to save them for it? Part of the amusing thing it was to be Jennifer was to be brutal and frank and unsentimental and greedy and a little foul-mouthed.

To Rarick, this young woman of his flesh, his board, his keep, who stood there on the hearth-rug before him, glittering in her gown of fake armor, was as strange as if she had just stepped full-grown from the life-size silver and chalcedony Zeus that stood on a credenza against the wall. Everything he felt about this illuminated edition of himself was imbedded in disapproval. Had been since the Smith Institute days back in St. Louis, when she had stopped bounding the State of Missouri for him in a little unaffected voice that was appealing, and had started going to football games in the white kid gloves her mother provided for her, with boys in their first long trousers, who came calling for her in their family automobiles. He despised what she had become chiefly in terms of what she might have been.

"You sent for me, Father?" she said, simulating unconcern by feeling very concernedly along the edges of her shining coiffure.

"Doctor Felix Gerkes of the National Museum and a scholar of considerable consequence is going to make his home with us. I suppose you know that, Jennifer?"

Jennifer did. In fact, she was the one who had passed along to her mother the first information concerning the thin-bristled hair-brush and the square of American cheese, as they had sat, in pajamas, in Jennifer's bedroom over coffee one morning. Pretty snide to stick a fossil in the yellow suite when the blessed old Gothic mausoleum was as cramped as a Harlem flat for actual living quarters.

But a sense of relief ran through Jennifer just the same. Thank heavens, he had not got wind of the whole silly business of "Casanova, Be Careful." They were clever lyrics if she did say so, but fat chance to get anything but a dressing-down for them from her father.

"I'm like the fellow, Father, who read a book

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9 out of 10 screen stars use Lux Toilet Soap for smooth skin

EVERY GIRL must have petal-smooth skin if she is to be truly attractive, says Hollywood.

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Photo by C. Hewitt, Hollywood

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once on geology called, 'Stones of Venice.'"

"Doctor Gerkes' scientific achievement is by no means all there is to him, Jennifer. I want you to know him."

His ability to antagonize his children was infallible.

She drew back from his command, with the kind of rearing of the neck that he had beheld countless times in his boy Avery. A dull sense of his impotence, where these youngsters were concerned, was a chronic rage within him.

"I want you to have dinner with Doctor Gerkes and me tonight."

"That's impossible. I'm late as it is for early dinner with the Delaney Stuarts. Shibby sails tomorrow."

Shibby Stuart's name was no more anathema to him than a dozen which were constantly on the lips of his wife and daughter. But the picture of Shibby Stuart, as he had once seen her lying sick-drunk on a couch of his house during one of Jennifer's dinner-dances, rose crazily before him.

"You will remain at home for dinner tonight. It may help you to remember you have a home."

"Don't be absurd, Father," said Jennifer, and began pulling at the net edge of her handkerchief. Her rage was out of all proportion to the dilemma of being obliged to cancel her dinner with Shibby Stuart. As a matter of fact, even as she had been sliding into the armor gown that clicked, the thought of evasion had flashed through her brain. What with her back stiff and sore from riding a new mount that afternoon, and a more recent invitation to go off to a speak-easy for dinner and dancing with Berry Rhodes, here was an opportunity to pass up the Stuart farewell dinner and incidentally repay Shibby for a last-minute non-appearance of hers which she had recently staged at one of Jennifer's bridge-luncheons.

"It isn't often I make demands, Jennifer, I let weeks go by without so much as seeing you at dinner-table. This is one of the times I want you here."

It seemed to her at the moment that nothing mattered so much as dinner at the Stuarts'!

"You should have given me warning."

"You should have had sufficient judgment to know there comes a time when a halt must be called, if you won't call it yourself. You haven't sat down to dinner in this house for three weeks or more."

"Why should I? Everything I do gets on your nerves. If I'm so much as called to the telephone, you humiliate me before a butler by refusing to let me answer it."

"I have known you to spend twenty minutes of a dinner hour at the telephone."

"If I say the moon is made of green cheese, then I've said something off-color. Hang it all, why should I want to stay at home?"

He reached out and hit a gong with a baton of lapis lazuli padded in velvet.

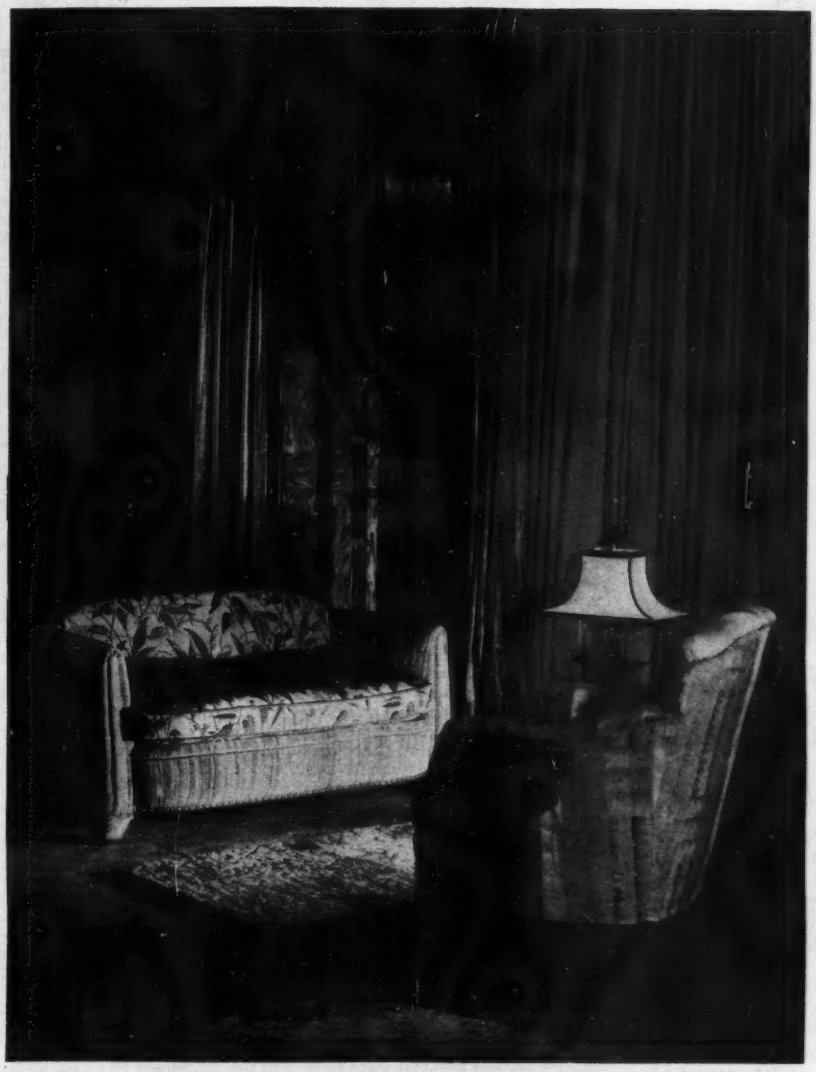
"Miss Jennifer will join us at dinner," he said to an immediate butler. "Telephone Mrs. Delaney Stuart that owing to an unavoidable change in her plans, Miss Jennifer will be unable to attend her dinner tonight."

She waited until the door had closed again and then, with her face clenched and her hands clenched and her gown making little jangling sounds as the shivers of her wrath shot through her, she lowered her face until it almost touched her father's.

"I just hate you sometimes," she said, and began to cry the invariable tears of anger and humiliation to which these scenes could reduce her. A fit of trembling went through him like a tree-shake at the words.

"You will eat dinner at home tonight, Jennifer, even if your temper does turn you into a barmaid."

"It must be a splendid feeling to have to force the members of your family to your side. I suppose I am to spend a jolly evening at home talking isinglass or blue grottoes or dinosaur's eggs, or whatever it is one talks to fossil finders." Her rage ended on a spurt of laughter and for the life of him he could not



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see her face break into amusement, her eyes crinkling, and keep his own face straight.

"I want you to meet a great and simple person, Jennifer. A man who has not grown simply great in his work, but great, simply."

"He sounds as if he ought to be done in stained glass."

"He is witty enough to think that poor wit."

"Thank you, Father; any more lilies today?"

"Get to know Doctor Gerkes, Jennifer. Get to know Gerkes. You want to learn."

He knew he was being riling and didactic and tiresome again, but to his surprise she flashed a tear-stained face at him that was lighted with a sudden sweetness, a clear-eyed curiosity reminiscent of the small brown jug of a girl who had bounded Missouri.

"I do, Father! I know I'm all of a total loss. I'm onto myself, don't you forget it. I want to sit at the feet of somebody and learn. Goodness knows I don't know anybody with a pair of feet like that. Trot out this wise guy, Father. I'll chuck everything and stay home at the indoor sport of improving my so-called mind. Do you think he'd like to collaborate with me on a book I've long had in mind called 'Sex O'Clock'? Really, Father, I *am* in favor of more and better brains."

Jenny came in then, wearing a yellow satin gown that had been dry-cleaned to the color of an old tooth and so shrunken that it spanned. She had long since discarded it from her more formal wardrobe, but with a survival of an old instinct for economy went through the picayune performance of reserving it for just such occasions as this, when they dined en famille.

"You look like the devil, darling," said Jennifer and kissed her.

"I feel like him and his bride," said Jenny. "I thought you were having dinner at Shibby's."

"I'm dining at home with the department of arts and sciences," said Jennifer and dropped a large slow wink to her mother.

Jenny regarded her husband with eyes that had no gleam.

"I didn't mind canceling the Dentons at the last moment and leaving a vacancy in her opera box, but I don't relish the idea of also being on Shibby Stuart's black list, any more than you should, Rarick, considering your banking connections with them."

"You leave my banking connections to me."

"Gladly."

"Never mind, Mother. Father and I have evolved a new philosophy of life. Less philosophy and more life."

"The philosophy, I suppose, that the rich are all mean and frivolous and vicious and the poor holy and righteous."

He regarded her with the masked look to his face that could cause her to say over and over to herself, "Little man. Little man, you. Little fake Napoleon, you."

"Holy righteousness, my dear Jenny, cannot reside exclusively among the poor, while you are you."

"Attaboy, Father!" said Jennifer and jammed a pillow into the cave between the small of her back and the couch. "I can forgive a dirty dig if it's well dug, can't you, Mother?"

"Leave it to your father to dig well and deeply where I am concerned," said Jenny.

"Life among the Raricks," sang out Jennifer, and hurling out the pillow she jumped to her feet and to some inner syncopated rhythm began teetering on her slim toes down the great length of room that led to an organ at its far end. Carved down the pipes of the towering instrument was the legend of the Gregorian Mass, the meeting of Abraham and Melchizedek, and the Last Supper.

A chime somewhere in the complicated heart of the organ, which was rigged with all sorts of mechanical attachments, gave out the half-hours. To Jennifer's brittle kind of hilarity, it played the grand operas, stained-window versions of the action springing into light above the keyboards. "Father's Folly," she called it.

"Jennifer, if you turn that on, I'll scream!"

"Keep your well-known equilibrium, Jenny. I just wanted to see the fat Brunhilda, in purple cheeks and corsets, heave in stained glass."

"Jennifer!"

"I'm not turning it on. Surely if Father can stand his 'Faust' served up to him like a can of soup, you should be able to endure a magenta and majestic trickle of 'Tannhäuser.'"

"Did Gerkes understand the dinner hour, Rarick?"

"Why, Jenny, what *is* the matter with you? The man is not even due for five minutes. I've known you to hold dinner three-quarters of an hour without a whimper when the guests happen to be yours, as they almost invariably are."

"She's a cave-in from dieting, Father."

That was doubtless true. It offended him to the point of disgust, to see this angular woman responding to a herd instinct that apparently deprived her of logic, trying to reduce herself still closer to her skeleton by nibbling at a faddistic diet of chop and pineapple slices.

"I'm a cave-in, all right," said Jenny and stretched her thin body outright on a divan.

"Nerves. Underfed," said Rarick.

"Nerves, all right. Reason, all wrong."

There descended a silence characteristic of their times together. Jennifer wandered aimlessly about the museumlike room.

"Say, Dad, what do you call this?"

"That's a Tau-crossed pastoral staff. French, about the eleventh century."

"No, I mean the gold panel above it!"

"Oh, that's a reredos of Saint Peregrine. It's part of an old altar table. I bought it at the Donetti auction at the same time I got the ivory panel of the Virgin Mary with the pearl crown there, over the doorway."

"I think it's a waste of those lovely seed-pearls, Rarick. You might have them done into something wearable for Jennifer or me."

He did not answer.

"I was going to say, Father, I saw what might be a sister panel to that reredos today at Charvet's. I was there with Mary van Raalte. She got caught in a tumbling market and was trying to unload two Romneys that came with her share of her grandmother's estate. By the way, wouldn't be interested, would you, Father, in buying a pair of Romneys? Mangy-looking, but frightfully bona-fide. 'Girl with a Lamb.' And 'Boy with a Goat.' Or maybe his was a lamb, too. Well, anyway, Mary's asking five thousand for the pair."

"Not interested."

"What did they stick you for the pearl-encrusted Virgin Mary, Dad?"

"Hellman bid for me, something like sixteen thousand, if I remember."

Silence.

"A speed-boat for your son would have cost half that much. Why is it so much easier to understand your own desire to own a sixteen-thousand-dollar ivory slab than it is for you to understand a boy's desire for the things that mean youth and sport to him?"

"Because it is not his desire. I am convinced that the notions to add more and more dangerous and expensive toys to the jumble of things with which you are cluttering his school life, and educating both your children to demand, come from you."

"In which Jennifer is drawn dirtily into the picture."

"Keep quiet, Jennifer."

"Sorry, Mother."

"Your boy demands precious little."

"I realize that, Jenny. In fact, it is just my point."

"Fortunately, Rarick, I am of sufficiently tough fiber to nag in his behalf for some of the things he is too sensitive to ask for himself."

"What are some of those things, Jenny?"

"The things to which, as a rich man's son, he is entitled."

"Meaning——?"

"Oh, Lord, Rarick, I haven't it left in me to go over it all again."

"I'll go over it for you. Meaning things. Things to keep him moving instead of thinking. Devices for speed. For motion. Things to distract him from books, from——"

"Good Lord, Dad, where do you get off?

"My hands, too, must dance . . ."

says charming ANNA PAVLOWA

The new Cutex Liquid Polish "gives them sparkle and vivacity"

Photo by Hugh Cecil

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Things? You've spent half your life shoveling snide things into the shopping-bags of snide people who need snide things like safety-pins and stew-pans. You've glorified the American dime by making it stand for things. You're the thing king!"

How astute she was! Clever, slim Jennifer with her sophisticated Egyptian-looking eyes, merciless in her ability to lay him open to himself.

"A major reason why I want to spare my own from the tyranny of things," he yipped back at them.

"You don't seem particularly inclined to spare yourself the tyranny of those fifteenth-century tapestries or that enameled Pietà up there that cost a king's ransom, or the unpronounceable and unwearable gems with which your pockets are crammed."

"There is at least something of the story of mankind to be found in historical objects."

"There's beauty in that motor-boat Avery isn't going to get," sang Jennifer, "let me tell you that. And as for that story-of-mankind stuff, if you ask me, it is pretty much the low-down same, whether you read it off the hieroglyphics of an amulet from Hindustan, or study our gigolo civilization through a magnifying-glass shaped like a monocle. And Father, speaking of gigolos, I'm in love! He's a window-dresser for a haberdasher by day and dances at Florentine's by night. Abbey Chadwick engaged him for her dinner-dance and I'm going to have him for mine next week. He tangoes like a patent-leather-haired god and his name is Nemo."

"Darling, that's the name of a rubber corset or a comic strip or something."

"No, Mother, he wears one and is the other, but oh, my beating heart!"

"Bicarbonate of soda, darling!"

Why must he stand there with disgust printed on his features instead of meeting her vulgarity as Jenny did, by snapping her fingers. Was Jenny, after all, clever and even subtle with her children, giving them their heads to prevent them from running away? Her children adored her. They were easy and indolent and insolent in her presence. Sometimes he even felt himself hankering for some of that insolence. Avery had once said to his mother in Rarick's presence, "Shut up, old darling," and he had rebuked him for it. At that, there had flashed between Avery and his mother a look of amused understanding at his lack of understanding. Letters from Avery to his mother were constantly lying about the gold-stoppered bottles and knickknacks of her dressing-tables. He never read them, even surreptitiously, but he knew they were chatty letters that preyed upon the easy indulgences of the mother, and careful as he was not to read, constantly his glance was being snagged by such salutatory exuberance as "Dearest Brick of a Mother," and, "Dearest Mother-on-the-Spot."

That was precisely what Jennifer was saying to her now. "Mother-on-the-Spot, you're beautiful, but dumb."

Doctor Gerkes entered then, in the inconsequential manner he had of appearing on a scene without the slightest preamble. His dinner clothes hung from the rounded part of his back like a suit that has been suspended from a nail, his shuffling footsteps skidding the small rugs from under them like so much silent gravel.

There was a graciousness to Gerkes. A man of almost unlimited intellectual contacts, he could be loquacious enough on subjects where he felt informed, and an indulgent listener to those who in his opinion wanted to talk more than he. Stupidity he regarded as a cardinal vice. It made him snappy. His principal income was derived from lecturing, but he could be thoroughly rude to the interrogators who crowded and chirped around him at women's clubs, and even such learned organizations as scientific and historical societies.

On the other hand, there was an amusing mixture of the Socratic and Rabelaisian about Gerkes. He loved the private and impolite

jokes that had to be told behind the barrier of a hand, and the curbstone and the platform were alike his rostrums. He had never married, owing principally to chronic lack of income and what he regarded as the popular fallacy that two can live as cheaply as one. His eye for a pretty woman was a quick discerning one. It lighted on Jennifer who was standing in one of the pools of light, glittering in her armor, her dress a blaze of winking metallic disks and her eyes as if they had come off the gown.

Rarick's pride in his friend was pretentious and clumsy.

"Gerkes, I wish you'd tell my daughter that story about the Taoist priest who once found himself, when a meteor fell, in Lahore. There's a mighty fine moral there." Or: "Gerkes, I'd like my wife to hear your opinion of our own Arizona summers and how they compare with a country like Switzerland. I cannot get my family to realize that they don't have to cross the Atlantic for beauty of scene or variety of climate."

"Three Chamber-of-Commerce cheers," said Jennifer and held up her cocktail glass.

"See America first," said Jenny and gulped hers down.

It was the kind of patter for which Gerkes had little retort. Persiflage, the smiting word at any price, chic sophistication for the average truism, tea-table and round-table profundities disarmed and bewildered him. He was at his worst. The descent to the dining-room was made goose-step, Gerkes, who was never ill at ease, only silent where it seemed the better part of wisdom, plowing solemnly through the high-napped rugs.

Not even port or champagne-cup, made by Jenny at table in a frosted silver pitcher over a mélange of fresh whole clingstone peaches and black cherries, could succeed in drawing him out of the slough of amiable silence into which the occasion had submerged him.

"I hope you are finding your quarters comfortable, Doctor Gerkes," said Jenny from the head of her table, where they sat sparsely grouped because it could have accommodated four times their number. The secret of the icy grace with which Jenny presided at her table, Jennifer was fond of declaring, was that her mother never permitted her head to touch the back of her tall chair or her hands to lie along its arms.

"Very comfortable, thank you," said Gerkes. "It's a pleasant room."

"Room?" repeated Jenny and swung her high curved glance to her husband.

"You've a couple of them, Gerkes, or is it three? Don't guess you've had time to check up."

"Well now, Rarick, I haven't," said Gerkes without embarrassment. "There's another room leads off, I take it?"

"No, old dear, you don't take it," said Jennifer, grinning. "You apparently leave it."

"I'm pretty much of an Eskimo," he said. "They live in bare rooms and keep such furniture as they need stacked outside their houses until a piece is called in for use. Simplifies."

"Doctor Gerkes has lived up there a lot among them, Jenny. He also spent two years in Lapland studying."

"You don't say so," said Jenny. "Wasn't it somebody or other said of the French that no race which eats little escargots suffocated in their shells can ever achieve civilization? Well, that's the way I feel about Eskimos and blubber. Fancy being the kind of person who can drink it!"

"One must fancy it, because they don't."

"Don't what?"

"Drink blubber."

"But I always thought . . ."

"No, my dear lady, you never thought, or you wouldn't be of the opinion that Eskimos drink blubber."

"Why don't they?"

"Why can't you drink this wine tumbler full of olive-oil?"

"Why—er—obviously—I can't."

Dorothy Gray

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"Well, for the same obvious anatomical reason, the Eskimo could not drink quantities of oil either, and keep it down. Sorry to have to seem concrete."

"You *are* smart, aren't you?" said Jennifer, regarding his lusterless figure. "Now tell me how they put ships in bottles and who wrote 'Titus Andronicus.'"

"The best way to make a ship in a bottle is to begin working from the inside of the bottle outward. 'Titus Andronicus' was written by Shakespeare in the year 1593 unless you happen to be familiar with a certain story that preceded it by half a century. Bivalves have snouts. Biology, around the time of the Council of Trent, insisted that the vein of the fourth finger of a fiancée's hand led to the heart. Does that square me scholastically with your daughter, Rarick?" said Gerkes, irritated or stimulated to a point of loquacity that took his breath away.

"I think it must be wonderful," said Jennifer, "to be wise enough to play dumb. I'm always trying to be not too dumb to play wise. It can't be got away with."

"Nothing of the sort," championed her mother. "You've a good brain. Jennifer is a graduate of Miss Pratt's, Doctor Gerkes."

"Yes, and I would have gone to college, doctor, but I would have been sure to fall in love with all my professors under forty and it would have been so complicated."

Gerkes told a none-too-chaste tale then from the "Cento Novelle," about a lady and her three lovers.

"He's a nasty old roué." said Jenny to herself, although she had rocked with laughter through far more pointless tales when her table blazed with friends of her own choosing.

"By the way, Rarick, there's an idea behind the story I just told that ought to interest you. Louis XI, to whom the authorship is attributed, goes on to relate that this lady, while bathing, lost her diamond ring. While diamonds were undoubtedly not common at this time, it proves however that the stone which Henley picked up for you at Bruges could easily date back to at least 1460."

"By Jove, so it does! It also proves that they faceted their stones back in those days, too, now doesn't it? That's a mighty interesting point. That's what I mean, Jennifer, by the historical value of inanimate things."

It was Rarick's way of attempting to justify to his daughter the telling of the risqué story. Even at his worst, the talk of Gerkes mattered, which was more than one could say of the endless sluices of talk that roared through the Rarick functions, was what he was desperately and in his clumsy, antagonizing way trying to convey to Jennifer.

And strangely enough, Jennifer's mental response to one whom she might just as readily have regarded as a vile old bore was as rare to herself as it was to Rarick.

After coffee, when the candles had softened down closer to their reflection in the long fine pool of table, Jenny maneuvered to extricate her daughter from the vise of a dull evening by suggesting that she accompany her to the last act of "Louise," for which a pair of tickets were going begging. There was hesitation from Jennifer. She knew that after the opera they were sure to join up with the Chadwicks and the Edgertons for dancing at Florentine's. Except for the seductive fact that Berry Rhodes might also be in the party and Berry could tango like the Argentine Republic, Jennifer for the moment wanted to remain around the pool of quiet talk and quiet candlelight and the intellectual luster of this old fogy, Gerkes. Except for the seductive possibility that Berry might drop in at Florentine's . . .

"I'm glad you're going to stick around," she told Gerkes when she gave him her hand in good night.

"Doctor Gerkes has promised to make this his home indefinitely."

"Let me come up, will you, and get unto some books to read and some things to think about?"

"Come up and I'll show you a manuscript

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of the ninth century which I am translating. It will make the hottest sex novel in your library look like a juvenile book."

"I think you're immense. You keep your feet nice and pedicured because I am going to sit at them. Do you think you can convert a sow's ear into a silk purse?"

"I might find I had a silk purse to start with, and what if I should unwittingly reduce it to a sow's ear?"

"Father, where *did* you find him!"

"Doctor Gerkes will tell you for himself tomorrow evening if you will join us."

"Have a footstool ready for me every evening, Doctor Gerkes. I'm going to try a new way of showing myself a good time. My present one is a flop. Until tomorrow . . ."

Poor Jennifer. She meant it. But as a matter of fact, she saw him exactly twice afterward, that high, exciting and excited winter of her twenty-third year. Once, when muffled from her knees to the tip of her nose in an ermine and sable wrap, she had rushed downstairs between two young men who were making noises with their teeth like banjos, just in time to nod to Gerkes as he came out of her father's library.

The second time she had seen him crazily, through a keyhole. She was never to be quite clear about that, however. It was six o'clock in the morning and she had been "on a party" with Berry Rhodes. The door before which she had crouched had lurched about so, and so had the figure of Doctor Gerkes, seen crazily through the keyhole.

Pearls, cars, yachts, all these things were bought by money for the pampered daughter of the thirteenth richest man in the world, but in a dramatic scene at a gay party, Jennifer Rarick discovers that money cannot buy love—in Fannie Hurst's May Instalment

All in the Day's Work

(*Continued from page 41*)

called up a number in the Circle exchange.

"That you, Ed!"

"Who's calling?"

"Sam Grace."

"Oh, hello, Sam."

"How's tricks?"

"Fair to middlin'."

"When can I see you?"

"In about half an hour."

"Oke with me. At your place?"

"No. Let's make it at Sully's."

"Oke. In about half an hour at Sully's."

"Right. Private room. Second floor."

"Oke. Private room. Second floor. Sully's."

"In about half an hour."

"In about half an hour."

"So long, Sam."

"So long, Ed."

After once more agreeing with the cigar-store man that it certainly was a fine day, Sam Grace walked with crisp stride down the street to the subway station, bought a morning paper and immersed himself in it until the train reached Times Square.

He walked up Broadway, looking not unlike the more prosperous of the actors who that morning were on their way to managers' offices. At the corner of Forty-sixth Street a dapper young man with cane and spats shouted out to him.

"Well, cut my throat if it isn't Sam Grace."

"Hello, Billy. How's tricks?"

"High and handsome, Sam."

They shook hands.

"What you doing these days, Billy?"

"Just signed as leading juvenile with the Number Two Company of 'Oh, Hello, Lulu.'

I'll own that show with my tap-dance. How you getting on, Sam?"

"So-so."

"Come on into the Club with me and have an eye-opener."

"Thanks, old man. Can't do it. I never touch the stuff and besides I've got an appointment."

"Well, see you soon, Sam."

"Yep, see you soon, Billy."

In West Forty-seventh Street, Sam Grace stopped at a brownstone house, shabby and seemingly deserted, for the shades of the windows were tightly drawn. He went to the heavy iron grille door of the basement and pushed a bell. One green eye regarded him through the grille, then it was swung open.

"Morning, Sam."

"Morning, Sully. How's tricks?"

"Good enough."

"Has Ed Bonner come in yet?"

"Yeah. Just a minute ago. He's upstairs."

"He's waiting for me."

Sam Grace hurried up the frayed red carpet of the stairs and rapped at a door.

"Who's that?"

"Sam."

"Come in, Sam."

It was a small, musty room with all the shades down. The wall-paper was a dingy brown. The only furniture was a round table and four cheap chairs. The lights in the old-fashioned dull bronze chandelier were lighted. At the table a stout, florid, gray-haired man was drinking whisky and water from a tall glass.

"Take something, Sam?"

"No, thanks, Ed. Never do."

"I know that. I meant Vichy or something."

"No. Never mind."

"Cigar, then?"

"Save it."

"You're too darn healthy, Sam."

"I've got to keep fit, Ed."

"What for?"

"Work."

"How's the missus and the kid?"

"Both fine, thanks."

"Say, Sam, I can give you something good in the third race. Pollywog. Nine to one. She'll waltz in."

"Not for me, Ed. No ponies in mine. Sucker game. I never was a gambler."

"Suit yourself, Sam. Maybe you're wise. I dropped two grand myself last week. It stumbled on the stretch."

"Well, you can afford it."

"Yeah?"

"What's on your mind, Ed?"

"I want you to see a bird."

"I guessed that. What's his name?"

"Don't know. Out-of-town party. From Detroit, I think."

"Is this for you?"

"No. To oblige a friend of mine."

"Who?"

"What difference does that make to you?"

"Not a bit."

Sam Grace waited for the other man to speak.

"It's an easy job," said Ed Bonner. He could talk with his cigar in his teeth.

"Yeah? Maybe. Maybe it only looks easy to you."

"This one is, Sam."

"Where is he?"

"Over in an apartment on West Seventy-first Street, near the river."

"West of West End Avenue?"

"Yes. Here's the address."

He handed Sam a scrap of paper. Sam studied it.

"I know the place," Sam said. "Quiet block. Not much traffic."

"That's right. Makes it softer, doesn't it?"

"Yes. Maybe. Any hurry?"

"Yes. He's going back to Detroit on the five-o'clock train."

"Got friends?"

"Not with him."

"What's he like?"

"You know Harry Sheckard, don't you?"

To cover up bad breath or drug a headache is not to remove their cause

INTESTINAL TOXICITY MUST BE CONQUERED

IF IN a man's business a certain mistake kept on recurring, he would not long continue merely correcting it. He would soon be looking for the source of the error *and eliminating that.*

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Sam Grace nodded. "Sure I know Harry."

"Well, Harry will be with him."

"Anybody else?"

"Nobody but Harry."

"What's Harry's angle?"

"Oh, he's oke."

"Will he put him on the spot?"

"Sure, Harry'll put him on the spot."

"Give me something to go by."

Ed Bonner considered.

"Well," he said, "he's a big burly guy with a big red nose. You can't miss that beak. It stands out like a traffic light. Wears a light gray overcoat and a pearl-gray soft hat, pulled down in front. Flashy sort of dresser. A big burly guy, get what I mean? But anyhow, Harry will be with him. He'll be the guy that Harry will be with."

"I see. No inside work, though."

"Of course not. That's foolish."

"What's the layout, then?"

"He'll be coming out with Harry, with Harry Sheckard, see, a big burly guy with a big red nose."

"I got that. What time?"

"Around four. He'll stay playing cards in the apartment till about then. Around four he'll have to start for his train. So Harry will walk out with him to get a taxi. Got it?"

"Yep. I've got it."

"Everything's set, then."

"Is he on?"

"Who? Harry? Sure."

"I mean the other fellow."

"Oh, him. No—not exactly."

"What do you mean, 'not exactly'?"

"He's no boob. He's been around. But he's not figuring on anything in New York, know what I mean? Chicago, maybe. But not New York."

"I see. Chicago, eh?"

"What's it to you, Sam?"

"Nothing. So long as I get mine."

"You'll get yours."

"Say, listen, Ed——"

"What to?"

"There's something I want to talk to you about."

"Some other time, Sam. I've got to blow."

"Wait a minute, Ed."

"I know what's biting you."

"Well then, what about it?"

"I can't do it, Sam. I wish I could but I can't. Not this time, anyhow. The party that's doing the financing is as tight as new shoes. The market is 'way down out there, you know. Two-fifty is a good price out that way. Harry has to be counted in, and so do you, so I'm not exactly going to clean up on this deal."

"Now, listen, Ed——"

"Five hundred is the top price."

"But listen, Ed, I was talking things over with May this morning and she said I ought to get more."

"Wives always say that. What do they know about business?"

"Well, I think so too, Ed. Look here: I'm a family man and I've got heavy expenses. Do you know what they ask for an overcoat for a kid like mine?"

"No. My kids grew up long ago."

"Well, let me tell you an overcoat for Tommy will set me back twenty-nine-fifty. Besides, he's got to have his adenoids out. Another two hundred anyhow."

"Aw, leave 'em in I left 'em in my kids and it didn't do any harm."

"I'm just telling you this, Ed, to give you an idea of what a battle I have to meet expenses So, Ed, it's got to be seven-fifty from now on."

"You're crazy, Sam."

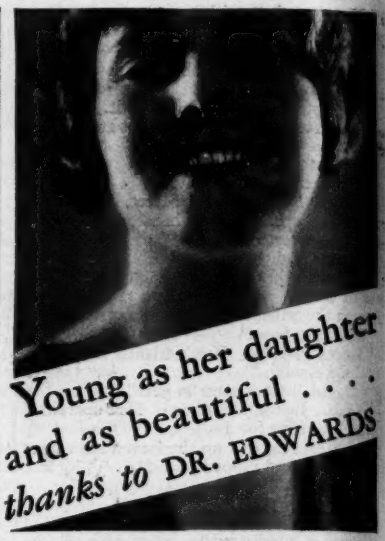
"No, I'm not. See here, Ed, it isn't as if I had steady work."

"Think of the competition."

"I know all about that. But my work is first-class. You know that."

"Yes. I don't deny that, Sam. But I've got to make a living too, you know."

"Sure you do, Ed. But you've got plenty of lines. You make plenty."



FOR more than a score of years, ailing men and women came to Dr. Edwards and found grateful relief. Now Dr. Edwards brings you this preparation of his which so easily clears away the causes of sallow skin, lifelessness and listlessness. It is a wonderful formula containing certain rare vegetable ingredients mixed with olive oil. Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets. You know them by their olive color.

So pleasant in action

An efficient substitute for calomel, these tablets merely assist nature in restoring the bowels and liver to normal action, thus protecting precious health. They are safe, absolutely harmless and ever so pleasant in action. No griping. No danger of habit-forming which so often necessitates increased dosage with the average cathartic.

Take one Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablet nightly and within a very few days you'll be delighted with the vast improvement in the way you look and feel. Ask your druggist for Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets, 15c, 30c and 60c.

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Wonderful home study music lessons under great American and European teachers. Endorsed by Paderewski. Master teachers guide and coach you. Lessons a marvel of simplicity and completeness.

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"Where could I study to become a skillful automobile mechanic?"

"I have completed High School and wish to enroll as a student nurse. What training schools would you recommend?"

Inquiries regarding every type of professional school are answered by Cosmopolitan Educational Department. If your school problem is still undecided, write to this department and suitable schools will be recommended to you without obligation on your part.

The Directory of professional schools will be found on pages 16, 17, 18 and 19. Write to these schools directly if you are interested in a particular vocation, or representatives of Cosmopolitan who have visited these schools will advise you if you will fill out the coupon on page 10 and send it to

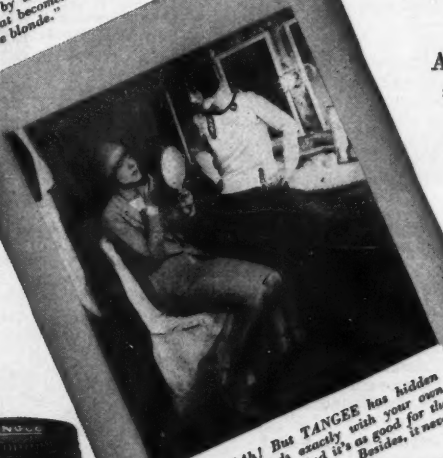
Cosmopolitan Educational Department
Fifty-seventh Street at Eighth Ave., New York

A TANGEE TALKIE

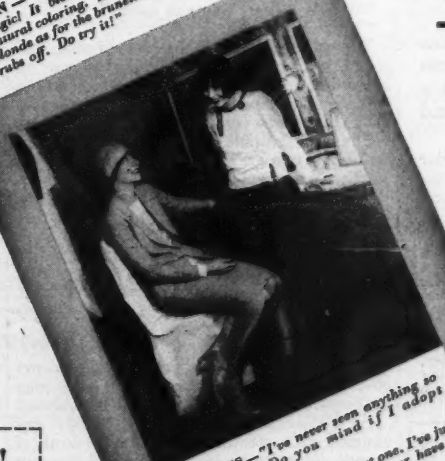
Starring Ann Pennington and Frances Williams of George White's Scandals

ANN—"Frances, I've made a wonderful discovery! A lipstick that is practically indelible. My favorite and only TANGEE. Try it."

FRANCES—"Don't be silly! We couldn't get by with a sister act. And you know what becomes the brunette, won't do for the blonde."



ANN—"Ah! But TANGEE has hidden magic! It blends exactly with your own natural coloring. And it's as good for the blonde as for the brunette. Besides, it never rubs off. Do try it!"



FRANCES—"I've never seen anything so marvelous. Do you mind if I adopt TANGEE too?"

ANN—"Oh, please keep that one. I've just bought a dozen so that I'll never have to hunt for mine."

Ann is brunette, and Frances is blonde—but see how perfectly Tangee does for both! In an amazing way, Tangee changes as you put it on, from its original color to blush-rose—Nature's own shade—and blends with each individual type of beauty. Truly a marvelous lipstick and rouge.

Demand Tangee today! One lipstick and rouge for all complexions. On sale everywhere. Tangee Lipstick $1. Tangee Rouge Compact 75¢. Tangee Crême Rouge $1. Also, Tangee Face Powder, clinging, temptingly perfumed, $1. Tangee Night Cream $1. Tangee Day Cream $1. Twenty-five cents more in Canada. *If the name TANGEE does not appear on the package, it is not TANGEE.*

TANGEE

Beauty . . . . . for 20 Cents!

Twenty cents brings you the miniature Tangee Beauty Set—all six items and the "Art of Make-up". Address Dept. C. 4. The George W. Luft Co., Inc., 417 Fifth Avenue, New York.

Name_____

Address_____

At the end of the evening

—the men avoided her

You can't tell when a temporary deodorant will cease to protect you

FOUR years away from home and her old friends found her lovelier than ever. But their enthusiasm wore off quickly—in fact, before the evening was over. Why was it?

Because you can never know when a temporary deodorant will fail to protect you! Only by the regular use of Odorono can you be sure of lasting protection from unpleasant perspiration odor and ugly stains.

Odorono, developed by a physician for his own use, keeps the underarm dry and fresh by checking perspiration in a safe way. Doctors recommend it where perspiration is annoying.

At toilet goods counters Odorono Regular Strength and Odorono No. 3 Mild for sensitive skins, 35¢ and 60¢, and Creme Odorono in tubes 25¢.

Odorono Regular Strength (ruby colored), used twice a week at night. Pat on freely. Allow plenty of time to dry.

Odorono No. 3 Mild (colorless), for especially sensitive skins and for hurried use. Use daily or every other day, night or morning. Pat on freely. Allow plenty of time to dry.

NEW 10¢ OFFER: **Mail coupon and 10¢ for the complete underarm toilette: samples of Odorono Regular Strength, Odorono No. 3 Mild, and Creme Odorono.**

The Odorono Company, Dept. F-4
114 West 17th Street, New York, N. Y.

.....

.....

.....

"Well, I don't make it by buying for more than the market price. Maybe you don't want to work for me?"

"Sure I do, Ed. You've been a pretty square-shooter. I want to work for you, all right. But I want to get what I'm worth."

"Or think you are."

"Seven-fifty is the price," said Sam Grace.

"Listen, Sam, I'll tell you what I'll do. Seven-fifty is out. Maybe some day, but not today. But you're a good kid and you know your stuff and I like you. Suppose we say six hundred even."

"No."

"It's off, then. I'll be going."

"Wait a minute, Ed. Keep your shirt on. I want to be fair. Call it six-fifty this time."

"I'm in a hurry. Tell you what I'll do. Six-twenty-five—and that's the limit. Take it or else."

"All right. I'll take it. I'll get a bawling-out from May, though."

"Two hundred down and the rest here at eleven tomorrow."

"Make it two-fifty down."

"Nope. Two-twenty-five."

"You'll never have to peddle papers when you're eighty, Ed."

"Here you are, Sam. Fifty, and fifty is one hundred, and fifty is one-fifty, and fifty is two hundred, and twenty is two-twenty, and five is two-twenty-five."

"Thanks, Ed. See you tomorrow at eleven. Here."

"Right. Here. Tomorrow at eleven."

"Oke. Say, Ed——"

"What?"

"Could you and your wife come up some night and eat dinner with us? May is some cook. You ought to taste her spaghetti."

"I'll speak to Flora about it. Maybe we can make it next week."

"Good. We can get in some bridge."

"Fine. So long, Sam."

"So long, Ed."

Out into the sunny fall morning walked Sam Grace. He walked, without haste, to Broadway, and along Broadway till he came to a small restaurant with a *décor* of rosy uncooked steaks and pale mushrooms artfully arranged in its window. He went in and exchanged nods with a solemn Spartan behind the bowl of toothpicks, said "Hello" to a couple of men who were talking earnestly over pork-chops and sauerkraut, and found a seat at a table in the corner.

"Nice day, Mr. Grace," said the waiter.

"Yes, a grand day, Steve."

"What's yours? Same as usual?"

"Yes, same as usual."

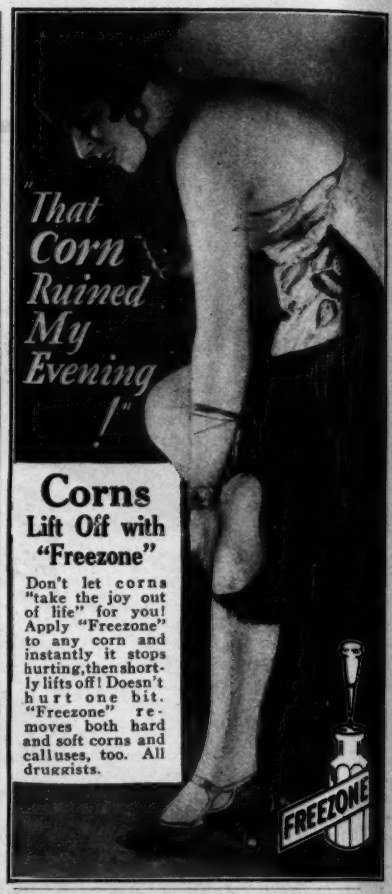
The waiter brought him a bowl of milk, half cream, and a plate of graham crackers, done up in sanitary containers. Sam Grace ate a leisurely lunch and read the sporting page of a noon edition of a coral-colored evening paper.

Finished, he paid his check of thirty-five cents, bought another package of chewing-gum at the desk and, chewing, emerged into Broadway.

He strolled uptown, stopping to look into the shop-windows. In a store near Fifty-third Street his gaze lingered on a wrist watch, small and rectangular, and he decided that it would make a nice birthday present for May, but that he'd better not buy it until Tommy's operation was paid for.

In the stretch between Fifty-third and Fifty-ninth streets he paused several times to eye covetously the glittering motor-cars on display in the windows, then sighed and shook his head.

At Fifty-ninth Street he felt thirsty and stopped at a sidewalk stand for a drink of orange juice which was the right color but tasted a bit metallic. He steered his way through the jagged traffic of Columbus Circle and entered Central Park. There he sat down on a bench. He picked up an abandoned newspaper and idly scanned an article by an eminent pedagog headed, "Is It Wise to Spank a Two-year-old Child?" It made him think that he had never spanked Tommy. He tried



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ANITA PAGE *famous M.-G.-M. star applying Boncilla clasmic pack.*

Cheeks like Roses

Amazing new beauty, *new youth*, will come in 30 minutes.

Get it today at any toilet counter. In jars, $3.50; tubes, $1.00—50c.

Boncilla
CLASMIC PACK

To try before you buy send this ad and 10c for weeks treatment to Boncilla Laboratories, Dept. C, Indianapolis, Indiana.

to read an editorial on "The Future of South America" but it bored him, and he tossed the paper away.

A crippled beggar limped up to him with a tray of pencils, and he gave him a dime and didn't take a pencil. When the man had gone, he was sorry, reflecting that he could have taken it home to Tommy, although Tommy was pretty sure to write on the pale yellow wall paper of the living-room.

Over the city an airplane, a silver mosquito, droned. Sam Grace thought of his dream He wondered how it would feel to fly. He decided that it was too dangerous for him, yet. Some day, he thought, everybody would be flying. Tommy would see that day.

When his five-dollar nickel-plated watch told him it was three, he got up from the bench and walked along Central Park West to Seventy-second Street. He paused before the window of a tailor and debated with himself whether a suit of a dun-hued material on display there would accord with his quiet taste.

At the corner of West End Avenue and Seventy-first Street he took from his vest pocket the slip of paper Ed Bonner had given him, consulted it, repeated the address to himself, tore it into bits, and scattered the bits in the gutter.

He walked down Seventy-first Street toward the river, not swiftly, but with the firm step of a man who is going to a definite point and has plenty of time to get there. They were putting up a new building near the corner; he stopped a few seconds to watch the riveters crawling around the steel skeleton, and thought there should be a city ordinance against the racket the riveting-machines made. Then he continued on down Seventy-first Street. Casually he glanced at the entrance to a large, ornate apartment-house. At the end of the street he stopped. There was a wall there, and below in the railroad yards the switch engines panted and hissed and screamed. He wondered how the people living near by got any sleep.

He turned and went back on the other side of the street. Across from the large, ornate apartment-house he stopped, and went into the hallway of a run-down old building divided up into railroad flats. It was fairly dark in the hallway. He waited there. His eyes were fixed on the entrance to the apartment-house across the street.

The door opened. For an instant he grew taut, then relaxed. It was a billowy blond lady with a small yapping white dog. They ambled eastward.

There were few passers-by. A coal truck carrying two strong-looking men with blackened faces went down the street. Sam Grace wished he had their husky shoulders. He looked at his watch. Nine minutes to four.

The door across the way opened. A thin man with a long nose came out. He was dressed in dark brown. That was Harry Sheckard. He was followed by a big man in a light gray overcoat and a pearl-colored soft hat, pulled down over his eyes. His nose was conspicuous and very red. He was a complete stranger to Sam Grace.

Harry Sheckard went out to the curb and looked down the street for a taxi. The other man stood near the door, swaying slightly as if he had been drinking.

Sam Grace came out of his doorway, and walked across the street, not swiftly but with an even pace. He walked up to the big man in gray, who was watching for the taxi and didn't notice him. Two feet from the man, Sam took a short black automatic pistol from his overcoat pocket, and fired twice into the man's chest. The man made no sound, but folded down on the sidewalk, and did not move. Sam Grace did not speak to Harry Sheckard or even look at him. He put the warm pistol back in his overcoat pocket, and walked east, not hurrying.

He turned down Broadway, went into the Sixty-sixth Street subway, bought a newspaper, and sat reading it till he got to Forty-second Street. There he got out and took an

"DON'T WEAKEN, MOTHER"

MODERNIZING MOTHER . . . *Episode Number Three*

THE MODERN DAUGHTER—graceful as a greyhound, a star at tennis, golf, riding or swimming; with not a nerve or ache in her vital body—how she has shattered hidebound traditions! In a less enlightened age, "girls didn't do such things"; it was unladylike to be too healthy.

Millions of mothers whose girlhood was repressed are being trained by daughters to be young again—to know freedom—to grasp the idea that drudgery and useless labor are a sinful waste of life.

Modess is one of the many recent inventions which do away with drudgery and discomfort—the drudgery of the old, senseless way. Young women everywhere have found Modess to be convincingly better than older methods.

The gracious ease and softness of Modess are certain to please you. The sides are smoothly rounded and shaped to prevent irritation. The filler is a remarkable new substance invented by Johnson & Johnson, world-famous makers of surgical dressings and adhesive tape. It is as soft and yielding as cotton, amazingly absorbent and instantly disposable. The gauze is cushioned with a film of cotton for greater comfort.

Modess is deodorizing. Laboratory tests prove it to be more efficient in this respect.

You are sure to prefer Modess—every woman does. Since it costs no more—why not try it?

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Modess
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BAYER ASPIRIN

Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monoaceticacidester of Salicylicacid

uptown express, getting off at his station on Washington Heights.

When his wife heard his key in the door of their apartment, she ran to meet him, and she kissed him. "How are you, dear?"

"I'm oke. How's my honey?"

"Fine and dandy."

"Everything all right, Sam?"

"Oke."

"What about that raise?"

"Well——"

"Oh, you didn't ask him!"

"I did so. And I got it, too."

"Seven-fifty?"

"Well, no—not this time. Six-twenty-five."

"That's something, anyhow."

"Mmmmm, that spaghetti smells good."

"It won't be ready for at least an hour."

"Get that coat for Tommy?"

"I found one for nineteen dollars. Very nice. Brown brushed wool."

"That's good. Listen, hon, let's have dinner early so we can get into the first show. I'm going to take a nap now. Call me when the spaghetti is ready . . ."

Entering and Leaving the Presidency

(*Continued from page 27*)

have ever existed, returned large profits, brought to the homes of the people the greatest economic benefits they ever enjoyed, and given to the country as a whole an unexampled era of prosperity. This well-being of my country has given me the chief satisfaction of my administration.

One of my most pleasant memories will be the friendly relations which I have always had with the representatives of the press in Washington. I shall always remember that at the conclusion of the first regular conference I held with them at the White House office they broke into hearty applause.

I suppose that in answering their questions I had been fortunate enough to tell them what they wanted to know in such a way that they could make use of it.

While there have been newspapers which supported me, of course there have been others which opposed me, but they have usually been fair. I shall always consider it the highest tribute to my administration that the opposition have based so little of their criticism on what I have really said and done.

I have often said that there was no cause for feeling disturbed at being misrepresented in the press. It would be only when they began to say things detrimental to me which were true that I should feel alarm.

Perhaps one of the reasons I have been a target for so little abuse is because I have tried to refrain from abusing other people.

The words of the President have an enormous weight and ought not to be used indiscriminately.

It would be exceedingly easy to set the country all by the ears and foment hatreds and jealousies, which, by destroying faith and confidence, would help nobody and harm everybody. The end would be the destruction of all progress.

While everyone knows that evils exist, there is yet sufficient good in the people to supply material for most of the comment that needs to be made.

The only way I know to drive out evil from the country is by the constructive method of filling it with good. The country is better off tranquilly considering its blessings and merits, and earnestly striving to secure more of them, than it would be in nursing hostile bitterness about its deficiencies and faults.

Notwithstanding the broad general knowledge which I had of the Government, when I reached Washington I found it necessary to make an extensive survey of the various Departments to acquaint myself with details.

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You Women are Clever

You know a good thing when you see it. That's why so many of you have written for a sample of Del-a-tone and are now using the large size package regularly in preference to razors, pulling out hairs, and all other methods.

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The standard depilatory for over 20 years. Removes hair in only 3 minutes from arms, under-arms, legs, back of neck and face. You obtain the same quick, effective results, whether you use the new snow-white Del-a-tone Cream or the old reliable Del-a-tone (powder). Send coupon today for FREE package.

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Sold by drug and department stores, or sent prepaid anywhere in U. S. for one dollar. Money back if not satisfied.

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Battle Creek Dog Food Company
402 State Street, Battle Creek, Mich.

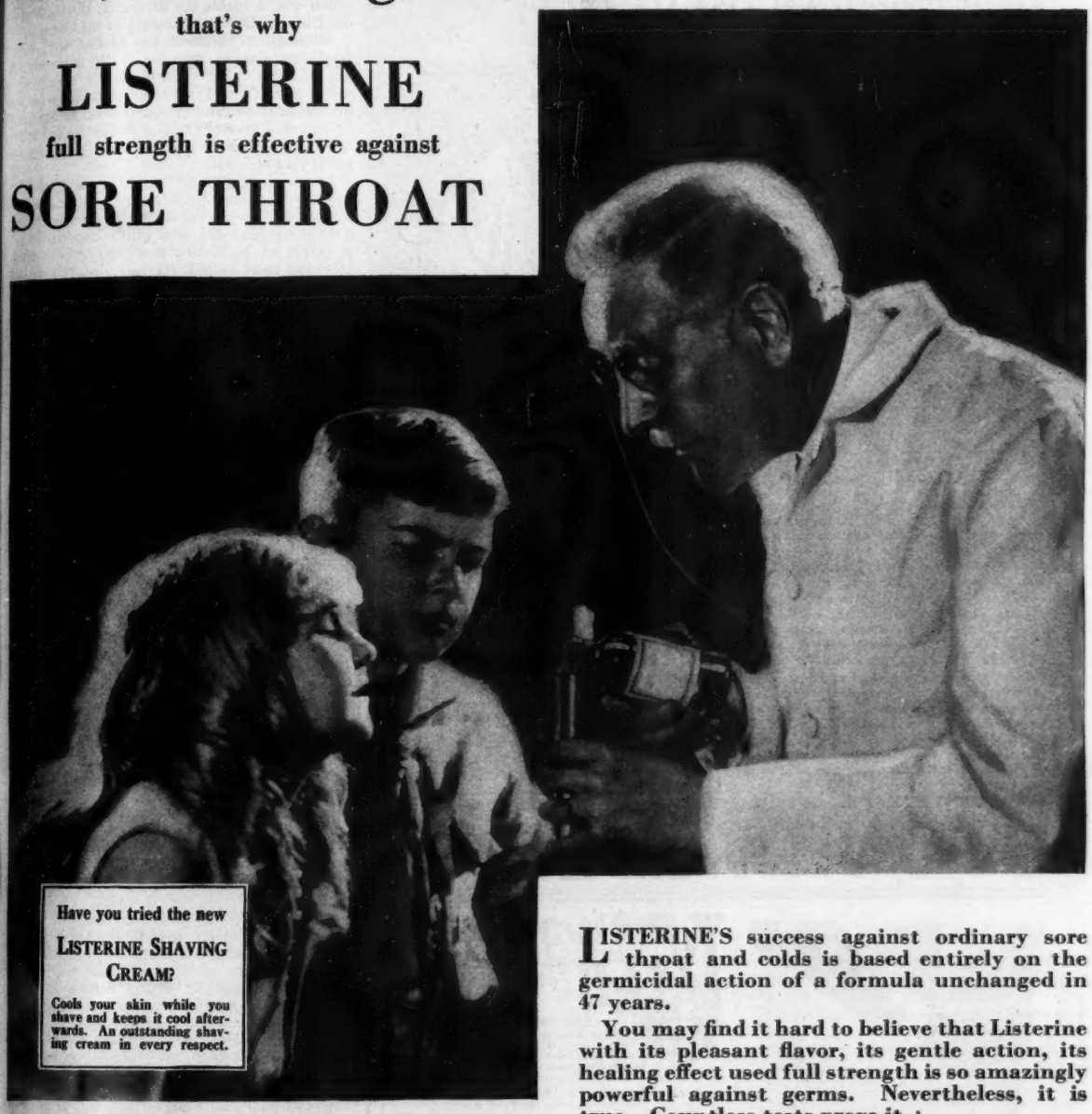
200,000,000 germs die in 15 seconds

that's why

LISTERINE

full strength is effective against

SORE THROAT



Have you tried the new

LISTERINE SHAVING CREAM?

Cools your skin while you shave and keeps it cool afterwards. An outstanding shaving cream in every respect.

Prevent a cold this way?

Certainly!

Millions of ordinary colds start when germs carried by the hands to the mouth on food attack the mucous membrane. Being very delicate it allows germs foothold where they develop quickly unless steps are taken to render them harmless.

You can accomplish this by rinsing your hands with Listerine, as many physicians do, before each meal. Listerine, as shown above, is powerful against germs.

Use only a little Listerine for this purpose—and let it dry on the hands. This simple act may spare you a nasty siege with a mean cold.

It is particularly important that mothers preparing food for children remember this precaution.

LISTERINE'S success against ordinary sore throat and colds is based entirely on the germicidal action of a formula unchanged in 47 years.

You may find it hard to believe that Listerine with its pleasant flavor, its gentle action, its healing effect used full strength is so amazingly powerful against germs. Nevertheless, it is true. Countless tests prove it.

Witness its destruction of germs used by the United States Government to test antiseptics.

The stubborn B. Typhosus (typhoid) germ, for example. Listerine, full strength, destroys 200,000,000 of them in 15 seconds. Think of it. And the obnoxious M. Aureus (pus) germ is rendered harmless in the same time.

Recognizing Listerine's power against germs, you can readily understand why it checks colds and sore throat which are caused by germs.

At the first sign of either, gargle with Listerine full strength. Keep this treatment up. Remember it is safe to use this way in any body cavity. You will be delighted to find how quickly you get relief. In case you do not, consult your physician, as your trouble may be a symptom of a more deep-seated disease requiring expert attention. Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo.

Hard Workers Eat Hearty!

The RAILROADER

can afford no stomach trouble. He runs on schedule—and a trip once started must be finished. He can't allow a grumbling, rumbling stomach to stop him! The traffic must go through!

No need now to suffer

INDIGESTION

Stuart's Tablets Sweeten 'Sour Stomach'!

Work comes easier, and play more pleasant—with a 'sweet' stomach! Even the heavy meals of a hard worker can be easier and serenely digested by the stomach kept sweet by Stuart's efficient formula. In endorsing it, well-known doctors have said:

"For the stomach acidity which causes gas, heartburn, ulcers, etc., nothing equals calcium carbonate as a soothing anti-acid. It is so *utterly* safe—yet so sure in its potential properties."

Stuart's formula—calcium carbonate with other soothing, healing ingredients—is actually 2½ times as powerful as soda—yet does not burn or irritate the membranes like soda!

Eat hearty! Then safeguard digestion with one of these delightful tablets. Know the joy of a *sweet stomach* tranquilly digesting food into energy!

2-Minute Relief for Gas, Bloat, Belchings, Sour Stomach, Heart Burn, Indigestion and other signs of Ulcers and Gastric Disturbance.

FULL BOX FREE

A regular 25c box, pocket size—ample to try thoroughly the benefits of Stuart's tablets—will be sent you free, if you mail this coupon to Stuart Co., Dept. 14, Marshall, Mich.

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Street.....

P. O......

THE QUICKEST RELIEF FOR GASTRIC DISORDERS—AT ALL DRUG STORES 25c & 60c

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Corns

vanish after this amazing liquid

TOUCH the most painful corn with this amazing liquid. In three seconds all the pain is gone. Acts like an anaesthetic. You wear tight shoes, dance, walk again in comfort!

No paring or cutting—that is dangerous. Besides the corn then comes back. This way loosens it. Soon you peel the whole corn off with your fingers—like dead skin. Works alike on corns or calluses.

Professional dancers by the score use this method. Doctors approve it as safe and gentle. Millions employ it to gain quick relief. There is no other like it.

Ask for "Gets-It" at your druggist. Money back if not delighted. There are imitations. Be sure to get the genuine.

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FOR SKIN IRRITATIONS

This work had to be done intensively from the first of August to the middle of November, in order to have the background and knowledge which would enable me to discuss the state of the Union in my first Message to the Congress.

Although meantime I was pressed with invitations to make speeches, I did not accept any of them. The country was in mourning and I felt it more appropriate to make my first declaration in my Message to the Congress. Of course, I opened the Red Cross Convention in October, which was an official function for me as its President.

I was especially fortunate in securing C. Bascom Slemp as my Secretary, who had been a member of the House for many years and had a wide acquaintance with public men and the workings of legislative machinery. His advice was most helpful. I had already served with all the members of the Cabinet, which perhaps was one reason I found them so sympathetic.

Among its membership were men of great ability who have served their country with a capacity which I do not believe was ever exceeded by any former Cabinet officers.

A large amount was learned from George Harvey, Ambassador to England, concerning the European situation. He not only had a special aptitude for gathering and digesting information of that nature, but had been located at London for two years, where most of it centered.

I called in a great many people from all the different walks of life over the country. Among the first to come voluntarily were the veteran President and the Secretary of the American Federation of Labor, Mr. Gompers and Mr. Morrison. They brought a formal resolution expressive of personal regard for me and assurance of loyal support for the Government.

Farm organizations and business men, publishers, educators, and many others—all had to be consulted.

It has been my policy to seek information and advice wherever I could find it. I have never relied on any particular person to be my unofficial adviser. I have let the merits of each case and the soundness of all advice speak for themselves. My counselors have been those provided by the Constitution and the law.

Due largely to this careful preparation, my Message was well received. No other public utterance of mine had been given greater approbation.

Most of the praise was sincere. But there were some quarters in the opposing party where it was thought it would be good strategy to encourage my party to nominate me, thinking that it would be easy to accomplish my defeat. I do not know whether their judgment was wrong or whether they overdid the operation, so that when they stopped speaking in my praise they found they could not change the opinion of the people which they had helped to create.

I have seen a great many attempts at political strategy in my day and elaborate plans made to encompass the destruction of this or that public man. I cannot now think of any that did not react with overwhelming force upon the perpetrators, sometimes destroying them and sometimes giving their proposed victim an opportunity to demonstrate his courage, strength and soundness, which increased his standing with the people and raised him to higher office.

There is only one form of political strategy in which I have any confidence, and that is to try to do the right thing and sometimes being able to succeed.

Many people at once began to speak about nominating me to lead my party in the next campaign. I did not take any position in relation to their efforts. Unless the nomination came to me in a natural way, rather than as the result of an artificial campaign, I did not feel it would be of any value.

The people ought to make their choice on a great question of that kind without the influence that could be exerted by a President in office.

After the favorable reception which was given to my Message, I stated at the Gridiron Dinner that I should be willing to be a candidate. The convention nominated me the next June by a vote which was practically unanimous.

With the exception of the occasion of my notification, I did not attend any partisan meetings or make any purely political speeches during the campaign. I spoke several times at the dedication of a monument, the observance of the anniversary of an historical event, at a meeting of some commercial body, or before some religious gathering. The campaign was magnificently managed by William M. Butler and as it progressed the final result became more and more apparent.

My own participation was delayed by the death of my son Calvin, which occurred on the seventh of July. He was a boy of much promise, proficient in his studies, with a scholarly mind, who had just turned sixteen.

He had a remarkable insight into things.

The day I became President he had just started to work in a tobacco field. When one of his fellow laborers said to him, "If my father was President I would not work in a tobacco field," Calvin replied, "If my father were your father, you would."

After he was gone someone sent us a letter he had written about the same time to a young man who had congratulated him on being the first boy in the land. To this he had replied that he had done nothing, and so did not merit the title, which should go to "some boy who had distinguished himself through his own actions."

We do not know what might have happened to him under other circumstances, but if I had not been President he would not have raised a blister on his toe, which resulted in blood poisoning, playing lawn tennis in the South Grounds.

In his suffering he was asking me to make him well. I could not.

When he went the power and the glory of the Presidency went with him.

The ways of Providence are often beyond our understanding. It seemed to me that the world had need of the work that it was probable he could do.

I do not know why such a price was exacted for occupying the White House.

Sustained by the great outpouring of sympathy from all over the nation, my wife and I bowed to the Supreme Will and with such courage as we had went on in the discharge of our duties.

In less than two years my father followed him.

At his advanced age he had overtaxed his strength receiving the thousands of visitors who went to my old home at Plymouth. It was all a great satisfaction to him and he would not have had it otherwise.

When I was there and visitors were kept from the house for a short period, he would be really distressed in the thought that they could not see all they wished and he would go out where they were himself and mingle among them.

I knew for some weeks that he was passing his last days. I sent to bring him to Washington, but he clung to his old house.

It was a sore trial not to be able to be with him, but I had to leave him where he most wished to be. When his doctors advised me that he could survive only a short time I started to visit him, but he sank to rest while I was on my way.

For my personal contact with him during his last months I had to resort to the poor substitute of the telephone. When I reached home he was gone.

It costs a great deal to be President.

Next Month Mr. Coolidge *tells why he did not "choose to run," why he does not believe in a third term and what he did to prevent his nomination in Kansas City*

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This clear and entirely greaseless product, not only cleans the hair thoroughly, but is so mild, and so pure, that it cannot possibly injure. It does not dry the scalp, or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

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A Sergeant of Chasseurs

(Continued from page 39)

never knew or guessed. They were proud of his decorations and boasted about him as a man who feared nothing.

"Our sergeant has the devil of a nerve," they said. "Nothing touches him. He's never happy unless he's volunteering for some fool exploit. And it's we who have to die so that he can be 'cited' again before the army!"

That was their irony. They had no grudge against him because he was chosen to lead night raids. They regarded him as a humorist because he put on a mask of gaiety.

A *drôle*—that sergeant of theirs! Not too stern as a disciplinarian, and with a sense of humor which only failed when some of them talked too freely about women or used oaths which were rather too imaginative. Then he would snap out at them sharply.

"Shut your beaks, *saligauds!*"

Otherwise he was a mild fellow, this sergeant of theirs, and a bit of a sentimentalist. Sometimes they saw him looking at them with a kind of humorous devotion as though he loved them in spite of all their indiscipline, and malingering, and sullen moods, and attacks of almost mutinous ill-temper when they knew that they were going into one of the dirty parts of the line again. He heard two of his men talking about him one day at the bottom of a dug-out in the support trenches near Frise.

"Our sergeant is a queer type. An aristocrat in private life, perhaps. Not so rough as common swine, like you and me, my hairy one."

"Speak for yourself, *mon vieux*. As for the sergeant, I've long suspected that he is the only son of his mother, brought up on pap. There's a womanish look in his eyes. Soft sometimes. Like the colored picture of a saint over my aunt's mantelpiece at Amiens."

"Bah!" said the other man. "There's nothing soft about our sergeant. Hard as nails, and like a tiger when he goes over the top."

"A good type," said the man who had first spoken. "Like D'Artagnan in 'The Three Musketeers.'"

"Never heard of the chap," growled his comrade. "Is that one of your cinema heroes? Sacred name! I'd like to be going to the cinema at the corner of the Place Pigalle, with my arm around a little *midinette* with a slim waist. Old Panam, eh? It seems a thousand years since I sold cheese in the Rue St. Honoré."

"Old Panam" was the trench name for Paris, the city of dreams of French soldiers who had come out of its back streets, out of its tumult of life, out of all that it meant to them in civilization and human gaiety and peaceful drudgery, to these ditches of death behind the barbed wire.

Armand Dompierre never had been in Paris before he was given seven days' leave with six men of his company. His parents had died when he was a small boy, in a railway accident between Calais and Amiens, and he had been taken to a boarding-school of the Christian Brothers by his Aunt Mathilde, who was going to Morocco with a soldier husband. There he had found his religious vocation, and at eighteen years of age had become a novice in the Cistercian Order, ignorant of life and the world except as he read of them in pious books which stressed their wickedness and the frailty of human nature.

Now, as he stepped out of the Gare du Nord and found himself in Paris for the first time, he was bewildered and even frightened. Yes, more frightened of this great city than he was of machine-gun fire and high explosives. He was overcome by a sense of loneliness and desolation when his comrades shook him warmly by the hand and said, "*Au revoir, mon vieux!*" and went off with their womenfolk, or on private adventures which they had planned out in the railway carriage with gusts of laughter and sly

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winks and nudging elbows. "It is nine months since I have kissed a woman," said one of them. "Name of a dog!"

It was for women and love that they hungered, like starved beasts for the food of life. In Paris they would find some woman to comfort them, to make up for all their miseries and abstinence. Seven days of Paradise, they said, and licked their parched lips, dried with the dust of battlefields.

"God perhaps will make allowances," thought Armand Dompierre who had been a monk; and none of his comrades guessed that he was praying for their immortal souls that they might be delivered from temptation, or at least from utter degradation.

"God will turn a blind eye," he thought again, as he stood there alone beyond the barriers of that great railway station. "These men deserve a week of human joy after all their suffering and sacrifice. Youth must grab at life before death comes. God will understand and be pitiful."

Yes, he felt lonely and desolate. Because of his monastic training and the vows he had taken, he was cut off from other men and this chance of love—that kind of love. Women were embracing their husbands—those men in steel helmets from the trenches, still laden with their packs and rifles, bronzed to the color of the earth in which they had fought, unashamed of the tears which made their eyes wet because they clasped these women for whom they had hungered in dirty places.

Younger women flung themselves at their sweethearts whom they had hardly expected to see again, hung on to their belts, laughed and cried. And outside the barriers were girls who had roving, inviting eyes for groups of men who, perhaps, did not belong to Paris, like Armand Dompierre, and had come down on seven days' leave for what luck they could find.

One of them spoke in a friendly way to Armand as he stood on the curbstone, melancholy because there was no one to meet him, thoughtful because of these things passing through his mind, frightened of the great city, so crowded, so full of hidden tragedy and spiritual agony, and courage, and fear, and weakness, and corruption, and nobility, and all human qualities.

"You look sad, *mon sergent!* No friends in Paris?"

He saluted and blushed a little, being a shy young man, and timid when out of the trenches.

"I have an aunt, Mademoiselle," he said.

She seemed to find his answer humorous, and laughed with a ripple of mirth. And he saw that she was a pretty girl, neatly dressed, but not perhaps a good girl, he thought.

"It is no wonder that you are a little melancholy, *mon sergent.* To have only an aunt in Paris is a sad affair on seven days' leave! If you would like a little comradeship—a little love——"

There was a friendly invitation in her eyes. He had seen it before in women's eyes, in *estaminets* behind the lines, in the brown eyes of Picardy peasant girls. That look had troubled him sometimes. If he had been like other men, free from any vow of celibacy, not dedicated to God, he might have been tempted by such looks.

"*Merci, mademoiselle,*" he said politely. "My aunt is waiting for me."

He saluted again, and heard her scornful teasing laugh as he turned away. "Poor child, poor child!" he thought. "She also is a victim of war. This war for civilization. Alas, this devil's orgy!"

He strode down the Rue Lafayette, feeling hot in his long blue overcoat turned up at the ends. He wore his decorations—the *croix de guerre,* the *médaille militaire,* the Legion of Honor—and some of the civilians—how wonderful to see well-dressed people again!—glanced at him with a smiling admiration of which he was faintly aware. It was not perhaps because of his decorations—they were common enough on the streets of Paris—but because he was very young to be a sergeant of Chasseurs and had a fine, grave face, delicately cut, deeply tanned under his steel helmet, with

HELEN MORGAN, as the appealing Julie in Florenz Ziegfeld's Picturesque "Show Boat", from the book of that name by Edna Ferber.
Photo by Alfred Cheney Johnston.

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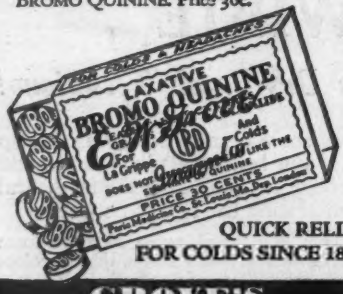

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the unmistakable look of a front-line soldier who had stared many times into the face of death.

Armand Dompierre walked down to the Place de l'Opéra and turned right along the Boulevard des Italiens, startled and alarmed almost by the surging crowds about him and by the splendor of this Paris which he saw for the first time.

"Paris!" he said to himself. "Paris! The soul of France. How much glory has passed this way! The very stones bleed with history. It is a city of ghosts. All the poets and heroes and saints, all the noble women and great scholars, all the illustrious dead are here among the living. I seem to be aware of them. I am a ghost, too, in this steel hat and blue coat. One of the shadows that pass through the sunlight. There is no reality except the spirit."

He saluted an *agent de police* and inquired the way to the Rue du Faubourg St. Honoré, where his aunt lived.

The *agent de police* told him the way, and then smiled. "A stranger in old Panam, *mon sergent?* Rather different from the trenches, *n'est-ce pas?*"

"My first visit," said Armand. "After the trenches it is—curious."

"Have a good time," said the agent. "The girls are kind in Paris, especially to young fellows like you!"

He gave a friendly guffaw. There was something about Armand Dompierre which aroused the admiration of his fellow men who did not see the monk beneath his uniform. He looked to them a picture of gallantry—one of the heroes of France. Like D'Artagnan of "The Three Musketeers."

Madame Bourdin, his Aunt Mathilde, lived in a quiet house in the Rue du Faubourg St. Honoré. When he rang the bell and waited for the door to open he remembered the last time he had seen her. It was when she had driven with him in a horsed cab to the school of the Christian Brothers before she went away to Morocco, where her husband was a colonel in a colonial regiment.

She was all in black that day, but he remembered that she had fair hair and gray eyes, which filled with tears when she embraced him and said good-by, leaving him with a new sense of desolation. Her letters to him from Morocco had been affectionate, and always she had hoped to come to France "next year"—she yearned for her dear France—when she would take him away from school and give him a wonderful time in Paris.

But the years had passed without this promised visit—her husband tied to his duties in Morocco—until Armand had left school and joined the novitiate. She had been shocked about that. She had regretted his vocation, "believing in religion," she wrote, "but not to that extent."

Now the war had brought her back to France with a husband who had become a general and had commanded a division on the Marne until he was killed by a shell splinter outside his dugout. Poor Aunt Mathilde! She had written a heart-broken letter, begging her nephew to come to Paris when he could get leave from his battalion. Well, he had come.

The door was opened by a pretty maid who seemed to expect him and gave him a welcoming smile. Madame Bourdin was in the salon, and much excited at the thought of his visit.

"Entrez, monsieur!"

He entered the little salon, feeling ill at ease for a moment in his uniform, stained with the mud of the trenches and out of place in this elegant house with its frail-looking furniture. He had taken off his steel helmet and stood there bareheaded, and was aware of a little lady with gray hair and a pale thin face which looked worn and tired and ill and kind.

Could that be Aunt Mathilde, whom he remembered as a pretty lady, so much like his mother who was very young when she died?

She came towards him with outstretched arms, laughing and weeping at the same time.

"Armand! Non. Pas possible! Un grand sergent de chasseurs! Mon petit neveu!"

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She could not believe it possible that this was the little nephew she had taken to school one day—only a few years ago—well, not more than twelve years ago. She remembered him as a small boy, so timid and shy, so girlish. Now he was a tall young man, decorated many times for valor, hard as steel, war-worn.

She clung to his belt, weeping and laughing like that, and crying out little words of emotion, and then pulling his head down and kissing him on the forehead.

"Cette guerre, c'est affreuse! L'agonie de la France! Je suis seule dans le monde. Mon pauvre mari, tué pour la patrie!"

That frightful war! All this agony! Her poor husband!

To Armand Dompierre, so long deprived of womanly comfort, or any home life, it was enchanting to find this little aunt again. It was like finding mother-love, and all his boyish craving for the *maman* who is first in every French heart surged up in him. There were tears in the eyes of a sergeant of Chasseurs, though he looked as hard as steel and like D'Artagnan of "The Three Musketeers."

"Ma chère tante! Ma chère tante! C'est triste, cette guerre!" Yes, the war was very sad for people like Aunt Mathilde.

Then the door opened and a young girl stood there, shyly, eagerly, with a charming smile about her lips.

"May I come in?"

Armand Dompierre stared at her gravely. He had never seen anyone quite so beautiful, he thought. He had not seen many women in his life as a monk and a soldier. This one was different from the girls who had winked at him in *estaminets* behind the line. She was like a little figure of Sèvres porcelain, delicate, exquisite, elegant, her cheeks faintly flushed with the color of rose petals, her eyes pale blue, like skies he had seen at dawn over the trenches.

He drew a deep breath at this beauty of young womanhood and felt something stir beneath his blue overcoat. It was his heart which gave a leap in a queer way unknown to him before.

"Armand," said his Aunt Mathilde, "this is Mademoiselle de Rollencourt—Susanne—my dear husband's niece—who is living with me now. Her father was killed on the Somme. You will be good friends, I am sure."

"Enchanté!" said Armand gravely, and he blushed a little when he took the hand which she held out to him with a gesture of comradeship. It was such a tiny delicate hand to hold in his own paw, so coarsened by digging trenches, torn by barbed wire, as brown as a bit of leather.

"I shall be timid of you," said Mademoiselle de Rollencourt—Susanne, as his aunt called her. "You are such a hero with all those decorations."

She smiled at him without timidity. It was Armand who was timid before her frank admiring eyes.

"They mean nothing!" he answered. "I am always afraid."

She would not believe that. No woman has ever believed that brave men can experience fear and feel sick with it, though they hide it and do not let it master them.

"Pas possible!" she cried, laughing at him. "Like all the great heroes you are modest. It is a charming quality."

"I am a coward under shell-fire," he insisted. "Only I have had more luck than other men. I am still alive!"

He was glad still to be alive, though often he had prayed for death and release from so much agony up there in the trenches. But now it was wonderful to be with Aunt Mathilde and this beautiful niece of hers.

It was wonderful to sleep that night in a bedroom so elegant that he was almost afraid of moving about in it with his big boots and felt clumsy and loutish after sleeping in dugouts and barns. At least he had the chance of sleep in a little white bed as soft as swan's-down, but somehow he did not sleep for several hours after he had said good night to Aunt Mathilde and Mademoiselle de Rollencourt—Susanne,

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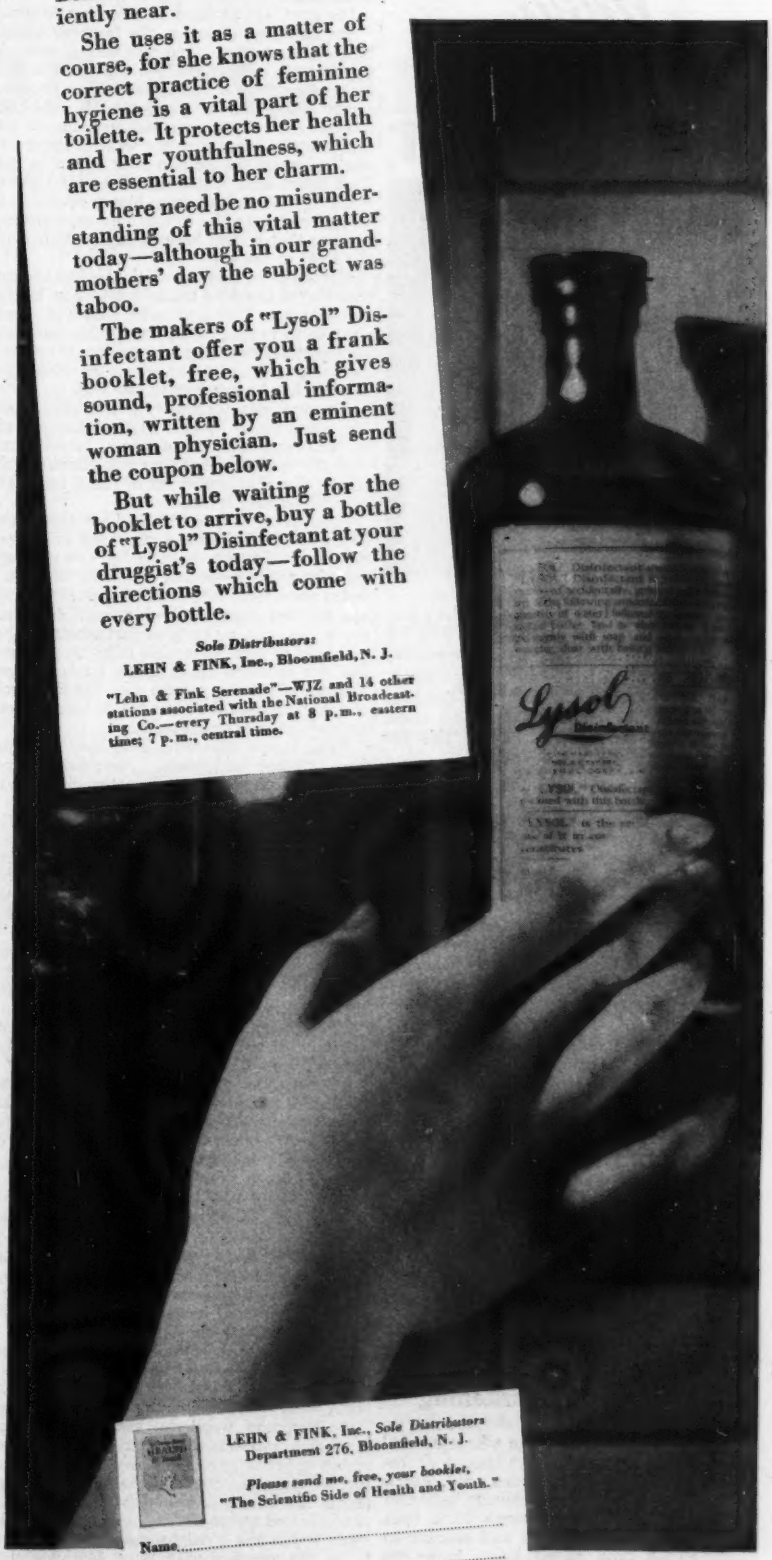

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as she insisted that Armand should call her.

After he had crept to the door and put his boots outside, he sat on the edge of the bed thinking over this new happiness that had come to him on his seven days' leave. It was like being in Paradise.

His aunt was as good as a mother to him.

She had kissed him on the forehead again before going to bed. And Susanne—it seemed impudent to call her that—was just like a sister, as sometimes he had imagined one, so comradely and affectionate and candid. She had insisted on waiting upon him, refusing to let him jump up every time she went to the door. She had made tea for him after dinner in the little salon, and held a match to his cigaret when Aunt Mathilde begged him to smoke, and had gone close to him to touch his decorations, so close that he had been strangely stirred by the scent of her hair.

Her hands were so beautiful. He had had no idea that a woman's hands could be so lovely and delicate. Tiny pink nails, they had. And she seemed to speak with them, with charming little gestures revealing her emotion, her merriment, her incredulity, as when she refused to believe that he knew what fear was.

Her voice was like music—better, even, than the music which Brother Michael had played on the organ in his monastery at benediction. And the candor of her eyes was alarming, almost. Her soul looked out of them, pure and untroubled and spiritual.

After living so long with foul-mouthed men, so that he had become accustomed to coarseness and thought nothing of it—as they thought nothing—he felt unworthy of sitting in the same room with such utter purity. And yet she was merry and whimsical. She had made him laugh many times that evening. She had tried to read his fortune in his hand, making him ashamed again of his leathery paw. The tips of her fingers were cool, like the touch of rose petals, as she knelt beside him and examined the lines on his palm.

"You have a wonderful head line," she told him. "What intelligence. *Formidable!* And I see that you have an amorous disposition. Oh, a very pronounced Mount of Venus! *Fi donc, mon sergent!* A dangerous indication!"

He had blushed deeply and covered his embarrassment by laughing. His aunt had exchanged smiling glances with him, remembering his monastic vows. Doubtless she had told Mademoiselle de Rollencourt—Susanne—who was teasing him.

"I'm quite safe," he said, "as you know, Mademoiselle. And in any case I am far from temptation in the trenches. We live a celibate life up there. All monks!"

"Poor dears!" said Mademoiselle de Rollencourt, with a sudden pity which made him laugh again.

Like a sister in her comradeship. It was wonderful to find a sister in Paris as well as an aunt. God was very good to him. Armand was overwhelmed that night by a sense of God's goodness to a sergeant of Chasseurs.

Seven days' leave . . . It was incredible how quickly each day passed. And yet he was like a gormand, savoring every luscious minute of it, hating to go to sleep at night because he would be unconscious of so much joy. It was a quiet, uneventful way of joy—just a sequence of small incidents of home life and comradeship with those two dear women.

Indeed, for most of the days he was left alone with Susanne—he had no trouble now about calling her that—because Aunt Mathilde was busy with household affairs until the evening (she prepared wonderful meals for him as though a front-line soldier must have an enormous appetite), and they went for walks together along the quays of the old Seine, or as far as the Bois, where they sat under the trees and chatted about trivial things, avoiding the war, which was a painful subject.

In the evenings with Aunt Mathilde they lingered long over dinner, and afterwards she told them stories about Morocco. Amusing adventures she had had which made them

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New Kind of Reducing Garment

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HERE is news of an entirely new kind of reducing garment, now announced to the general public for the first time. Experts who have seen it used have been utterly surprised at the results it brings—and predict that it will revolutionize all existing methods of removing excess fat and overweight.

Just imagine a light, loose-fitting garment that you can slip into for just a short time each day, and lose 4 to 6 pounds a week! True, it sounds almost incredible, but the fact remains! In actual tests, losses of 4 to 6 pounds a week (and even more) have not been at all unusual. In many cases, as much as 20 to 30 pounds of excess flesh have been removed within an astonishingly short period of time by the use of this garment.

But, best of all, this remarkable new garment offers a method of weight reduction that is not only lasting but *safe!* It involves none of the hazards of starvation-diets, gland pills or chemical baths.

Prior to public announcement, the Olympic Garment was thoroughly tested for months by physicians, athletes, coaches and health experts. They found that it not only was of great assistance in taking off excess fat *safely* but was of extreme benefit to general health. No less an authority than I. L. Winters (for 20 years coach at Yale University) says: "To my mind, there is nothing like it. With my own eyes I have seen this method aid in taking 40 pounds overweight off the body of one of the country's best-known industrial leaders—with absolute safety."

Why It Brings Such Certain Results

Fat is made up of solids and water. The healthful way to break up fat cells is through increased oxidation which breaks up fat solids so that they are carried off in the blood stream. The watery part of fat is given off through the pores as perspiration.

Up to the present time, strenuous exercise has been the commonest means of accomplishing this. But exercise that is vigorous enough to bring noticeable results is harmful to many overweight people.

With the Olympic Reducing Garment you lose fat two ways, just as you do with exercise—but *without* undue exertion.

Here is the secret. Because of its composition, this garment excludes air from the body and assists in increasing oxidation to a remarkable degree. This allows you to reap most of the benefit of strenuous exercise without indulging in it!

When wearing this garment the mere act of walking a few city blocks gives you a substantial weight-reducing result. Even such simple, everyday movements as stooping, bending, sweeping and dusting are transformed and multiplied so that they fight fat. The result is frequently the loss of a pound or more each time you wear the garment!

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The Olympic Reducing Garment can be worn right over your regular underclothing. Made of special rubber, it fits so loosely and comfortably you almost forget you have it on. Wear it a little while any time of the day you wish—while you are doing your daily dozen before the radio, attending to household duties, taking a walk, playing golf or tennis. Every moment you have it on, it is working to take off uncomfortable, burdensome fat from all over the body.

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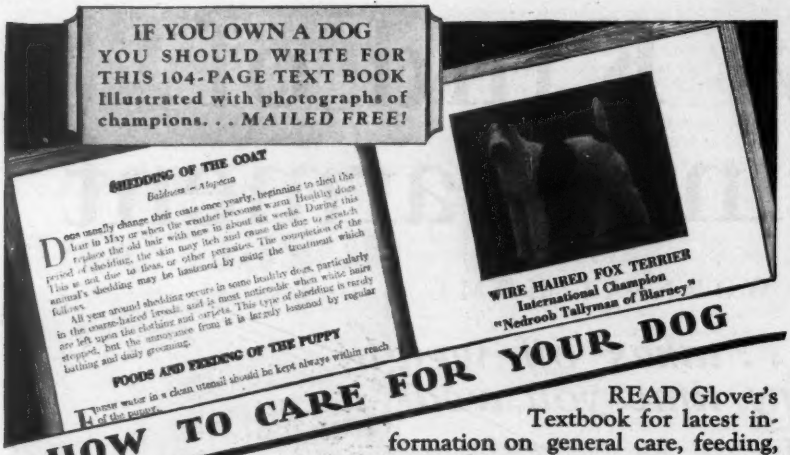

SHEDDING OF THE COAT

Baldness — Alopecia

Does usually change their coats once yearly, beginning to shed the hair in May or when the weather becomes warm. Healthy dogs replace the old hair with new in about six weeks. During this period of shedding, the skin may itch and cause the dog to scratch. This is not due to fleas, or other parasites. The complexion of the animal's shedding may be hastened by using the treatment which follows.

All year around shedding occurs in some healthy dogs, particularly in the coarse-haired breeds, and is most noticeable when white hairs are left upon the clothing and objects. This type of shedding is rarely stopped, but the annoyance from it is largely lessened by regular bathing and daily grooming.

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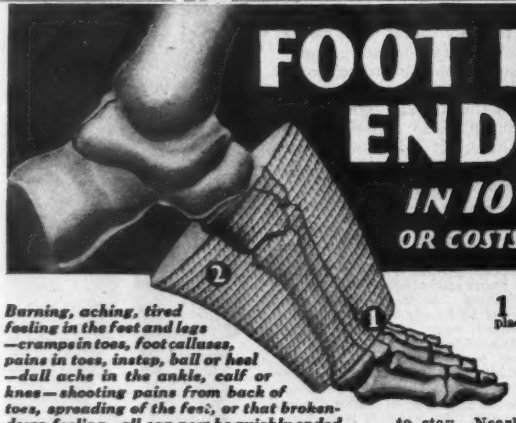

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laugh very much, though now and again a sudden sigh or rush of tears to her eyes told them that she remembered the husband she had adored, but like all the women of France she did her best to be cheerful and gay for any man on seven days' leave from the front line.

It was after one of those evenings—the sixth evening of his leave—that Armand Dompierre sat on the edge of his little white bed again, thinking of the day's happiness. Half an hour earlier Aunt Mathilde had kissed him on the forehead before going to her room, and Susanne had lingered a little while saying good night outside his door; he had been startled and a little troubled by the shining light in her eyes. They were glamorous with some secret fire.

"Only one night more!" she said, and put her forehead against his chest with a kind of caress. Just like a sister, he thought.

Then she raised her face and said, "Good night, my comrade," and there was a little smile about her lips. She invited him, almost, to kiss her, with that upturned face and those sweet lips. And there would have been no harm in it. No harm at all, because she was so much like a sister. But as a monk it was better not. He was not like other men. He was cut off from things like that, however harmless.

But when he answered her good night and went into his room, he was surprised at the strange beating of his heart and by his trouble in breathing, and by some fire which seemed to burn him. For more than two hours after that he sat on his bed staring at the polished boards, which shone softly in the candlelight.

The next night would be the last before he went back to the trenches. A terrible thought, which took all the courage from him. Perhaps this happiness had been too much—demoralizing. It would perhaps have been better if he never had come on leave. To go back to all that horror—after this peace, this Paradise! He would have to pray hard for the spirit of self-sacrifice.

Sacrifice! That was his vocation in life. To crucify himself for Christ's sake. To that he was dedicated and vowed.

Suddenly he raised his head and listened.

Through his open window from the street below there came a howling noise, diabolical in its long-drawn wail, rising and falling like the cry of a soul in agony. It was taken up by other howlings, from different parts of Paris. They were sirens signaling the approach of enemy aircraft.

Armand Dompierre heard the well-known whistle of a shell rending the air, then the first crash of explosion as a bomb was dropped. It was the signal for the anti-aircraft guns of Paris to open fire with a shattering din.

Armand slipped his candle behind a screen and went to the window from which he could see the sky above the roofs opposite. The searchlights were groping about for the hostile aircraft, with long white fingers. There was the glitter of French shells bursting among the stars. A thousand chimney-pots were revealed sharply in sudden flashes.

In a street—quite close, it seemed—there was a frightful explosion as one of the German bombs burst, and the roar was followed by a crash of masonry falling, as though a house had fallen into ruin. Then another and another.

Armand Dompierre, sergeant of Chasseurs, had crouched in the earth under German barrage fire. He knew the particular sound of every shell. He had slept in billets heavily "strafed" by hostile aircraft. But here in Paris it seemed more horrible, more devilish. A great city asleep, millions of little ones in their white beds, old men and women after their day's toil, the beauty of young girlhood under this menace of death—what a hell of cruelty had this war let loose upon the earth!

Suddenly the thought of Susanne and Aunt Mathilde came to him, and he went to the bedroom door, fumbling his way, overturning a chair. There was a light on the landing. It was Aunt Mathilde carrying a candle. She was in her nightgown with bare feet.

"The servants are crying," she said. "I must go to them."

For a moment she swayed, and her candle nearly flickered out. It was when one of those abominable crashes sounded very close, followed by an avalanche of masonry as another house collapsed.

A shriek rang out upstairs.

"That poor girl!" said Aunt Mathilde. "Excuse me, Armand."

She fled along the passage and disappeared.

There was another crash and downstairs there was a sound of falling glass. A near one, that!

"Sacred Name!" said Armand, standing outside his door, listening intently. The only light in the passage came from the candle in his room, and through this faint radiance he saw another figure, very white and ghostlike. It was Susanne. She was in her nightgown, with bare feet, like Aunt Mathilde, and she cried out in the silence between two explosions.

"Armand! Oh, my dear! I am frightened!"

She ran towards him, and suddenly he found her clinging to him, like a frightened child.

"Courage!" he said. "Courage!"

He put his arms about her, holding her tight, her soft body clasped by his big brown hands. He felt her trembling. She was like a bird fluttering in his arms.

"Armand," she cried again, "I am terrified! I am frightened of death!"

"It is nothing—death," he said soothingly. "It is nothing. Hush, my dear! My poor little one! My little comrade!"

She drew his head down, and he felt the wetness of her face. Her face was upturned against his chest. Her heart was beating quite close to his. His head drooped above her, and he kissed her on the lips, and a strange sense of ecstasy took hold of him, so that he wanted this moment to last forever, and had no fear of death, and was thrilled with an exquisite happiness.

"My dear!" she cried. "My love! I am not afraid any longer. I have no fear in your arms. Kiss me, Armand!"

He was a monk, vowed to celibacy. But for a moment he forgot. Perhaps for longer than a moment, being unconscious of time and of everything except pity and this strange ecstasy.

Sometime or other, perhaps after a minute or two, perhaps after an eternity of joy, he knew that she had swooned in his arms. It was when the house shook after a blinding flash.

"She is dead," thought Armand. "We have been hit, and she is dead. And I am left alive again, because God does not let me be killed. O Christ, give me death!"

He gave a whimpering cry, like an animal in pain. He kissed the closed eyes of the girl who lay unconscious in his arms. Then he laid her on the floor and knelt beside her, with tears streaming down his face, while he put his hand over her heart and felt it beat.

There was a strange silence now, intense and wonderful, after that bombardment. The raid was over. The guns had ceased firing. A few houses shattered, a few more victims of war, a night of terror, then peace again in Paris.

"It is strange," said Aunt Mathilde, coming back with her lighted candle; "I cannot understand why those silly girls should be so frightened. They must all die some day, poor dears!"

Then she saw Armand kneeling beside Susanne, and she gave a cry which had a fear of death in it, despite those mocking words.

"She has fainted," said Armand in a frightened voice.

Susanne moaned before becoming conscious.

"I am ashamed," she said presently, leaning her head against Aunt Mathilde. "I was such a coward." Then she held out a hand to Armand and said, "*Merci, mille fois!*" with a smile that was very shy.

When he went back to his room that night he smote himself on the chest, and groaned.

The kisses of Susanne were on his lips. His body still trembled as it had when he had clasped her in his arms. The beauty of her upturned face was in his soul. He was on fire with a love which he knew must be denied by the vows which he had taken, by honor, by

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WHAT IT IS

It is an exquisite toilet creme, resembling a superior beauty clay in texture. You simply spread it on where hair is to be removed. Then rinse off with water.

That is all. Every vestige of hair is gone; so completely that even by running your hand across the skin not the slightest trace of stubble can be felt.

There is true feminine allure in satin-smooth arms—hair-free as a child's.

Even by running one's hand across the skin, absolutely no stubble can be felt this new way.

And—the reappearance of that hair is delayed surprisingly!

When re-growth finally does come, it is utterly unlike the re-growth following old ways. You can feel the difference. No sharp stubble. No coarsened growth.

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WHERE TO OBTAIN

It is called NEET—a preparation long on the market, but recently changed in compounding to embody the new Lawry discovery.

It is on sale at practically all drug and department stores and in beauty parlors. In both $1 and 60c sizes. The $1 size contains 3 times the quantity of the 60c size.

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loyalty to his faith, by all that he held sacred.

"I have no right," he said a hundred times that night. "I am a monk. God has spared me to go back. I should be a liar and a hypocrite. I have no right to love like other men. I am nailed to the Cross."

He smote his breast again and felt the crucifix which he wore next to his skin dig into his flesh.

But there was a sharper pain in his heart, for he was a young man in love, and a sergeant of Chasseurs long exiled from the beauty of life.

He was shy with Susanne next day when she came down late after breakfast, apologizing for being such a coward in the raid. It was really shameful, she confessed, to faint like that, when only the corner of the house had been hit. Especially as Armand was there to give her courage. He had looked so brave.

"I was afraid," he told her.

She laughed incredulously again. "That is a joke of yours. You say that to make me less ashamed."

"Well, here we are alive!" said Aunt Mathilde cheerfully. "It is good perhaps, after all, to be alive. Some more coffee, Armand?"

Neither of these dear women made any reference to this being his last day of leave. That was too sad a thought to be brought up until the hour of parting, very early the next day. He noticed that his aunt abandoned her housework in order to be with him as much as possible, and several times she took his hand and pressed it, as though to say, "Courage. It is very sad—the end of seven days' leave!"

He was glad she went into the Bois with them that afternoon. To be alone with Susanne would be too exquisite a torture after what had happened last night. Even now, with his aunt there, Susanne embarrassed him by taking his arm as they walked and by leaning her head against him when they sat on the grass.

Two days ago he would have thought she behaved like a sister. Now, since last night, he could not deceive himself. It was love that had happened between them. And she did not understand that he was unlike other men, debarred from love of that kind.

She teased him by her words, her shy glances, the touch of her finger-tips upon his hand caressing, thrilling to him. He withdrew his hand because this touch was like a temptation.

"You are silent, Armand," she said.

"It is my last day of leave," he answered, and was the first to make that reminder.

"Hush!" said Aunt Mathilde. "Do not let us think of that. Today is ours."

"Today's happiness!" cried Susanne. "Oh, I am greedy for happiness! The war robs us. It is abominable!"

"It is unmentionable!" protested Aunt Mathilde. "Let's forget it while Armand is with us."

After dinner that night Armand looked round the little salon, memorizing everything in it so that when he got back to some dugout in the trenches he might shut his eyes and see it again, with Susanne sitting in a low chair, her hands clasped about her knees, and Aunt Mathilde busy with needlework as she talked.

Presently she rose and gaped and pretended to be sleepy. "That air raid!" she explained. "It stole my beauty sleep. I will go to bed first, and you and Susanne can sit up awhile. Don't forget to turn the lights out when you come." She put her arm round Armand's neck and hugged him. "It has been splendid to have you!" she told him. "We shall pray for you always. Our sergeant of Chasseurs!"

She went to bed early so that Armand and Susanne could be alone, though in his simplicity he did not guess that. And when they were alone, he was afraid. Susanne had risen from her low chair and came quickly towards him with outstretched hands and shining eyes.

"Armand! Oh, my dear! You know I love you! Hold me as you did last night, and I will not faint again. Let us make tonight last until tomorrow!"

He did not take her outstretched hands, or hold her. He went very pale.

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"Susanne!" he said. "Do not tempt me, my dear. I am a monk. I have no right to kiss you. Don't you understand? I have taken vows which forbid my love. I am a brother of the Cistercians dressed up as a sergeant of Chasseurs. I am a soldier of Christ, sworn to sacrifice."

She looked at him with smiling incredulity. "You are my lover," she said simply, and came closer to him and held his belt. "Your vows matter nothing now. The war has altered all that. God will be glad of our love. Kiss me, Armand. Kiss me, my dear!"

"No!" he said. "It is impossible! I dare not. I must not."

He drew back from her, as though afraid of her touch. There was agony in his eyes.

She clung to him again, and laid her face against his breast. "I loved you from the first minute. Did you not see? When I came into the room I said, 'There is my lover!' My heart leaped to you. I had been waiting for you."

"Susanne!" said Armand in a low voice. "Please! Please! How can I be strong to resist you when you come so close to me?"

"Do not resist," she told him laughingly, and her arms held him tight. "Kiss me, Armand! All my soul is in my kiss." She pulled down his head so that his lips were close to hers.

"My dear!" he whispered. "Have mercy on me. I am weak. I love you. But I have no right. God will be angry. I am a religious."

His arms were about her. Something stronger than himself drew her into his arms.

"God won't mind!" she said. "He understands—*le bon Dieu!* He made men and women for love."

He was tortured by his conscience. Throughout the war he had kept true to his vows, regarding himself at first as on leave of absence from his monastery, and then, when nothing touched him—not death, anyhow—as a man spared for some spiritual mission. A thousand times he had said to himself that if he came through the war alive he would spend the rest of his days praying for the souls of his dead comrades and preaching peace in the world.

He had been certain lately that he was destined for this vocation. Now, with Susanne in his arms, all that seemed hypocrisy. He was as weak as the rest of men. He desired love like those comrades of his.

A dozen times or more he tried to make her understand. He reminded her of his vows. How could he break them? How could he betray them? She laughed at him.

"They don't count—those silly old vows! You were too young when you made them. Just a boy, and quite ignorant of life. Besides, the war liberated you. You could never go back."

"I am pledged to go back," he said, with a deep groan.

She pretended to be angry with him and was ironical and teasing.

"Then you do not love me! I have made a foolish mistake. What I thought was love in your eyes was merely the politeness of a sergeant of Chasseurs. The gallantry of the French Army which must not be taken seriously by foolish virgins!"

"I love you, Susanne. That is what terrifies me. Love is a new agony. I had no idea. To leave you will be worse than death."

"Then nothing matters!" she said quite happily. "As long as I am sure of your love."

She was so sure of his love that presently she fell asleep in his arms, and he dared not move lest he should wake her. Love was an agony, he had said—an exquisite agony. She was warm in his arms, and he breathed the scent of her hair, and her head drooped upon his chest while he sat there stiffly, with a grave face and a look of tragedy. He had the face of a saint—not so much like D'Artagnan now—ascetic, worn by spiritual conflict, on guard lest weakness should betray him.

It was when the pallid dawn crept through the curtains that Susanne sighed, and shivered a little, and awakened. "Oh, my dear!" she cried. "How selfish of me! I have kept you out of bed on your last night of leave."

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He protested that it was not worth while going to bed now, but she insisted and took him by the hand and led him upstairs. Outside his bedroom door she held his face in both hands and looked into his eyes.

"I am yours and you are mine," she whispered. "Whatever happens. Forever and ever. In life and beyond death."

And he knew that it was true. In his heart those vows of his were already broken. If he came through the war and went back to monastic life, this girl's beauty would haunt his cell and come between him and his prayers, and lie dreamlike in his arms. He could never go back. Somehow he must be liberated from his vows. The old prior would understand. Men who have been soldiers cannot be monks again. He had fought well for France. They would absolve him from his vows.

So he thought when he was alone in his room again, but not undressing or getting any sleep. Once he wept because love seemed to come between him and all that he had held sacred through the ordeal of war.

He had broken his vows. His word of honor. He was no longer dedicated to God. Susanne had taken possession of his soul. The beauty of Susanne, her grace, her loveliness, made a mockery of all his past life. He would be afraid of death when he got back to the trenches.

Aunt Mathilde and Susanne came to the station with him but were not allowed to pass the barriers. They embraced him many times before they left him, hiding their tears.

"I shall write to you every day," said Susanne.

"We shall pray for you," said Aunt Mathilde.

And in the train on the way back to the front he sat silent while his comrades recounted their adventures in Paris.

"Had a good time, sergeant?" asked one of the men. "You look as though Paris had bored you. Wasn't she kind—the *chère amie?*"

"Our sergeant is only happy in the front-line trenches," said another. "War is his *métier*. He has no use for love and the pleasant ways of peace. *Eh, mon vieux?*"

There was a shout of laughter when Armand answered in his old style: "Shut your beaks, *saligauds!*"

In the trenches again up by the Chemin des Dames, Armand Dompierre waited each day for the letter from Susanne, and agonized when something happened to prevent the post-bags from coming up with the rations. At night in his dugout when he lay under a blanket by the charcoal-stove the beauty of Susanne lay with him. He could feel her in his arms. He could smell the scent of her hair. But sometimes he groaned aloud, startling his comrades, because of a tortured conscience.

He was still a monk. This love made him false to his vocation. Unless he could be liberated from his vows he would be betraying his own code of honor, the faith which he had kept in spite of all doubts. He decided to write to the old prior and reveal his trouble. That stern old man—like Julius Cæsar—had a great charity beneath his mask of austerity.

It was a hard letter to write. It took him three days to finish it, and when it had gone he felt happier. He had been honest, hiding nothing of this love which had tortured him, asking humbly to be liberated from his vows, pledging himself to serve God in the world—to work for peace.

The answer came that night, only a few hours after he had written, though his monastery was across the Belgian frontier far away to the northward. Sergeant Dompierre was ordered by headquarters to make a raid with twenty picked men on the enemy's front line, for the purpose of bringing back prisoners for identification of the German reliefs.

"The chance of another decoration, *mon vieux*," said his lieutenant, conveying the order. He spoke with irony, glancing at his sergeant with quizzical eyes.

"*Je m'en fiche, mon lieutenant*," said Armand Dompierre, rather sullenly, meaning that he didn't care a curse about another decoration.

Secretly he was saying to himself that he would be extra careful on that raid—for Susanne's sake. Now that he had a chance of being liberated from his vows he was not so indifferent to danger. Love was better than death. In six months, perhaps, he would have another leave. Seven days with Susanne again!

The raid was quite successful from the point of view of battalion headquarters. Sergeant Dompierre was an old hand at that sort of thing. Before the moon was up he crawled out into No Man's Land with twenty men, who lay as still as sand-bags every time a rocket flared from the German trenches. In front of the trenches the enemy had some outposts in shell craters. They had been photographed from airplanes that day.

There was one beyond the leaning Calvary like that one where Armand had had the strange vision of Christ. That was his objective, and there was only a squeal of frightened men when they pounced on it out of the darkness.

"Get busy," said Armand. "And don't use your bayonets, *saligauds*. It's prisoners we want, not dead men!"

There was only one man who had to be killed because he put up a fight. The others were like frightened sheep—young peasant boys of a Bavarian division, new to the line.

A star-shell went up and revealed the raiders as they made their way back to their own lines, on hands and knees.

"On your bellies!" shouted Armand, flinging himself down.

German machine guns began to chatter. A red light signaled to the German field-batteries. The first shells fell between the raiders and their own line. The prisoners lay flat with their captors, groveling among broken sand-bags and the litter of ground that had been fought over many times.

Armand had one next to him—a boy who whimpered. As the star-shells rose and whitened the darkness he could see the boy's face in profile, sharply outlined above a hummock of earth for a few seconds. He was a young one. "About my age when I became a novice," thought Armand. "Frightened as I should have been."

Two of his men were hit by machine-gun bullets. He could hear one of them cursing, with foul oaths. They weren't hurt too badly to crawl on again when there was another spell of darkness.

"Get a move on, laddie," said Armand to that German boy, forgetting that he wouldn't understand French slang, or any kind of French.

There was a shell-burst, confoundedly close—so close that Armand heard the whine of its steel splinters—flying knives. For a moment he thought he had been hit. But he had only torn his hand on some barbed wire.

That boy at his side had been hit. Well, the fortune of war. The cruelty of war. This war for civilization!

It was five hundred yards back to the French front line. It seemed like ten miles, crawling in a few seconds of blackness between the white flares, then lying still again, then taking another chance.

Armand crawled after his comrades. They weren't worrying about their sergeant. Their own skins first, the *saligauds!*

That boy behind was wailing. Badly hit, poor little swine. Nothing to do about it. Tomorrow Armand would see his body lying huddled among the sand-bags beyond the barbed wire. He would bleed to death in No Man's Land, like many another.

Armand was close to the Calvary now. He would have to edge round it to keep his line. He had been moving too much to the left. Queer how the body of Christ was silhouetted on the cross when those flares went up! The body of Christ hanging limp there with drooping head. The figure of sacrifice.

Armand raised himself on his elbows to stare at that figure as a star-shell seemed to stand

still in the sky and etched it against the blackness.

"O Christ!" he thought. "The world has crucified You again. This war!"

Fifty yards away was that German boy wailing—perhaps more in terror than in pain.

"Poor imp!" said Armand, stricken with pity.

He crawled back to his prisoner and felt him in the darkness. His tunic was wet with blood.

"*Blessé!*" he cried. "*Blessé!*"

So he knew a little French.

"*Ça va bien,*" said Armand. "*Ça y est!*"

He held him in his arms, staggered up with him and carried him back towards the French line. Impossible to crawl with a wounded man. Just a question of luck.

There was an outburst of machine-gun fire spattering the earth about him. Just a question of luck. Thirty yards—twenty yards—ten yards from the French line. Two of his comrades crawled out to meet him. Not such dirty dogs after all!

A thousand men or more, standing-to before dawn, were staring at this sergeant of Chasseurs staggering back with a wounded man, careless of the sweep of machine-gun fire, revealed in white light by the enemy's flares.

"*Il est fou, notre sergent!*" said one of them.

Mad. Quite mad, they thought.

Perhaps a little mad.

He may have thought he was carrying Susanne in his arms. He cried out the girl's name as something hit him and he crumpled up with the wounded boy lying across him.

"Susanne!"

Several men heard that name cried out by their sergeant as he fell. After all, this sergeant of Chasseurs had not been immune from the love of women like other men.

And that night Armand Dompierre was liberated from his vows.

For Husbands Only

(*Continued from page 63*)

been known to crystallize into diamonds within a few hours of their shedding.

Do you remember Queen Elizabeth—that woman "strong in nothing but perversity"—and the Earl of Essex? She tried to rule him and apparently succeeded, just as many American wives are trying to rule their husbands. Essex rebelled, and was sent to the Tower and lost his head. But in modern America the rebellion has to take less open forms, though those forms are not necessarily less picturesque.

I believe, for instance, that many of those quite astounding organizations such as the Ku Klux Klan (which would be regarded as too childish for consideration by any European boy over the age of eight) are the direct result of feminine domination in the American home. They are the American husband's method of asserting his manhood. Because he is forced to be submissive at home, by gee, he's going to be a knight-at-arms, a bold bad baron, *somewhere*, even if that "somewhere" is only on the neighboring golf course, where he repairs, clad in a nightshirt and a mask, to gibber a lot of nonsense about the morals of his butcher's aunt.

I have heard many explanations of the Ku Klux Klan and all these other orders which entail the wearing of dressing-gowns and the swearing of vows. Some learned men say that they are the outlet for a thwarted spirit of romance; others that they are the result of bootleg gin, and a few even claim that they are a sign of "New World Idealism." I don't believe it. They are the result of plain and simple henpecking. A meeting of the Ku Klux Klan resembles nothing so much as a gathering of small boys in a dormitory, feverishly eating sardines for the pleasure of spiting an overstrict headmistress. And if I am tarred and feathered for those assertions I

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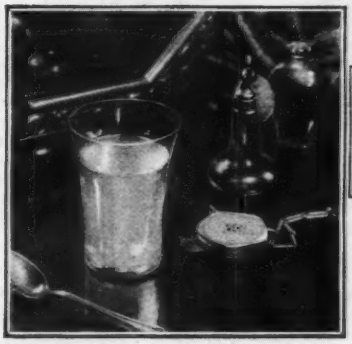

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don't care at all. It might be rather becoming.

That is one form of revolution. There is another—divorce. You may tell me that most divorces are initiated by the woman. I quite agree. *Legally* it is nearly always the woman who starts proceedings. But this very fact is one of the strongest arguments of my case, for of all amazing conventions of American society, none so staggers the European as the notion that a "gentleman" does not divorce his wife, but allows himself to be divorced.

To what extent this convention is dying out I am not aware. But I *am* acutely aware that it has no place in a twentieth-century civilization. It belongs back in the ages when "chivalry" was carried to the most fantastic lengths, when men (in the glib language of the historian) "risked death in the arena for the sake of a lady's glove"—the lady in question being probably even more ignorant and conceited than her modern sister.

America laughs at Frenchmen for their conduct of the duel, but Frenchmen laugh a good deal louder at Americans for their superstition of divorce. I have known men who were patterns of virtue, married to wives who would have made Messalina look like a back number, wives who numbered their affairs by the pearls around their necks. And these men meekly go to a lawyer's office, arrange the sordid business of some technical misconduct and are duly divorced, while their wives go on their way rejoicing. Such a spectacle in an age of so-called "sex equality" is a little too grotesque to be endured in silence.

Yet what else can you expect as long as the conventions of American married life run counter to the basic psychological facts of human nature? What else can you expect when the man, who by physique, by temperament and by economic position should be undisputed master, is actually in a position of subservience to the woman?

Do not, please, accuse me of being a woman-hater. It is precisely because I adore and reverence women so much that I hate to see this abominable tangle which leads to unhappiness in a million American homes. Which is why I propose to cease from this tone of polite deprecation for a moment, in order to come out with the truth about American women.

The truth is simple. To put it bluntly, they are demanding all the privileges of a mistress, while expecting all the privileges of a wife. Now, it is right that a man should be subservient to his mistress. It is, as it were, in the tradition. The gayest and most selfish spark of the 'nineties would stand for hours outside a stage door, his satin cloak flapping in the wind, his face worn and tired with agonies of expectation.

He was prepared to receive insults and rebuffs, to have his pearls thrown back in his face (although they were usually very quickly retrieved). As it was in the days of de Maupassant, so is it now, and so will it be always. The mistress is privileged to be rude and overbearing, for the simple reason that she moves in a haze of romantic passion which lends even to her crudest actions a certain delicacy, a certain fragrance.

But the wife cannot afford to carry on like that. She lives in a very different light—no purple glow for her—at best the placid light of domesticity. Yet in America she domineers, in little things as well as big, as though she were La Belle Otero in her prime, driving down the Champs-Elysées, sparkling with diamonds, having just refused the invitations to supper of three marquises, a duke and a prince.

Consider a very simple illustration. The other day I was sitting in the lounge of a restaurant, smoking a cigaret. Suddenly I saw a sight which made me drop the cigaret and burn a hole in the carpet. *I saw a man kneeling down on the floor, doing up his wife's shoe!*

I know she was his wife because they were well-known people. But wife or no wife, the thing was amazing. It gave me the sort of feeling an American gets when he sees an Italian peasant woman staggering through

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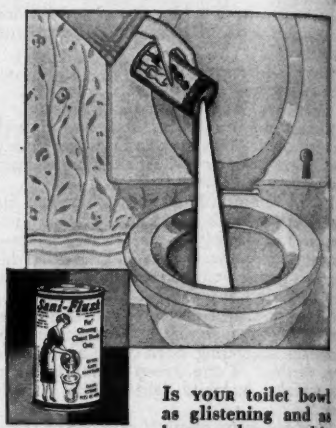

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the sun-baked fields with a heavy burden on her back, while her amiable spouse trundles along behind her in the donkey cart. It was a reversal of the proper relations of man and woman. I don't say that a woman ought to do up a man's shoes. I think that the action is a menial one which should be performed by oneself, or by a servant who is paid to do that sort of thing. As for a grown man's going down on his knees in a public place and humbly lacing his wife's shoe—well, if that isn't a little cartoon of mankind in chains, I should be glad to know what is.

If this is the attitude which the American husband is willing to adopt in public, heaven knows what his attitude will be in private. Certainly, it will be poles apart from that of the average English husband. You probably all know the story of the amiable American who interrupted a street fight in London, where a "navvy" was giving a pair of black eyes to his wife. The American quite rightly interfered. He knocked down the navvy. And just as he turned to endeavor to console the woman, she knocked *him* down. "If I ain't got the right ter be knocked abaht by me own old man, I'd blankety-blank like ter know 'oo the 'ell 'as!" To which the American could find no adequate reply; he went on his way thinking that the English were a strange people.

But they aren't. They are a perfectly normal people. It is one of woman's ancient privileges to be knocked about. They like it. (Oh, Lord, I'm laying up some trouble for myself!) But in America the relationship of the sexes has been so obscured by clouds of false sentiment and inaccurate reasoning that the natural positions of man and woman have been reversed.

Civilized people don't knock each other about. But if knocking about is "in the air," there is seldom any question, in Europe, as to who should do the knocking. Over here, there is every question. I have been an unwilling witness of quarrels in American homes, and as often as not it is the woman's fist which is clenched, while the man shrinks timidly into his armchair. In fact millions of women who daily study that admirable comic strip, "Bringing Up Father," are constantly encouraged to use actual physical force in the solution of their domestic problems. Father is always shown, in the final cartoon, with a rolling-pin knocking stars out of his head.

Speaking seriously, all these things are fraught with danger. Europe may be tottering economically, its nations may still be exhausted with their own futile wars, its political systems may still, in certain cases, be stagnant and out of date; but Europe has one vital element of stability which is comparatively lacking over here, and that is the sanity of the home. This sanity is based upon a true conception of the functions of the sexes. And this conception, in its turn, is based upon the lessons of centuries of history.

When you belong to a family in which, during the Middle Ages, a daughter used to be regarded as an encumbrance until a son had arrived to carry on the title, it takes a good deal more than a few women's clubs to convince you of the equality of your sister with yourself. When you live in the heart of an empire which attained its greatness under masculine administration; whose parliaments had molded the policies of the world, without female assistance, whose literature had molded the mind of the world, without female assistance, and whose conduct had molded the morals of the world, without female assistance, it is not surprising that you should view with a certain levity the claims of women to domination.

Women, it is true, are playing their part in running England, but they are *not* playing their part in running Englishmen. They take orders, they do not give them. It is a woman's function to take orders. And as soon as she forgets that function she is the most miserable being on earth.

What, then, is to be done about it? Well, if I were an American I know what I would

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by GLENN FRANK

PRESIDENT OF THE UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN

"Maps are a stimulant to my mind"

Books, newspapers, magazines, and the ceaseless flow of propagandist pamphlets bring us so many facts, so many opinions, and so many ideas that the job of selection and assimilation becomes yearly more difficult.

Maybe the ancient Greeks thought more because they read less!

I have found that a liberal use of charts and maps helps greatly in finding a way through this modern maze.

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When we read, facts enter our minds in single file. And, entering one at a time, many of the facts lose the association with related facts that the writer intended. Some form new and strange associations. Most of them never find their right place, but float about in a muddy whirl until they sink out of sight.

A map or chart gives us all it has at once.

I look at a map of Europe. There is France. There is Germany. There is Russia. There are the new states born from the womb of the World War—Czechoslovakia and the rest. I see them in their relation at one glance. The whole of Europe is one fact to me. I might read a book on France, then on Germany, then on Russia, then on the new states. And Europe might become to me not one fact but a dozen facts that did not fit together in my mind.

I like books of travel. A good volume on geography fascinates me. But when I want to sense the world as a living organism, I look at a map.

Sometimes books are a sedative to my mind.

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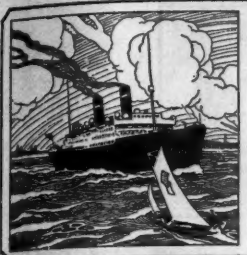

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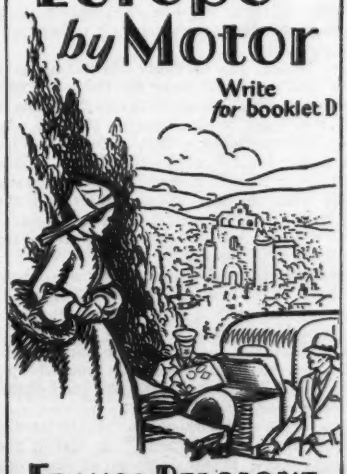

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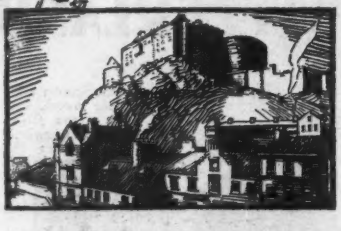

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not do about it. I should not allow myself to be treated by my fiancée like a hired footman. I should not consider it necessary, after a quarrel in which I had no part, to rush to the nearest flower shop and send along a twenty-dollar spray of orchids. I should not submit to being kept waiting an hour for dinner.

And when I was married I should not live where I was told, irrespective of my business. Some men may like subways; I don't. Nor should I sleep in a modern art bedroom if I didn't like modern art. Nor should I go on paying, paying, paying, without receiving some sort of account of what I was getting for it. Nor should I find it necessary, on my vacations, to be accompanied invariably by my wife. Nor . . . but one might go on like that forever.

Perhaps it would be best to sum it all up by saying: "Nor should I ever, under any circumstances, kneel down and button my wife's shoe."

Red Likker

(*Continued from page 55*)

act lak no wi'te quality ever act to me befo' dis. I knocks at her kitchen do' an' she come to de do' herse'f, wid her haid tied up in a towel or a dishrag. Well, da's all right, she jes' gittin' her house fixed an' all; but w'en I say to her, heah's a few mossils of vittles 'at you send down fur they supper, hopin' dey mout lak 'em, she up an' 'low right back to me, sharp-lak, ez how dey got plenty to eat an ain't wishin' to buy nothin' frum no strangers; an' w'en dey does crave to buy somethin' she'll let you know. B'lieve it or not, Ole Miss, 'at whut she say! *Buy*, mind you!" Mom Aggie's voice soared in a derisive cackle. "*Buyin'* frum *us!*"

"But didn't you explain? Didn't you——"

"Who—me? *Huh!* Whut's de use tryin' 'splain to somebody ez ign'unt ez whut dat—dat pusson must be? Nome, I jes' taken my foot in my hand an' come on back home straight ez ever I could git heah!"

"Perhaps you're right, Aggie. That sort of people wouldn't understand. And I must say I'm afraid I'll never be able to understand them, either."

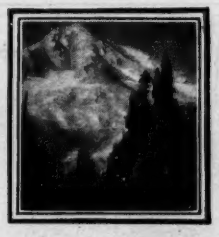
To the end of their chapter the newcomers remained foreigners, outsiders, lookers-on and lookers-in. You learned—you were taught, in fact—to look upon them as being somehow subtly different from the rest of the people round about. Because whenever they were spoken of, the incredible incident of Mom Aggie's mission was sure to be recited also. It became, in time, folk-lore—a thing in itself inconceivable but vouched for on unimpeachable authority.

Yes indeed, you certainly did belong to a caste that set great store by things to eat. You heard of a lady over in Shelby County who held, and most jealously guarded, the secret for pohickory—that delectable dish which the Indians of Virginia back in the Jamestown days fashioned out of corn-meal mixed with the ground-up kernels and the rich buttery oils of scaly-bark nuts—a secret reputed to be hers and hers only. Her fame was more than parochial.

Scarcely less notable was another lady whose specialty was making the most delicious cushaw-bread—which really was more like a batter pudding than a bread loaf—by a private recipe which she guarded as the apple of her eye. You heard of cooks who bragged that their w'ite folks th'owed away mo' good vittles than some folks had to eat.

You knew of homes where always at the table of the "big dine-room," as also at the servants' table in the kitchen, at least one extra cover was set at each meal against the contingency of an unexpected guest—white or black, as might be—dropping in. Indeed, your home was one of these homes.

Tramps passing through these favored parts got greasy and sassy and almost too fat to keep on with their tramping. The idea that



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any living creature, without regard to race or color, should go hungry through lack of funds with which to buy provender was foreign to the imaginations of the community.

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Let a worthy poorish family move into the district and at once a wealthier resident would be sending over—with his compliments—a spare milch cow or a sow, or a sack of meal from his storeroom, a side of meat from his smoke-house. About the very act and routine of living there was a kind of feudalistic prodigality, a medieval liberality and carefreeness.

So naturally, it came to pass that much of the talk you heard had to do with food—and with drink. But more of it, a great deal more of it among male adults, had to do with politics and with speechmaking—with campaigns for office which seemed to overlap one another, so fast they followed, and with the oratory uttered and the strategy carried on, and the street-duels fought out in pursuance thereof; and some of the talk had to do with the making of Bourbon and the breeding of thoroughbreds and the planting of Burley, these three being honored callings which in the minds and the conversations of most of your elders appeared to march together at the very forefront of human industries.

Trips away from home fell into spaced and regulated grooves. They occurred as parts of an ordained and seasonal plan rather than because of sporadic restlessness or sudden impulse. In the spring the seniors went to Louisville for the running of the Derby, a classic newly established then; and in October to Lexington for the Trots. To the county fair, an annual autumnal event, all hands went.

Then, in the dead of the withering long summer, the household packed up and journeyed overland either to "Old White" or to "Old Crab Orchard," traveling—before the railroads were put through—in a regular caravan with the servants trailing behind, and stopping en route for meals and lodgings with relations or with friends of the family, but generally with relations, of whom miraculously there seemed to be a brood at nearly every convenient stopping-over point. In fact, you "cousined" so many people that you lost count. But you had a grandmother or an aunt—everybody, it would appear, had such a grandmother or such an aunt—whose main purpose in life was to trace out the ramifications of the family tree to the outermost branches.

In after years, looking back on those younger days, it was marvelous to think how constantly the qualifying adjective "old" had entered into the scheme of your juvenile existence. It was the word, so you figured, that you heard oftenest of any, for so many things were spoken of as being old, whether they really had any great antiquity or not—"Old" Centre and "Old" Transvania here in your own state; "Old" V. M. I. and the "Old" University of Virginia; "Old" Woodford County and "Old" Jefferson and "Old" Nelson; "Old" Rockcastle and Indian "Old" Fields; "old" hams, meaning by that hams put by for not less than two years in the curing; and, of course, "old" whisky.

Every brand you heard of was the "Old" This or the "Old" That brand. A traditional reverence for what was aged, or what passed for being aged or was so labeled, came literally to be a part of you. Likewise and inevitably, whenever men grew eloquent or women grew poetic, Kentucky was "Old Kentucky," the words being spoken with a lingering and a tremendously affectionate cadence, and Kentucky, as your motherland, as the first-born of the Old Dominion, you were supposed to venerate and to love the most of all.

You understand, it was this way: You were

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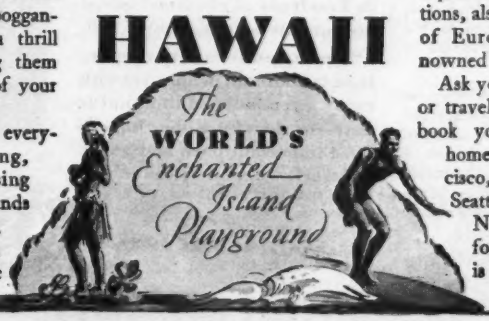

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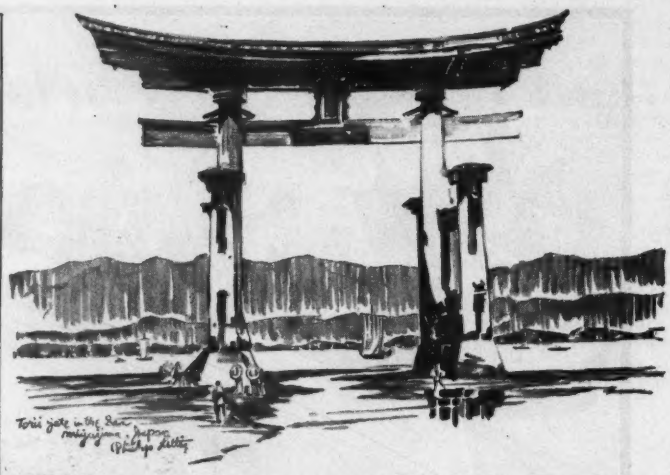

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*HARRY A. FRANCK

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taught, not necessarily as a subject for boasting, but as an article of your private faith, that Kentuckians were the best and the smartest and the bravest people in this world; that Kentucky was the finest state in the Union and that the Blue Grass was the finest part of this finest state, it being God's Country, His Garden Spot, and one generously favored by Him above all the rest of creation; finally, that your particular nook and corner of the Blue Grass was the finest nook and corner in all the Blue Grass.

If, out of this training, you got plenty of vanity and mighty little of humility, whose fault was it? Not altogether yours, surely. So perhaps a certain Isham Bird III, growing out of childhood into boyhood and up out of boyhood into youth amid these surroundings and under these influences, was not entirely to be blamed for developing into what, in his adolescence, he did develop into.

It would seem that this same young Isham must have been a throwback to some remote progenitor. Physically he grew up to be not in the least like his father, seeing that the father, who ran close and true to his breeding, was inclined to ranginess and an angularity of frame, whereas the son had no corners to his contours but from infancy onward was cased in a rounded, soft-appearing mold. Nor had he inherited his father's love of story-telling and crowds and robustious fellowships. The father had sentiment, the son had temperament; you might put it that way and not be very far wrong.

In his bodily aspect the youngster slightly suggested his mother; there the resemblance ended. For she was a Grover, every inch of her, and the Grovers had the name of being a resolute, firm-fibered stock and, for all her outward shyness and reserve, her almost shrinking air in company, the colonel's wife really was scared of nothing on this earth excepting mice and spiders and the possibility of some day or somehow being betrayed into a word or an action which by her code might be deemed "unladylike."

But this son of theirs now: he was a curious compound of contrary and contrasting elements. By turns, he might be diffident or he might be arrogant; he might be sullen or sunny, as the mood took him; a great timorousness and a wayward audacity were mixed up in him and sometimes one would be in the ascendency and sometimes another.

He would back a half-broken stallion and put the lunging beast at the tallest stone fence in the county, but until he was past sixteen he hated to go alone into a dark room. Stories of "Ole Raw-haid an' Bloody-bones" which his negro nurse had planted in him when he was a child stayed in his mind and gave him a tingling in the calves of his legs, a crinkling sensation at the nape of his neck and down his spine. As a boy, he was powerful in argument but rather reluctant to use his fists. The fact was, he did not so much dread the pain of stout blows as he dreaded the thought of being defeated.

These conflicting impulses made him brisk and overbearing at the quarreling but an indifferent performer at the fighting. As a born egotist, he didn't exactly turn tail and run away, but should the issue sharpen to the point of boyish hostilities, he was prone to give ground. He might bully boys younger than he was; he walked wide though of boys of an established reputation for truculence.

In young Isham's case, the colonel's tendency toward occasional displays of an innocent and rather likable bombast was translated into a haughtiness and frequently an open rudeness toward those he regarded as his inferiors. There were a good many that he so regarded.

Even in his most exalted moments, the colonel's sense of humor kept him from being actually pompous and saved him from strutting a false dignity, but in the boy's make-up was no such redeeming philosophy. He rarely laughed with you; he preferred to laugh at you and your discomfitures. As he approached his majority, there came to be a neighborhood

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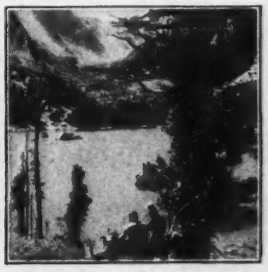

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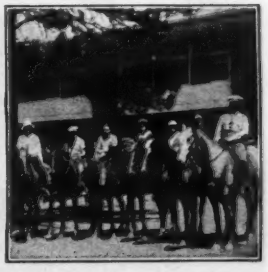

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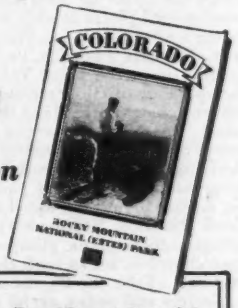

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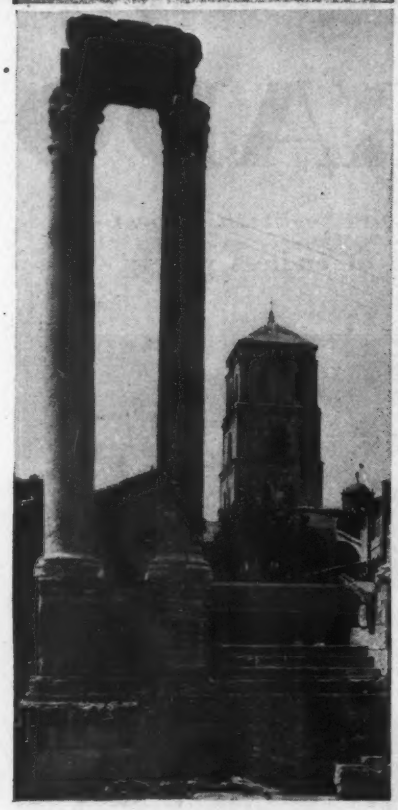

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saying that he didn't know how to handle the negroes, which singled him out as an oddity, since an inherent ability in that direction was well-nigh universal among his sort.

The trouble with him was that in his treatment of the black folks he overdid the benignantly tyrannical rôle and underdid the paternalistic pose; factors which, by an instinct, most of his fellows could balance in just the proper proportions. Differently circumstanced, he might have made a first-rate despot; he never would have made a competent administrator of affairs.

At seventeen he went to the University of Virginia. On his vacations he came home, each time showing more and more of intolerance for the opinions of his elders, more and more of an imperious and scornful superiority toward youngsters of his own age who belonged to any set other than the set to which he belonged.

He was, on the surface, so very cock-sure that mighty few ever suspected that often, deep down in him, an infirmity of temperament made him uncertain of himself even when he behaved with the most assurance. "Bigoty" and "toploftical" were the words commonly employed behind his back for describing him.

In his third year he quit college, giving as a reason that he wanted to get into the business. The truth was that the discipline irked him. Also he had never been especially popular among his classmates. But that part of it he kept to himself. To hear him tell it, he had stood at the top of everything.

As a squire of dames, this mercurial youngster notably was successful. Men might not be especially drawn to him, but for women—or rather girls—he had decidedly a captivating way about him.

Nearly everywhere he went he made conquests among the girls, and that heightened and broadened his native vanity. Win 'em, then flout 'em—that was his customary method of campaign and it proved for him good and agreeable strategy.

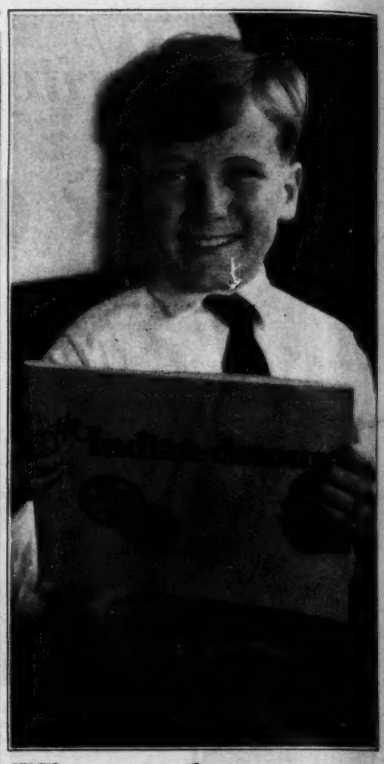
At twenty-three he was a steady drinker of raw whisky. He was not much of a hand for drinking with a roistering crowd, "for sociability," as the phrase had it, but a great hand for priming himself with liquor before embarking on some private exploit or some private expedition. Drink sharpened in young Isham the amative forces, made a hot strong oil for the lamp of his passions.

His mother saw in him only perfections. She had spoiled him in his babyhood and in his childhood and his boyhood; she continued in his youth to spoil him. For him she made excuses which to her at least were valid; she stood on guard for him against punishments or denials. Upon him she squandered the tremendous lavishness of an unreasoning and boundless capacity for affection.

He was the one child she had borne, so he got, undivided, the love she might have bestowed upon a whole brood. After his birth the doctors had said she must have no more children; indeed, from the time of his birth until her death, she remained an uncomplaining semi-invalid, with a dauntless spirit which seemed too big for her frail body.

As a parent, the colonel likewise had the fault of being overly indulgent. He had no such blind idolatry as his wife had for their son, but he did develop a faculty for blinking at that which in another man's son he might have looked upon as reprehensible or unworthy. If secretly he felt distress over flaws in young Isham's bumptious view-points or young Isham's ruthlessness of conduct, he nevertheless was ready to come to the boy's defense were there criticism out of any quarter.

"I'm just standing by and letting the youngster play his string out his own way," he said. "Let him kick up his heels among the fillies—all spirited colts do that. Let him sow a few wild oats hither and yon while the sowing's good and his blood runs fast. I sowed quite a chance of 'em myself, in my time. Better that he should take the jumps at twenty-odd than at forty-odd. He'll be all the wiser and saner for it when he does settle down."



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Santa Fe - cool summer way

He said this to his widowed sister, the middle-aged and solid-looking Mrs. Juanita Ringo, from over at Danville, upon the occasion of one of her infrequent visits. That rather austere-minded lady did not come to Bird's Nest often and when she did come there usually was a purpose behind her coming.

It was she who brought up the subject of young Isham's alleged delinquencies, presently relating it to the subject which always was uppermost in her mind. It would seem that no matter what the subject might be, she sooner or later could apply to it a more or less extended interpolation with reference to her favorite topic—to wit: total and compulsory abstinence, as a cure-all, moral and social and physical, for the evils of the race and the world at large.

In that respect, she had a beautiful flexibility; otherwise you would call her inflexible. A good many people went further than that; they called her a fanatic. Being charitable about it, you might say here was a woman with a mission in life and like most women with missions she was a woman of one dominant idea.

She listened in silence while her brother said this, but her eye was alight. The colonel, somewhat lamely, repeated the concluding sentence of his rejoinder to what, in effect, had been her opening gun:

"Yes suh'ee, I'm certain he'll be all the wiser for it when he does settle down."

Now, figuratively girding up her loins, she made answer: "What guarantee have you that he ever will settle down?"

"Because he will; it stands to reason he will. Pretty soon he'll be falling heels over head in love with some pretty girl. Lord knows he runs after them fast enough." He chuckled rather pridefully over this thought of his son's prowess as a courtier. "Well, some of these days he'll overtake one of 'em—he'll meet up with the pick of the flock, I hope. And we'll all be going to a big wedding and then I'll have a sweet young daughter-in-law to brighten up this old place and he'll settle down and make a good husband and citizen. Oh, you'll see."

"I hope so—for your sake, Attila, and for poor dear Sally's. I hope I may live to see it. But in the meantime I'm seeing things with my own eyes and I'm hearing things——"

"Oh, old women's gossip!"

"Not at all. I don't want to wound you unnecessarily but in plain justice to you—after all, you are my brother and Isham is my nephew and I feel that I have a right to speak and I've never yet hesitated to speak my mind where I felt it my Christian duty to speak out, much less in a case like this where I have the closest of blood ties——"

"Never mind about your Christian duty, Juanita. Don't forget that I have my own Christian duties to perform and try to perform them." The colonel, who was a vestryman at St. George's in town, spoke a bit stiffly. "If you have anything to say against the boy—any direct accusation, I mean, not mere idle malicious rumor—I suggest that you quit beating about the bush and come to the point."

"I have no specific charges to bring against anyone. But the talk you hear everywhere about the way that wild dissipated crowd he runs with are cutting up all over the country—that's what I mean. And the habits they're forming—drinking! Oh, this curse of drink!"

"Ah-hah!" exclaimed the colonel. "I thought that eventually would be it. May I remind you that this family has done pretty well by this curse, as you prefer to call it?"

"You, to sit there and say that! Didn't one of the first of our line to settle in Kentucky—Shadwell Bird, our own great-uncle—didn't he, as an old man, die a shameful death from liquor—stabbed to death during a drunken brawl in some low brothel?"

"You're going pretty far back into history to get a moral to adorn your tale, aren't you, sis? Besides, if the facts as handed down are correct, it wasn't the liquor that killed the aged party you speak of so feelingly. It was the fellow who stuck him with a dirk-knife—

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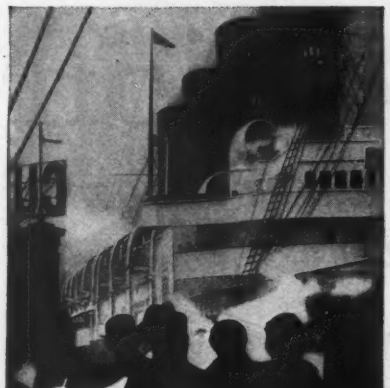

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and not such bad riddance, either, by all accounts." The colonel laughed. He was striving not to lose his temper.

"I don't need to go so far back for examples. There was our own dear weak lovable father."

"Suppose we respect the memory of the dead and stick to the living." His tone was tart.

"It was you who brought the family into this discussion, not I, Attila. Very well then, I will confine myself to the living and to living issues . . . Attila Bird, aren't you afraid a judgment will be laid upon you for putting temptation before your own flesh and blood?"

"Meaning by that, I assume, Isham?"

"Naturally."

"I'd like for you to tell me how I'm going to help myself—even conceding that I wanted to—what with a distillery running full blast within two hundred yards of where you're sitting—a distillery, moreover, in which he's the junior partner, and taking his profits out of it. Why, when the windows are open and the wind's in the right quarter, the smell from the mash-tubs fills this whole house.

"You don't honor us with your presence often but you're here enough to know that. And a mighty appetizing smell, too, if you're asking me." He grew explosive. "Temptation be—be jiggered!

"Listen here to me, sis: I've taken notice—it's been my experience—that you can make temptation a blamed sight more alluring to young folks when you try to hide it away from them—try to make it a mysterious and forbidden thing—than when you don't. As far back as that boy's memory goes, he's seen whisky on that sideboard in yonder and on this center table, in here. From his earliest childhood he's seen me drinking my own product and glad to get it, knowing it to be pure and good; he's seen all my men friends drinking it.

"Almost from his infancy, he's had it drummed into him that when he reached the proper age the whisky was there for him if he wanted it and that if he used it in moderation and under suitable circumstances, as a gentleman should, it would be a joy and a pleasure to him, but that if he drank too much—if he abused the gift, abused the privilege of drinking—he'd suffer for it just as he would if he abused any other gift of our Bountiful Creator to the children of men. He's been taught that a gentleman should master his appetites, not let his appetites master him."

"Suppose your gentleman or anybody else, for that matter, isn't able to master his own appetites? I say then it's the duty of the strong to practise self-denial in order to protect those who aren't as strong as they are. I pray for such a spiritual awakening among the people, as it already has come to a few."

"Your prayers are going to waste, then, sis. If you'll excuse me for saying it, that's bosh you're spouting—just so much pure bosh. I don't know how you temperance advocates—you Prohibitionists, as you're beginning to call yourselves—ever get such fantastical notions.

"Why, you can't protect the weakling from himself—not by law or by precept or example or by preaching or any way. I grant you, likker apparently destroys a certain proportion of the population; anyhow, I'll admit bad likker does. But if these unfortunates couldn't get whisky—if, that is, you can conceive of such a preposterous condition in a free land—they'd be destroying themselves with something else, something worse. It's in accordance with nature's plan for weeding out the unfit and making more room for the worth-while.

"It comes down to this: if a fellow wants to go to Hell in a hand-basket he'll find another hand-basket somewhere if you take his old one away from him . . . But say, look here, we're getting off the main track, thanks to your curious digressions. We started to thresh out a specific matter and here we are dealing with glittering generalities.

"Of course, knowing the stuff that's in my son—and your nephew—I know you wouldn't even couple him in your mind with weakness or weaklings. I wouldn't do you or him either

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the injustice of suggesting such a thing. Still, we did have him up for discussion, didn't we? And, let's see, just where was I? . . .

"Oh, yes, I was speaking of the training he'd had! He's been taught that under no conditions does a gentleman go into the presence of ladies with even the smell of likker on his breath, let alone doing so when under the influence of it. He's been taught that there are times to drink and times to leave it alone. I've taught him those things myself. And now you come talking to me about temptation!

"Just let us assume that I up and quit this business. What difference would that make so far as Isham was concerned? Wouldn't he still be able to find Bourbon practically everywhere else he went in this community?"

"Those vile wicked shameful rum-holes!" interrupted Mrs. Ringo. "Oh, if there was only some power to sweep them off the face of the earth!"

"If 'rum-holes' is your pet name for saloons, I'm with you there—in a way of speaking. I reckon I'm as much opposed to a certain type of saloon that's springing up as anybody else could be, almost. To some people that statement might sound strange, coming from me, but it's the truth, sis, and you know it.

"The old-time taverns that we used to have and the decently run bars that we have plenty of today—they aren't to be mentioned in the same breath with these cheap rough corner-groggeries. I wish there was some rational way to get rid of them. They give the whole industry a black eye.

"It might interest you to know that only here last week I sent in word to this fellow, Tom Handysides, that I'd sell him no more of my goods at any price. I don't like the sort of place he runs—dealing out likker over his bar to minors, yes, to half-grown boys, and, in violation of the ordinance, actually selling it to women in his back rooms. Naturally—*ahem*—it's only a certain class of women here in this country that drink publicly or even in private except for medicinal purposes and it's only that class that ever will drink openly. Still, he caters to a few of those poor depraved creatures, as I hear on reliable authority."

"You pass laws to deprive young boys from having it! And laws to keep women—even such women as you have hinted at—from entering the places where it is sold! Aren't boys—and women—human beings? If whisky is a bad thing for one group, why isn't it a bad thing for all groups? Or is it that you men, who won't let us vote, won't let us have a hand in politics, admit by the very legislation you pass that you propose to indulge yourselves in a thing which is dangerous for young people and for women?"

"My dear child," said the colonel majestically—she was three years older than he but his air was paternal and pitying—"my dear child, you merely confuse the issue, merely cloud it by these interjections of yours. What sane woman wants to vote?"

"I've heard of some. So have you."

"Not in the South, thank heaven! No true southern-born lady would ever descend so far as to sully her hands by dabbling in politics and I'm proud of 'em for it . . . Well, anyhow, I've closed out this Tom Handysides' account. He'll not get another drop from us . . .

"But the point I was trying to make just now before we got to wandering off the main route is that my son wouldn't have to frequent barrooms in order to get his likker if he couldn't get it here. He'd find it openly displayed and available at the home of nearly every well-born family in our entire circle of acquaintances. If he cared to take a drink or a number of drinks, he'd be welcome to it. If, for any reason, he chose to abstain altogether, that would be his business and no other gentleman would question his right to do so.

"By that same token, neither to him nor to his host nor to the two of them would it ever occur that they had the authority to seek to interfere by deed or by word of mouth with any other gentleman's rights in these premises. That would not only be meddling; it would be

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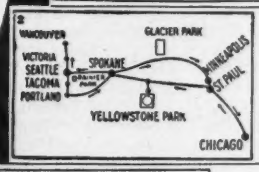

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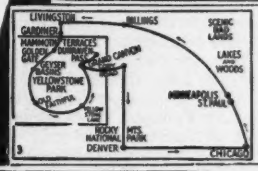

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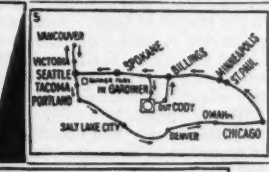

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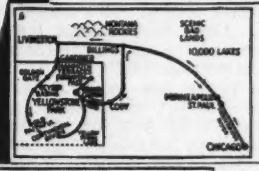

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what is infinitely worse—it would be bad manners. You know these things as well as I do."

"I do, and it fills me with sorrow and with concern—yes, it fills me with the deepest alarm. That's just it, Attila, the trail of this terrible traffic goes everywhere and laps over everything. But a day of reckoning is coming. You may not live to see it, I may not live to see it, but the day is coming when this nation will arise in its might to banish this evil thing, to prohibit it absolutely and forever.

"Doesn't what Maine did long years ago mean anything to you? Nor what Kansas has done? Nor what other states are plainly preparing to do? Oh, there are signs."

"Not to me they don't mean anything. Maine's too far away and too full of blue-nose Down-East Yankees for me to be able to understand the vagaries of such people as they must be up there. And what could you expect of a jayhawker-ridden state like Kansas that doesn't seem to produce anything except sunflowers and grasshoppers and cranks? Mind you, though, I'm not speaking of what a freak state here and there does, or what an isolated county may do. There you've got the principle of local self-government involved. And I fought for four long years in defense of States' Rights, my dear sister. But you were hinting at a national law, and that's a different thing.

"There'll never be so mad and so nonsensical a thing as sumptuary legislation enacted by Congress to cover the whole country—why, it's preposterous to talk about it. And if by the wildest flight of fancy you could imagine such an impossible thing coming to pass, you couldn't make that law enforceable and binding on the people at large. And as for Kentucky concurring in such foolishness—well, honestly I have to laugh. Wait a minute, though: do you want me to tell you how you could make such a fool law effective even here?"

"If you choose."

"I do choose. You could make it effective by repealing at the same time two other laws that have been in effect since quite a while back. One's the universal law of human nature and the other's the chemical law of natural fermentation."

"It pleases you to jest," answered Mrs. Ringo—"to jest about what is no jesting matter. I tell you the conscience of this land is slowly but surely being aroused. Some day—years away perhaps—it will be up in arms against the blight of strong drink."

"Who wants a weak drink?"

"Let me finish, please. Already some of the ministers right here in the heart of the whisky-making country are taking a stand openly against what you represent, Attila."

"What I represent, eh? Honestly, Juanita, if I were thin-skinned and were not your brother and didn't have my share of natural affection for you, I'd probably break loose and say things to you I shouldn't say. What I represent is what the leading men of this region likewise represent."

He called off a tally of them: Ripy, Gaines, Bond, Lillard, Pepper, McBrayer, Harper, McCullogh, Chinn, Swigert, Taylor, Bonnie, Thomas, Tyler, Thompson—a dozen more. He called them off boomingly and triumphantly, with the air of one firing battery after battery of invincible artillery.

But this adversary was proof against such heavy ordnance. As each name was blared forth, she merely sniffed and at the last name of all, which was Bird, she sniffed the loudest and most scornful sniff of all.

With difficulty the colonel resisted a strong impulse to storm at her. Though it cost him an almost visible effort, he kept his face composed and amiable as he went on:

"Who are these few pet preachers of yours that have the audacity to stand up in their pulpits and berate such men as these I've been naming? I'll tell you who they are: bigoted fence-corner Baptists, shirt-tail Methodists, here and there a backwoods Campbellite. But you don't find the conservative clergymen cutting up any such monkey-shines.

"Take my old rector, old Doctor Dabney. He confirmed you—you know he's a saint on earth if ever there was one. He takes a drink when he feels like it—and he feels like it pretty often. And he wouldn't dream of questioning the right of any of his parishioners to drink likker or to make it—if it's good likker, as mine is. Take Father Hickey, the Catholic priest: a splendid, liberal man. You don't catch him refusing a decently made toddy or arguing against it. Take the Reverend Mr. Wallcott, the Presbyterian minister: a young, broad-minded, public-spirited chap and a man of God, too. He's no ranting crank, either.

"For heaven's sake, Juanita, try to be logical about this thing. If you'd just use a little of your common sense! You've got plenty of it in other directions, the Lord knows.

"But after all, this isn't getting us anywhere, is it? I'm entitled to my opinion and you're entitled to yours, although I admit it does distress me when I think that my own sister should be a leader among the little irresponsible crowd that opposes practically everything I stand for.

"You seem to look on my calling as something shameful. I look on it as something most creditable—a view in which an overwhelming majority of my fellow citizens in this old state of ours heartily concur. But let that pass. The boy's all right and you think you're right and I know good and well that I'm right.

"Do you want to know who else knows I'm right?—the governor of this great sovereign commonwealth, that's who! Do you know what the governor has done? Only last week he volunteered, of his own free will, my dear, to permit me to use the indorsement of his distinguished name for Old Blockhouse in connection with a circular letter which I am sending out—not to saloon-keepers, mind you, but to reliable druggists, physicians, private consumers, to the homes of gentlemen.

"Here"—the colonel was rummaging through the litter on his center table—"I've got a printed copy of that circular somewhere; it just came back yesterday from the printer. If you will bear with me a moment I'd like to read it to you. I flatter myself that not only is the language of it dignified and convincing, but that the argument I offer is, to any fair-minded person, unanswerable." Colonel Bird spoke with the vainglory of an author and a creator. "Ah, here it is. I crave your patience, my dear, for just a moment."

He cleared his throat and began to read. When he had finished with his reading he looked up and for the moment felt chagrin. Save for him, the room was empty. From the hall came the brisk swishing of voluminous skirts and petticoats; in that diminishing swish-swish was a defiance, an unyielding and unbearable opposition. It somehow conveyed to him that while his sister was withdrawing she was by no means in retreat—that she had not been routed, she merely was signifying that for her the present engagement was ended.

His smile was dubious as he said to himself, offering self-comfort: "Well, I rather figure that last volley of mine silenced poor Juanita."

In his heart, though, he knew better than that. Because he knew the lady. He thought he knew his son, too.

He put aside the circular with its proud line in black face above the printed script: "Special reference is asked to His Excellency, the Governor of Kentucky," and set to framing a reply for a letter he had received that morning from the editor of an eastern magazine. Mr. Gilmartin, representing this magazine, had in hand the preparation of a series of articles to be published under the title of "The Spirit of the Reawakened South." At least one instalment of this series would be devoted to the distillery interests of the Blue Grass section. So the editor had written.

The colonel squared away for his response. He would be glad to receive Mr. Gilmartin and throw open his own establishment for inspection; would be pleased to introduce the gentleman to his fellow distillers and to afford any other facilities for investigation which he might command; and finally he would be most

delighted to entertain Mr. Gilmartin as a guest at his home during the distinguished gentleman's sojourn in these parts. And so on and so forth, in the colonel's most courtly manner.

Reading over what he had written, he rather liked the tone of it. He would have liked to have Isham's opinion of it as well, but when he summoned David, his negro factotum—David, part of whose business it was to know everything that went on about the house but whose main business was to wait on the colonel—this competent functionary said the young boss wasn't about; he had ridden away in his new side-bar buggy early that morning; had told David that probably he would be away all day, but didn't say where.

David, the ultra-discreet, had his own private notion as to the young man's possible movements but regarding this he said nothing. For it likewise was a part of David's duty, as he conceived it, and as was entirely in keeping with his racial secretiveness, not to tell everything he knew or deduced, especially if such a telling might by any possibility precipitate what David called a "to-do."

Not that David knew anything or suspected anything improper in the fact that his young boss might be off sparking in a certain quarter and with a certain young lady; the young lady belonged to a family which, while not so well-to-do as some, held its head up with the best in the land. Still, if you blabbed too much about what really was none of your concern, the consequence might be trouble for somebody and was almost sure to be trouble for you.

So, as was usual, David's disclosures stopped at a given point; they did not include his surmises. The trick was to appear on the surface all innocent frankness but underneath to maintain a steadfast reticence regarding many matters. David had that trick. Most of his race did have it and still do.

The colonel sighed a little sigh of resignation as he enclosed the answer he had written in its envelop and handed the envelop to David to be sent in to the postoffice. He wished he might be more in the boy's confidence.

Touching on the possible whereabouts of his young boss, that wily person of color, David, had been right in those shrewd unspoken guesses of his. At approximately the same hour that the colonel was making his vain inquiries regarding his son, that youthful pleasure-seeker drove his mare along a secluded lane at the back side of the county. In the buggy with him was a girl of, say, eighteen or nineteen. She was rather a pretty girl, rather an unsophisticated-looking girl also, and one very simply, almost shabbily dressed.

About her there was the indefinable but unmistakable air of a girl who has been won and who is proud that she has been won and is willing to advertise her surrender to all the world. It was an air half timid, half triumphant and altogether idolatrous.

This girl's worship was revealed in her face, was admitted by the droop of her supple young torso, by the constant fluttering touch of her hand upon her companion's arm. With her eyes she caressed him and devoured him and yet she questioned him. Without saying it in so many words, she yet betrayed that she scarcely could believe so great a measure of good fortune had come to her, that she meant to cling fast to this incredible precious joy of hers, that she was prepared to go to any ends to hold it and to keep it.

Under her tight-fitting muslin bodice her breasts throbbed with a delicious pain; it seemed to her that her heart wanted to jump right out of her body. She felt like a lucky beggar maid and like a princess, too.

Well, it was a fit morning and a fine place for making love and for being in love. The lane down which they slowly traveled, the mare being checked to a jog, was an unfrequented crooked byway which ultimately ran into a blind end against the base of the steepest hill in the whole county. On either side it was densely wooded where it dipped down into the bottoms of a small meandering branch.

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Here would be a short bare stretch simmering and bleached under the heat of an ardent day of late May; there would be a bit where the trees, marching on either flank, intercepted the hot glare, and the sunshine, filtering through the motionless leaves, made dapples and blotches on the yellowish dust. Then, on beyond, going downhill again, the trees would meet overhead so that it was as though you approached the mouth of a long winding green tunnel.

Out in the open, pairs of white butterflies—always pairs of them—flitted and mounted and dipped; their wings intermingled as they flew and philandered together. Later on, there would be great companies of such butterflies to collect at every damp rutty spot in the road and to spring up in close hovers like living snow-squalls when you disturbed them. Now, with abandon, they sported in pairs.

Some of the wayside trees were locusts and they were spilling down their overripe pendent clumps of fragrant white bloom, and these wasted blooms fairly carpeted the earth and, as the buggy tires crushed them, sent up a smell so sweet as almost to be overpowering and so strong as almost to make the senses swoon. And, to this girl's way of thinking, the best of all, there, wedged closely beside her on the narrow springy seat above the shining turning wheels, was this splendid, good-looking lad who, as over and over again, and with a great and overpowering exultation, she told herself, was her lad—hers. Assuredly she, altogether and everlastingly, was his.

They said very little as they went along, their bodies touching. She was content to press very snugly against him, to glance up with covert burning glances at his profiled face. For his part he wrestled with his lusty desires, wrestled until he was dizzy and inwardly tremulous. His hat was off and little beads of perspiration stood on his forehead.

There was a small flat flask in one of his hip pockets. It had been full when he left home two hours before. It was less than half-filled now.

After a while and nearing the big hill which reared ahead of them like a steep blue-green barrier, they came to where the woods no longer straggled and through their gaps showed grassy, sun-burnished fields on beyond, but closed up ranks and made everything within them dark and cool. It was like entering into a private alcove, into a cloister especially devised by nature for trysting.

All at once young Isham brought his mare to a standstill. Puzzled by this sudden stop, the girl stirred and straightened herself.

"What is it?" she asked.

"That path yonder." With the hand which held the reins he motioned to a narrow grass-grown trail that came through the undergrowth and met their lane at right angles. "I wonder now where it leads to and what you'd find if you followed it."

"It doesn't lead anywhere in particular," she said. "There used to be a charcoal-burner's camp in there somewhere."

"Let's explore it," he said. His left arm, which had been about her waist all this time, tightened its pressure. "Come on, sweetheart. Maybe there's a nice cool place inside there where we could lie on the grass."

"Oh, do you think we'd better?" she asked. "Suppose—suppose somebody saw us."

"Who's going to see us? Not once in a coon's age does anybody come away up here—the nearest house is a mile away, maybe two miles. We'll pull the mare out of sight and hitch her. Anyhow, what's the harm?"

"Oh, Isham, do you think we'd better? Hadn't we better turn around and start back? I ought to be getting home—really I ought."

"Come on," he wheedled, and kissed her, his lips very hot against her flushed cheek. "We'll only be in there a little while."

She hesitated; then with a catch in her voice murmured: "Isham, I'm—I'm afraid."

"Afraid of what—me?"

"No—not that." She shrank back a little. "You don't say it as if you meant it. Can't you trust me?"

"You mustn't ask me that. You know I trust you. But there are times"—she spoke in a sort of loud frightened whisper—"times when I don't even dare trust myself."

"Well, if you love me, you'll do what I want you to do." He said it almost harshly. "Will you go with me, or won't you?"

"I'll go with you."

He got out. His breathing was heavy, as though he had just been running. He helped her out, and her hand was shaky and fumbling and feverish in his moist grip. She stood by while he drew the horse off into the undergrowth and made it fast.

With his arm about her, and she half resisting, he drawing her along, they entered the dim pathway and went deeper and deeper into the thickets. They were there nearly two hours.

Next Month—*in* Irvin S. Cobb's *colorful novel of Kentucky—the secret love-affair of young Isham Bird culminates in a duel and a marriage in haste*

Westward, How! (*Continued from page 80*)

his glass, "'*Salud y Pesetas!*' as the Spaniards say. That's their lingo for 'Health and Wealth!'"

"Is that so?" said Mr. Bowlby. "Say, that makes a nice toast, doesn't it—the *sentiment*, I mean. Just let me jot that down."

He was shaking his fountain pen on a Frenchman across the aisle when two ruddy gentlemen came in. "Well, what do you know!" exclaimed one of them. "Here's Jeff Bowlby! Howdy, Jeff, and bless you, Martha! And look, *look*, Leo—here's Art and Dot Tuttle! Like being in Rome again, eh, Art? eh, Dot?"

"It's a small world!" said Leo. "Say, folks, there's the Kemps down there, too. *Bonjoor*, Bessie! *Bon jorno*, Edgar! Ha, ha!"

"Where are the girls?" inquired Mr. Bowlby.

"Oh, they're back in the car with the Tomlinsons—sure, *you* remember the Tomlinsons. We had lunch out of baskets, but we came in here to see if we couldn't scare up a snort of something. We're all swearing off tonight."

The MacQuades were coming down the aisle. "Who said a snort of something?" called MacQuade. "Come on back to my place, everybody—oh, sure, of course we know the Kemps; met 'em in Rome—no, Venice. Come on back, everybody; I've got something you'll remember France by!"

They filed through the train, and as many as possible crowded into the MacQuade's compartment. The rest lined up in the aisle.

There were four bottles of 1865 cognac. "Come on, folks—let's kill 'em dead!" invited MacQuade. "I'm not going to touch a drop on the boat—just going to rest up and get healthy on the way home!"

"Exactly what we're going to do!" said Mrs. Kemp. "Just going to stick by ourselves and not mix—that is, of course, except with our own little crowd."

"Great idea!" said Tomlinson. "Just our own little gang. We know two couples who are motoring down that are perfect peaches. Well," waving his glass toward the spires of Rouen, "'Lafayette, we *were* here!'"

"Gosh, that's clever!" laughed Mr. Bowlby. "I'm going to jot that down."

"Yes, it's gonta be a top-notch trip," Mr. Dunn was saying. "It'll be nice and quiet, I mean. Just us frew fends—*friends*—together."

"Just what I was telling old Jeff Bowlby," said Mr. Tuttle. "We're all going to get good and rested. It'll do us all a world of good."